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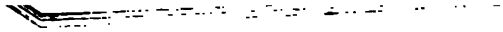

POPULAR TALES OF HINDOSTAN AND GERMANY.*

[*Edinburgh Review, October, 1868.*]

If, as some have asserted, the story of Achilles as told in the Iliad is only another form of the legend which relates the career of the Ithakan chief in the Odyssey; if it be granted that this tale reappears in the Saga of the Volsunga and the Nibelungen Lied, in the epical cycles of Arthur and of Charlemagne, in the lay of Beowulf and the Shah-nameh of Firdusi, and if further it be conceded that all these streams of popular poetry can be traced back in a common source in mythical phrases which described the phenomena of the outward world: the resemblances thus traced are nevertheless not so astonishing as the likeness which runs through a vast number of the popular tales of Germany and Scandinavia, of Greece and Rome, of Persia and Hindostan. The wonder becomes greater when from the necessary outgrowth of certain conditions of thought and speech we turn to popular stories which, so far as we have the means of judging, cannot

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* *Old Deccan Days; or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India.* Collected from oral tradition by M. Frere. London: *1868.*

be brought within this class of epical legends, and yet exhibit, in spite of all differences of detail and of local colouring, a closeness of resemblance which sufficiently establishes their substantial identity. If among the stories which Hindoo, Persian, Greek, or Teutonic mothers recounted to their children we find tales which turn on the same incidents, and in their most delicate touches betray the influence of precisely the same feelings, we must conclude either that these legends were passed from the one tribe or clan to the other, or that before these tribes separated from their common home, they not only possessed the germs of the future epics of Europe and Asia, but had framed a number of stories which cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis of conscious borrowing by one distinct people from another. How far such an hypothesis may be fairly urged Professor Max Müller has endeavoured to determine in his remarks on Dr. Dasent's Norse Tales;* but if the story of the Master Thief may have found its way into Northern Europe from the Indian tale as told in the Kalila and Dimna, the idea of any such lateral transmission becomes inadmissible when we deal with stories found in writers of different nations who never could have possessed any means of communication. The Hindoo and the Teuton assuredly lost sight of each other from the day when they parted, the one to journey to the land of the five streams, the other to find his way beyond the Caspian and the Ural to the forests and marshes of the Elbe and the Rhine.

If then any such stories are still preserved, we are apparently forced to the conclusion that before the

* *Chips* from a German Workshop, vol. ii. p. 220, &c.

several branches of the Aryan race separated from their common home, they had in their language the germs of all future mythological systems, and in their folk-lore or nursery tales a number of tales, the ideas of which were impressed on their minds scarcely less firmly than certain mythical words and expressions were impressed on their memories. For it must not be forgotten that even in the tales which exhibit the closest likeness, the points of difference in detail and colouring are so striking as to leave no room for doubt that the ancestors of the modern Aryan nations carried away with them for these stories no fixed type to which they were compelled to adhere with Egyptian slavishness, but living ideas which each tribe might from time to time clothe in a different garb.

It becomes therefore of the utmost importance in such an inquiry as this to bring together and compare the popular traditions of nations whose geographical positions show that their parting when they left the common home was for them a final separation. No one could have the hardihood to maintain that the countrymen of Hermann had access to the pages of Pausanias, or that the soldiers of Varus had in their childhood listened to stories borrowed from the epic of Wainamoinen. Yet the children's tales gathered by the brothers Grimm established the general affinity between the mythical systems of Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Scandinavians; and the same astounding agreement between the popular tales of these races and those of the Hindoo is displayed in Miss Frere's volume of Deccan legends which will take their place by the side of the 'Arabian Nights,' the 'Kinder- und Haus-Märchen' of *Grimm*, and the collections of Scottish,

Norse, and Icelandic legends for which we are indebted to Asbjörnsen and Moe, to Campbell and Dasent, Magnussen and Powell.

If at first sight the harvest thus reaped from lands so distant from each other seems a goodly one, it must be remembered that the grain is falling from the stalk, and the time for gathering it fast passing away. Steam and telegraphs, the hurry and whirl, the prosaic cares and selfish toil of modern life will soon leave little to be gleaned in fields which fifty years ago were laden with crops of indescribable richness; and each labourer in his turn as, to the best of his power, he goes through his self-imposed task, mourns that if much has been gathered much more has been lost irretrievably. The readers of Miss Frere's Deccan Tales will feel that nowhere, perhaps, may so much of popular folk-lore be still recovered as in that vast country in which Englishmen have special facilities for rescuing these memorials of the far past from the changes and chances of oral tradition. We rejoice that a golden opportunity has not been lost. Many an English child has past its early years in parts of India without hearing from native servants any one of the picturesque legends here gathered from the lips of Anna Liberata de Souza. If this woman still lives, it may convey to her a true pleasure, in the evening of a life which has had sore troubles, to know that she has made thousands of English children happy, and that here, if not in her own land, her name will be remembered with feelings of lively gratitude. The story of her life is prefixed to these tales, as nearly as possible in her own imperfect English. It can scarcely fail to make the reader anxious that not a fragment should be lost of

the crumbs which may still be gathered among the genuine country folk of Hindostan. A temper critical as to facts gives the deathblow to the growth of mythology, and is scarcely less fatal to the preservation of legends which have not been reduced to writing. With the rise of a sceptical spirit the myth loses some portion of its charm, and, with this, of its hold on the narrator's heart; and the beautiful cows which the glistening Dawn drives every morning to their pastures, the gleaming Harits who bear aloft the chariot of the Lord of light, the lovely Charites who play with Aphroditê as she rises from the white sea-foam, the nymph who leaves her coral caves with invincible armour for her son, the Gorgon face which can turn every living thing to stone, all fade and must at last vanish away as the cold question is repeated 'How can these things be?' That this spirit is growing in every part of India, the ayah's narrative leaves no room for doubt; and, were it not for precious relics of Aryan tradition still to be rescued, we have no reason to regret it. Still it gives one an insight into the old life of all the Aryan nations, when we learn that hearing stories from the old people was the pleasant substitute for going to school. The freezing winters of Northern Europe, we may be sure, were spent in a manner not unlike that in which Hindoo children got through their scorching monsoons.

"'Come here, children, out of the sun, and I'll tell you a story. Come in; you'll all get headaches.' So my grandmother used to get us together," says the ayah, "(there were nine of us, and great little fidgets like all children) into the house, and there she'd sit on the floor, and tell us one of the stories I tell you. But then she used to *make them last* much longer, the different people

telling their own stories from the beginning as often as possible; so that by the time she'd got to the end, she had told the beginning over five or six times. And so she went on, talk, talk, talk. Mera Bap reh! Such a long time she'd go on for, till all the children got quite tired and fell asleep. Now there are plenty of schools to which to send the children, but there were no schools when I was a young girl; and the old women who could do nothing else used to tell them stories to keep them out of mischief."

We shrink from doing anything to weaken the props of so excellent an institution; but we may be thankful that old women, who doubtless thought themselves fit for nothing, have preserved to us a series of exquisite legends which pour a flood of light on the early history of the human mind. We see that the Hindoo child was at once roused and soothed by the stories of the sweet Star-Lady, and the lovely Queen of the Five Flowers, just as the young German and Norseman listened to the tale of the beautiful Briar-rose sleeping in death-like stillness until the kiss of the pure knight roused her from her slumber. When we add that not only this ayah, but even her grandmother, was a Christian, we may well feel a further satisfaction in the little mischief which change of religion has inflicted on their folk-lore. We cannot regard it as a genuine or wholesome result of Christianity that the convert, because he deposes Zeus, Brahma, or Odin from their ancient throne, should transform all the beings of his pantheon into malignant and loathsome devils. If the Hindoo Christian still bows her head before the shrine of the old god of wisdom, thinking that after all the rite may not be without its meaning, this is surely better than that she should tremble like the Norseman at the approach of the wild huntsman,

or regard the graceful creations of mythical speech and fancy as beings who would do her harm if they could. Such a condition of thought (which must be necessarily transitional) may lead the convert finally to see that these old myths form a vast storehouse of the highest and truest poetry.

Of all the stories related in this volume, although they may be arranged in at least three distinct classes, there are very few, perhaps none, which fail to exhibit some parallelism with Greek, Arabian, Teutonic, or Scandinavian tales. There is also perhaps not one on which the genius of the Hindoo people has not stamped its own peculiar character. This character, however, is by no means what in England it is popularly taken to be. As the Homeric poems assign to women a condition very different from their state in the days of Perikles, so these stories bring before us in Seventee Bai, and Panchphul Ranee, maidens as pure, as brave, and as beautiful as Nausikaâ, and the men not unfrequently treat a king as familiarly as Themistokles is said to have addressed Artaxerxes. When the Rajah in the story of 'Truth's Triumph' wishes to marry the gardener's daughter, he receives the blunt answer: 'Rajah or no rajah is all one to me. If you mean what you say, if you care for my daughter and wish to be married to her, come and be married; but I'll have none of your new-fangled forms and court ceremonies, hard to be understood.' The language has all the simplicity of a Quaker's address; but the contrast to ordinary Oriental servility is both wholesome and refreshing.

Although by far the larger number of these tales turn on incidents which in some one of their many

forms lie at the root of the great epic poems of all the Aryan nations, some of them are specimens of ready wit, repartee, and humour on ordinary matters, which surpass anything to be found in the 'Arabian Nights,' and may be fairly compared with the Greek battle of the 'Frogs and the Mice.' Like the latter, the best of these stories have beasts for the actors. Miss Frere remarks that in them 'the jackal usually overcomes every difficulty, and proves a bright moral example of the success of wit against brute force—the triumph of mind over matter.' In 'Tit for Tat' the honesty of the camel is more than a match for the cunning of the jackal, who, having invited him to carry him across a stream, feasts on crabs and fish-bones by the riverside, and then by his yelping and howling brings the villagers down on the camel while he is quietly eating the sugar-canes. The poor brute is severely handled, but when the jackal is again on his back in the stream, the camel, upbraiding him for his conduct, asks him why he had made such a noise—

'"I don't know," said the jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

'The camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees,—then above them—up, up, up, higher and higher, until he was obliged to swim. Then turning to the jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll." "Oh, pray don't. Why do you wish to do so?" asked the jackal. "I don't know," answered the camel. "It is a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner." So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the jackal off as he did so. And the jackal was drowned, but the camel swam safely ashore.'

The camel deserved his triumph. The alligator, who is an evil beast, does not get off so easily. A

jackal, putting his paw into the water to catch up a crab, finds it seized by an alligator, who stupidly lets it go when the jackal cries out in a cheerful voice, 'Clever Alligator, to catch hold of a bulrush root instead of my paw!' Seeing himself outwitted, he resolves to be wiser next time. Next day the jackal, fearing that the alligator may be hidden beneath the water, calls out 'Whenever I go to look for my dinner, I see the nice little crabs peeping up through the mud; then I catch and eat them. I wish I could see one now.' The alligator at once shows the top of his snout, thinking that it would be mistaken for a crab, and immediately the jackal, bidding him farewell, goes to fish elsewhere. The next day the jackal again stands on the bank, and cries out that he can see not a single crab, adding that 'generally, even when they are under water, one can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the little bubbles go pop! pop! pop!' The alligator, trying to make crab's bubbles and churning the water for yards round, is foiled the third time, and determines to lie in wait for his prey on land. A heap of figs is his place of ambush. The jackal is tempted, but cautiously exclaims that the figs cannot be good because the wind does not stir them. The alligator, trying to imitate the effects of the breeze, is again betrayed, and makes up his mind to carry the war into his enemy's den. The jackal, returning from a foraging expedition, calls out at the entrance, 'Little house, pretty house, my sweet little house, why do you not give an answer when I call? If I come and all is safe and right, you always call out to me. Is anything wrong that you do not speak?' The alligator, cooing not quite so gently

as a dove, answers, 'Sweet little jackal.' With infinite readiness the creature replies, 'Thank you, my dear little house, I am coming in a minute, but first I must get firewood to cook my dinner;' and while the alligator waits to snap up the jackal when he enters the den, he is smothered by the fire, as the conqueror sings his triumphal song outside.

In the 'Valiant Chattee-Maker' we have a story clearly of the same parentage with the 'Valiant Little Tailor' in Grimm's 'Kinder- und Haus-Märchen;' but the Hindoo tale seems decidedly the cleverer of the two. In both mere accident tends to the exaltation of the hero; but in the German story, the tailor merely strikes down seven flies with a cloth, and exulting at his feat, resolves to go forth into the world, with the words 'Seven at one blow' written on his belt, and the awful inscription imposes on everyone whom he comes across. He is in short a mere boaster; but the Deccan chattee-maker really does wonders, although he has no thought of doing them, and remains as meek and humble as he was before. Somewhat flustered with toddy, he sees by a flash of lightning a beast crouching under the wall of a hut for shelter from the rain, and mistakes it for his donkey, which had strayed. It is a tiger; but the brute has been already frightened by noises within the hut, caused by the constant moving of furniture from one place to another, and the loud complaints of a woman who exclaims against the 'perpetual dripping,' which must end by bringing the roof down. Assailed with furious blows by the angry chattee-maker, the tiger thinks that he must be in the gripe of the 'perpetual dripping,' and makes no resistance while his rider with vehement kicks and cuffs

forces him home, where he ties his head and feet firmly to a post, and then goes to bed.

'Next morning, when the chattee-maker's wife got up and looked out of window, what should she see but a great big tiger tied up in front of their house to the post to which they usually fastened their donkey: she was very much surprised, and running to her husband, awoke him, saying, "Do you know what animal you fetched home last night?" "Yes; the donkey, to be sure," he answered. "Come and see," said she; and she showed him the great tiger fastened to the post. The chattee-maker at this was no less astonished than his wife, and felt himself all over to find if the tiger had not wounded him: but no, there he was safe and sound, and there was the tiger tied to the post just as he had fastened it up the night before.'

The news soon found its way to the palace, and the rajah with all his court came to see the tiger and his captor. The beast was recognised as one which had long been the terror of all the country round, and the chattee-maker was made the commander of ten thousand horse. Just at this time came tidings that an overwhelming enemy was about to cross the borders, and not a general could be found to face them. 'Why not make the chattee-maker commander-in-chief?' they suggested. The appointment was made, but the chattee-maker begged leave first to go alone and reconnoitre. He had thus at the least gained breathing-time, for as he confessed to his wife the office of commander-in-chief was by no means an easy one for a man who had never been on a horse in his life. But while he was thinking of mounting a particularly quiet pony, a magnificent charger, sent from the rajah, galloped up and stood at his door. There was no help for it but to have himself tied on, after he had at length succeeded in *mounting*. 'Wife, wife, you forgot to tie my

hands,' cried the chattee-maker, as the horse, puzzled to know what he had on his back, began kicking and plunging, and then set off across the country. 'Never mind,' was the reply, 'hold on by the mane;' and away went the chattee-maker on a ride as memorable as that of John Gilpin. Right towards the enemy's camp flew the horse, and the rider liked the prospect as little as Gilpin liked the idea of a leap over a turnpike gate. In his desperation he seized a young banyan-tree as he passed, hoping that the ropes might break and thus he might come to the grouud. But the tree gave way instead of the ropes, and trunk in hand away he went, striking into the enemy, who now saw him coming, a terror not less than that with which Polyphemos filled the comrades of Odysseus. They could fight, they said, against men like themselves, but not against giants who tore up trees as they rode. At once they fly, leaving everything behind them; and when the tired horse at length reaches the camp and stands still, the ropes break and his rider falls to the ground. The chattee-maker finds in the king's tent a letter of abject submission, and with this prize he returns home, leading the horse which he dares not remount. On reaching home he bids his wife send the horse and the letter to the rajah. 'He will see by the horse looking so tired what a long ride I've had; and if he is sent on beforehand, I shall not be obliged to ride him up to the palace door to-morrow morning, as I otherwise should, and that would be very tiresome, for most likely I should tumble off.' Still higher dignities and more abundant wealth were of course bestowed on a man who showed himself as *modest as he* was brave.

Between this and the German tale the likeness is confined to the one leading idea of greatness achieved by accident and a run of good luck. We turn now to a class of stories which have little, or nothing, in common with the epic poems of the Aryan nations, but which exhibit a series of incidents in striking parallelism with those of the corresponding Teutonic stories. These incidents are in themselves so strange, and the result is brought about by turns so unexpected, that the idea of their independent development among separated tribes who had carried away nothing but some leading notion becomes a wild extravagance. Whatever the consequences may be, the conclusion seems irresistible that these stories had been wrought out with some fulness of detail while these tribes or nations still continued to form a single people. The resemblances between them may perhaps bring down the time of separation to a comparatively late period; but the geographical position of Hindoo and German tribes must still throw that time back to an indefinitely distant past, and close as the parallelism may be, the differences of detail and colouring are such that we cannot suppose these Aryan emigrants to have carried away with them to their several homes more than the leading incidents grafted on the leading idea. The fidelity with which the Hindoo and the German tales adhere to this framework is indeed astonishing.

One of the most remarkable of these concidences is furnished by the story of the Dog and the Sparrow in Grimm's collection as compared with an episode in the Wanderings of Vicram Maharajah. In both a bird vows to bring about the ruin of a human being; in both the bird is *the helper* and avenger of the innocent

against wanton injury; and in both the destruction of the guilty is the result of their own voluntary acts. There are other points of likeness, the significance of which is heightened by points of singularly subtle difference. In the German story the sparrow is offended because a carter, not heeding the warning which she had given him, drove his waggon over a dog which she had saved from starving. 'You have killed my brother the dog,' she said, 'and that shall cost you your horses and your cart.' 'Horses and cart, indeed,' said the carrier. 'What harm can you do to me?' and he drove on. But presently the sparrow contrived to force out the cork from the bung-hole of one of the casks in the waggon, and all the wine ran out on the ground. 'Ah me, I am a poor man now,' cried the carter when he saw it. 'Not poor enough yet,' said the sparrow, as she perched on the head of one of the horses and pecked out his eye. The carter in his rage took up his hatchet to kill the bird, but instead of it he hit his horse, which fell down dead. So it fared with the second cask and the two remaining horses. Leaving his waggon on the road, the carter found his way home, and bemoaned the loss of his wine and horses. 'Ah, my husband,' she replied, 'and what a wicked bird has come to this house; she has brought with her all the birds in the world, and there they sit among our corn and are eating every ear of it.' 'Ah me, I am poorer than ever,' said the man as he beheld the loss. 'Still not poor enough, carrier: it shall cost you your life,' said the bird, as she flew away. By and by the sparrow appeared at the window-sill and uttered the same words, and the carrier hurling his axe at it broke the window-frame in two. Every

other piece of furniture in the house was demolished as he vainly attempted to hit the bird. At length he caught her, and his wife asked if she should kill her. 'No,' said he, 'that were too merciful; she shall die much more horribly, for I will eat her.' So saying, he swallowed her whole; but she began to flutter about in his stomach, and presently came again into his mouth, and cried out, 'Carrier, it shall cost you your life.' 'Thereupon the man handed the axe to his wife, saying, "Kill me the wretch dead in my mouth." His wife took it and aimed a blow, but missing her mark, struck her husband on the head and killed him. Then the sparrow flew away, and was never seen there again.'

In the Hindoo story the bird is a parrot, and the dog's place is taken by a poor wood-cutter, from whom a dancing-girl attemps to extort a large sum of money by deliberate falsehood. The girl thus represents the carter, and at once the framework of the tale is provided; but the method by which the sparrow wreaks her vengeance on the man is thoroughly awkward and unartistic when compared with the simple scheme which brings about the ruin of the nautch-woman. She, like the carrier, is rich; but she cannot resist the temptation of making more money by claiming from the wood-cutter the dowry which she said that he had promised to pay on marrying her, the dowry and the marriage being alike purely imaginary. The rajah, being called togive judgment in the case, determines to abide by the decision of a parrot famed for his wisdom, and belonging to a merchant in the town. When the wood-cutter had given his version of the matter, the parrot bade Champa Ranee, the nautch-*girl*, tell her story. After hearing

it, he asked where the house was to which her husband had taken her. 'Far away in the jungles,' was the reply. 'And how long ago?' The day was named; twenty witnesses proved that Champa was at the time in the city; and the parrot gave judgment for the wood-cutter against the nautch-girl, as the sparrow had befriended the dog against the carter. Great was the praise bestowed on the wise parrot, but the incensed nautch-girl said; 'Be assured I will get you in my power; and when I do, I will bite off your head.'

Then follows the vow of the parrot, answering to the oath of the sparrow; but he has no need to repeat it. 'Try your worst, madam,' said he, 'but in return I tell you this; I will like to make you a beggar. Your house shall be, by your own orders, laid even with the ground, and you for grief and rage shall kill yourself.' Time goes on, and the nautch-girl, summoned to the merchant's house, dances so well that he asks her to name her own reward; and the price which she demands is the parrot. Taking the bird home, she ordered her servants to cook it for her supper, first cutting off its head and bringing it to her grilled that she might eat it before tasting any other dish. The parrot is accordingly plucked, but while the servant goes to fetch water wherein to boil him, the bird, who had pretended to be dead and thus escaped having his neck wrung, slips into a hole let into the wall for carrying off the kitchen sewage. In this dilemma the maid grilled a chicken's head and placed it before the Ranee, who, as she ate it, said:

'"Ah, pretty Polly, so here's the end of you. This is the brain that thought so cunningly, and devised my overthrow; *this is the* tongue that spoke against me; this is

e throat through which came the threatening words. ıa, who is right now, I wonder?" '

With some little fear the parrot heard her words, r the loss of his wingfeathers had left him unable fly; but at length he contrived to find his way to neighbouring temple and to perch behind the idol. was the favourite god of Champa Ranee, who in r abject fear of death had long besought him to anslate her to heaven without the process of dying.) when she next came to offer her wonted supplica- on, the parrot spoke, and the nautch-girl at once took s words for the utterances of the god.

' "Champa Ranee, nautch-girl, your prayer is heard. his is what you must do; sell all you possess and give ıe money to the poor; you must also give money to all our servants and dismiss them. Level also your house to ıe ground, that you may be wholly separated from earth. hen you will be fit for heaven, and you may come, having one all I command you, on this day week to this place, nd you shall be transported thither body and soul." '

The infatuated woman did as she was bidden, and fter destroying her house and giving away all her oods she went at the time fixed, and sitting at the dge of a well outside the temple, explained to the ssembled people that they—

'Would soon see her caught up to heaven, and thus er departure from the world would be more celebrated han her doings whilst in it. All the people listened agerly to her words, for they believed her inspired; and o see her ascension the whole city had come out, with undreds and hundreds of strangers and travellers, princes, erchants, and nobles, from far and near, all full of expec- ation and curiosity.

'Then as they waited, a fluttering of little wings was eard, and a parrot flew over Champa Ranee's head, calling ut, "Nautch-girl, nautch-girl, what have you done?"

Champa Ranee recognised the voice as Vicram's: he went on, "Will you go body and soul to heaven? Have you forgotten Polly's words?"

'Champa Ranee rushed into the temple, and, falling on her knees before the idol, cried out, "Gracious Power, I have done all as you commended; let your words come true; save me, take me to heaven."

'But the parrot above her cried, "Good bye, Champa Ranee, good bye; you ate a chicken's head, not mine. Where is your house now? Where are your servants and all your possessions? Have my words come true, think you, or yours?"

'Then the woman saw all, and in her rage and despair, cursing her own folly, she fell violently down on the floor of the temple, and, dashing her head against the stone, killed herself.'

It is impossible to question the real identity of these two stories, and incredible that the one could have been invented apart from the other, or that the German and the Hindoo tale are respectively mere derivatives from the same leading idea. This idea is that beings of no repute may be avengers of successful wrong-doers, or to put it in the language of St. Paul, that the weak things of the earth may be chosen to confound the strong, and foolish things to confound the wise. But it was highly improbable that this idea should of itself suggest to a Hindoo and a Teuton that the avenger should be a bird, that the wrong-doer should punish himself, and should seal his doom by swallowing his persecutor, or by at least thinking that he was devouring him. There is no room here for the argument which Professor Max Müller characterises as 'sneaking' when applied even to fables which are common to all the members of the Aryan family.* A series of incidents

* *Chips from* a German Workshop, vol. ii. p. 233.

such as these could never have been thought out by two brains working apart from each other; and we are driven to admit that at least the machinery by which the result was to be brought about had been devised before the separation, or to maintain that the story has in the one case or the other been imported bodily.

But the story of the nautch-girl is only one incident in a larger drama. The bird of the German tale is a common sparrow; the parrot which brings about the death of Champaa Ranee is nothing less than the Maharajah Vicram who has received from the god of wisdom the power of transporting his soul into any other body, while by an antidote he keeps his own body from corruption. And here we are brought to a parallelism which cannot be accounted for on any theory of mediæval importation. The story of Vicram is essentially the story of Hermotimos of Klazomenæ, whose soul wanders at will through space while his body remains undecayed at home, until his wife, tired out by his repeated desertions, burns his body while he is away, and thus effectually prevents his resuming his proper form. A popular Deccan tale, which is also told by Pliny and Lucian, must have existed, if only in a rudimentary state, while Greeks and Hindoos still lived as a single people. But a genuine humour, of which we have little more than a faint germ in the Greek legend, runs through the Hindoo story. In both the wife is vexed by the frequent absence of her husband; but the real fun of Anna de Souza's narrative rises from the complications produced by a carpenter's son, who overhears the god Gunputti as he teaches Vicram the mystic words which enables him to pass from his own *body into* another; but as he could not

see the antidote which Vicram received to keep his tenantless body from decay, the carpenter's son was but half enlightened. No sooner, however, had Vicram transferred his soul to the parrot's body than the carpenter's son entered the body of Vicram and the work of corruption began in his own. The pseudo-rajah is at once detected by the Wuzeer Butti, who recommends the whole court to show a cold shoulder to the impostor and make his sojourn in Vicram's body as unpleasant as possible. Worn out at last with waiting, Butti sets off to search for his friend, and by good luck is one of the throng assembled to witness the ascension of Champa Ranee. Butti recognises his friend, and at once puts him into safe keeping in a cage. On reaching home it became necessary to get the carpenter's son out of Vicram's body, and the Wuzeer, foreseeing that this would be no easy task, proposes a butting match between two rams, the one belonging to himself, the other to the pseudo-rajah. Butti accordingly submits his own ram to a training, which greatly hardens his horns; and so when the fight began—

'The pretended rajah soon saw, to his vexation, that, his favourite's horns being less strong than its opponent's, he was getting tired and, beginning to lose courage, would soon be worsted in the fight; so, quick as thought, he left his own body and transported his soul into the ram's body, in order to give it an increase of courage and resolution and enable it to win.

'No sooner did Vicram Maharajah, who was hanging up in a cage, see what had taken place, than he left the parrot's body and reentered his own body. Then Butti's ram pushed the other down on its knees, and the wuzeer ran and fetched a sword and cut off its head, thus putting an end, with the life of the ram, to the life of the *carpenter's son.*'

But fresh troubles were in store for Butti. Not yet cured of his wandering propensities, Vicram goes to sleep in a jungle with his mouth open, into which creeps a cobra, who refuses to be dislodged. The rajah in his intolerable misery leaves his home, disguised as a fakeer, and Butti seeks him in vain for twelve years. Meanwhile the beautiful Buccoulee, who had recognised her destined husband under the squalid rags of the fakeer, had succeeded in freeing Vicram from his tormentor; and thus all three returned to the long-forsaken Anar Ranee.

But before we examine incidents which take us into another region of Hindoo folk-lore, we are bound to show that these tales contain other stories which belong to the same class with the tale of the dancing-girl and the wood-cutter. There are some which are even more remarkable for their agreement in the general scheme with thorough divergence in detail. In the story entitled 'The Table, the Ass, and the Stick,' in Grimm's collection, a goat, whose appetite cannot be satisfied, brings a tailor into grievous trouble by leading him to drive his three sons away from their home on groundless charges. At last, finding that he had been cheated, he scourges the goat, which makes the best of its way from his dwelling. Meanwhile the three sons had each been learning a trade, and each received his reward. To the eldest was given a table which, at the words 'Cover thyself,' at once presented a magnificent banquet; the second received a donkey which, on hearing the word 'Bricklebrit,' rained down gold pieces; and both were deprived of their gifts by a thievish innkeeper, to whom they had in succession revealed their secret. On reaching home the eldest son, boasting to his father

of his inexhaustible table, was discomfited by finding that some common table had been put in its place; and the second in like manner, in making trial of his ass found himself in possession of a very ordinary donkey. But the youngest son had not yet returned, and to him they sent word of the scurvy behaviour of the innkeeper. When the time of his departure came, his master gave him a sack, adding, 'In it there lies a stick.' The young man took the sack as a thing that might do him good service, but asked why he should take the stick as it only made the sack heavier to carry. The stick, however, was endowed with the power of jumping out of the sack and belabouring anyone against whom its owner had a grudge; and thus armed the youth went cheerfully to the house of the innkeeper, who, thinking that the sack must certainly contain a treasure, tried to take it from the young man's pillow while he slept. But he had reckoned without his host. The stick hears the fatal word, and at once falls without mercy on the thief, who roars out that he will surrender the table and the ass. Thus the three gifts reach the tailor's house. As for the goat, whose head the tailor had shaven, it ran into a fox's house, where a bee stung its bald pate, and it rushed out, never to be heard of again.

In the Deccan tale we have a jackal and a barber in the place of the goat and the tailor; and the mischief is done, not by leading the barber to expel his children, but by cheating him of the fruits of his garden. The parallel, however, is not confined to the fact of the false pretences; the barber retaliates, like the tailor, and inflicts a severe wound on the jackal. As before, however, in the German story, the goat is a goat, but *the jackal* is a transformed rajah, none other in short

than the Beast who is wedded to Beauty, and the monster who becomes the husband of Psyche. But before he wins his bride, he is reduced to sore straits, and his adventures give occasion for some sharp satire on Hindoo popular theology. Coming across a bullock's carcase, the jackal eats his way into it, while the sun so contracts the hide that he finds himself unable to get out. Fearing to be killed if discovered, or to be buried alive if he escaped notice, the jackal, on the approach of the scavengers, cries out, 'Take care, good people, how you touch me, for I am a great saint.' The mahars, in great terror, ask him who he is and what he wants. 'I,' answered the jackal, 'am a very holy saint. I am also the god of your village, and I am very angry with you, because you never worship me nor bring me offerings.' 'O my Lord,' they cried, what offerings will please you? Tell us only, and we will bring you whatever you like.' 'Good,' he replied; 'then you must fetch here plenty of rice, plenty of flowers, and a nice fat chicken—place them as an offering beside me, and pour a great deal of water over them, as you do at your most solemn feasts, and then I will forgive you your sins.' The wetting, of course, split the dry bullock's skin, and the jackal, jumping out, ran with the chicken in his mouth to the jungle. When again he was nearly starved, he heard a Brahmin bewailing his poverty, and declaring that if a dog or a jackal were to offer to marry one of his daughters he should have her, in complete contrast to the reluctance of the merchant who is obliged to surrender his child to the beast. The jackal takes him at his word and leads his wife away to a splendid subterranean palace, where she finds that each night

the jackal lays aside his skin and becomes a beautiful young man. Soon the Brahmin comes to the jackal's cave to see how his child gets on; but just as he is about to enter, the jackal stops him, and, learning his wants, gives him a melon, the seeds of which will bring him some money. A neighbour, admiring the fruit produced from these seeds, buys some from the Brahmin's wife, and finding that they are full of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, purchases the whole stock, until the Brahmin himself opens a small withered melon and learns how he has been overreached. In vain he asks restitution from the woman who has bought them; she knows nothing of any miraculous melons, and a jeweller to whom he takes the jewels from the withered melon accuses him of having stolen the gems from his shop, and impounds them all. Again he betakes himself to the jackal, who, seeing the uselessness of giving him gold or jewels, brings him out a jar, which is always full of good things. The Brahmin now lived in luxury; but another Brahmin informed the rajah of the royal style in which his poorer neighbour feasted, and the rajah appropriated the jar for his own special use. When once again he carried this story of his wrongs to his father-in-law, the jackal gave him another jar, within which was a rope and a stick, which would perform their work of chastisement as soon as the jar was opened. Uncovering the jar while he was alone, the Brahmin had cause to repent his rashness, for every bone in his body was left aching. With this personal experience of the powers of the stick, the Brahmin generously invited the rajah and his brother Brahmin to come and test the virtues of his new gift; and a belabouring as hearty as that which the wicked innkeeper

received in the German tale made them yield up the dinner-making chattle. The same wholesome measure led to the recovery of the precious stones from the jeweller, and the melons from the woman who had bought them. It only remained now, by burning the enchanted rajah's jackal-skin, to transform him permanently into the most splendid prince ever seen on earth.

The points of likeness and difference between the Hindoo story of Punchkin and the Norse tale of 'The Giant who had no Heart in his Body' are perhaps still more striking. In the former a rajah has seven daughters whose mother dies while they are still children, and a stepmother so persecutes them that they make their escape. In the jungle they are found by the seven sons of a neighbouring king, who are hunting, and each takes one of the princesses as a wife, the handsomest of course marrying the youngest. After a brief time of happiness the eldest prince sets off on a journey and does not return. His six brothers follow him and are seen no more. After this, as Balna, the youngest princess, rocks her babe in his cradle, a fakeer makes his appearance, and having vainly asked her to marry him, transforms her into a dog and leads her away. As he grows older, Balna's son learns how his parents and uncles have disappeared, and resolves to go in search of them. His aunts beseech him not to do so. 'We have lost our husbands and our sister. If you too are taken from us, what shall we do?' But the youth feels sure that he will bring them all back; and at length finds his way to the house of a gardener, whose wife on hearing his story tells him that his father and uncles have all been turned into

stone by the great magician Punchkin, who keeps Balna herself imprisoned in a high tower because she will not marry him. To aid him in his task, the gardener's wife disguises him in her daughter's dress, and gives him a basket of flowers as a present for the captive princess. Thus arrayed, the youth is admitted to her presence, and while none are looking makes himself known to his mother by means of a ring which she had left on his finger before the sorcerer stole her away. But the rescue of the seven princes seemed to be as far off as ever, and the young man suggests that Balna should now change her tactics, and by pretending a readiness to marry him, find out the secret of his power and whether he is subject to death. The device is successful, and the sorcerer tells her that.

'Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles away from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the jungle stand six jars full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth jar is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die.'

But this keep is guarded by myriads of evil demons and Balna tries hard to dissuade her son from the venture. He is resolute, and he finds true helpers in some eagles whose young he saves by killing a large serpent which was making its way to their nest. The parent birds give him their young to be his servants, and the eaglets, crossing their wings, bear him through the air to the spot where the six water-jars are standing. In an instant he upsets the jars, and snatching the parrot from his cage rolls him up in his cloak. *The magician* in his dismay at seeing the parrot in

the youth's hands yields to every demand made by him, and not only the seven princes but all his other victims are restored to life—a magnificent array of kings, courtiers, officers, and servants. Still the magician prayed to have his parrot given him.

'Then the boy took hold of the parrot, and tore off one of his wings, and, as he did so, the magician's right arm fell off.

'Punchkin then stretched out his left arm, crying, "Give me my parrot." The prince pulled of the parrot's second wing, and the magician's left arm tumbled off.

'"Give me my parrot," cried he, and fell on his knees. The prince pulled off the parrot's right leg, the magician's right leg fell off; the prince pulled off the parrot's left leg, down fell the magician's left.

'Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, "Give me my parrot." "Take your parrot, then," cried the boy; and with that he wrung the bird's neck, and threw it at the magician; and, as he did so, Punchkin's head twisted round and, with a fearful groan, he died.'

In its keynote and its leading incidents this story is precisely parallel to the Norse tale of 'The Giant who had no Heart in his Body.' Here, as in the Deccan legend, there is a king who has seven sons, but instead of all seven being sent to hunt or woo, the youngest is left at home; and the rajah whose children they marry has six daughters, not seven. This younger brother who stays at home is the Boots of European folk-lore, a being of infinitely varied character, and a subject of interest for all who wish to know whence the Aryan nations obtained the materials for their epic poems. Seemingly weak and often despised, he has keener wit and more resolute will than all who are opposed to him. Slander and obloquy are to him

as nothing, for he knows that in the end his truth shall be made clear in the sight of all men.

We see him in a thousand forms. He is the Herakles on whom the mean Eurystheus delights to pour contempt; he is Cinderella sitting in the dust while her sisters flaunt their finery abroad; he is the Œdipus who 'knows nothing,' yet reads the mysterious riddle of the Sphinx; he is the Phœbus who serves in the house of Admetos and the palace of Laomedon; he is the Psyche who seeks her lost love almost in despair, and yet with hope still living in her that her search shall not be unsuccessful; above all, he is the Ithakan chief, clad in beggar's rags, flouted by the suitors, recognised only by an old nurse and his dog, waiting patiently till the time comes that he should bend the invincible bow, and having slain his enemies appear once more in glorious garb by the side of a wife as radiant in beauty as when he left her years ago for a long and a hard warfare far away. Boots then acts the part of Balna's son in the Hindoo story, while the sorcerer reappears in the Norse tale as a giant who turns the six princes and their wives into stone. The incident is by no means peculiar to this tale, and once for all it may be noted that the whole mass of folk-lore in every country may be resolved into an endless series of repetitions, combinations, and adaptations of a few leading ideas or of their developments. We may well feel some astonishment as we see the mighty harvest of mythical lore which a few seeds have yielded, and begin to understand how it is that ideas so repeated, disguised, or travested never lost their charm, but find us as ready to listen when they are brought before us for the hundredth time in a new *dress, as when we first* made acquaintance with them.

But probably no two stories furnish more convincing evidence of the extent to which the folk-lore of the Aryan tribes was developed while they still lived as a single people, than that which we find in the German legend of Faithful John and the Deccan story of Rama and Luxman. A comparison of these legends clearly shows that at least the following framework must have been devised before Hindoos and Germans started on the long migrations which was to lead the one to the regions of the Ganges and the Indus, and the other to the countries watered by the Vistula and the Elbe. Even in these early days the story must have run that a king had seen the likeness of a maiden whose beauty made him faint with love, that he could not be withheld from seeking her, that his faithful friend went with him and helped him to win his bride, that certain wise birds predicted that the trusty friend should save his master from three great dangers, but that his mode of rescuing him should seem to show that he loved his master's wife, that for his self-sacrifice he should be turned into a stone, and should be restored to life only by the agency of an innocent child. That two men in two different countries could hit upon such a series of incidents as these, none probably will have the hardihood to maintain, still less can any dream of urging that Hindoos and Germans agreed together to adopt each the specific differences of their respective versions.

In the German story the prince's passion for the beautiful maiden is produced by the sight of her portrait in a gallery of his father's palace into which the trusty John had been strictly charged not to let the young man *enter*. Having once seen it he cannot be

withheld from going to seek her, and with his friend embarks as a merchant in a ship laden with all manner of costly goods which may tempt the maiden's taste or curiosity. The scheme succeeds, but while the princess is making her purchases, the Faithful John orders all sail to be set, and the ship is far at sea when the maiden turns to go home. The next scene in the drama is a colloquy between three crows whose language Faithful John understands, and who foretell three great dangers impending over the prince who can be saved only at the cost of his preserver. On his reaching shore a fox-coloured horse would spring towards him, which, on his mounting it, would carry him off for ever from his bride. No one can save him except by shooting the horse, but if he does it and tells the king he will be turned into stone from the toe to the knee. If the horse be killed he will none the more keep his bride, for a bridal shirt will lie on a dish, woven seemingly of gold and silver, but composed really of sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on, it will burn him to his bones and marrow. Whoever takes the shirt with his gloved hand and casts it into the fire, may save the prince, but if he knows and tells him he will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart. Nor is he more safe even if the shirt is burnt, for during the dance which follows the wedding the queen will suddenly turn pale and fall as if dead, and unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die. But whoever knows and tells it shall be turned to stone from the crown of his head to the toes of his feet. The friend resolves to be faithful at all hazards, and all things turn out *as the crows had* foretold; but the king misconstruing

the act of his friend in taking blood from his wife orders him to be led to prison. At the scaffold he explains his motives, but the act of revelation seals his doom; and while the king entreats for forgiveness the trusty servant is turned into stone. In an agony of grief the king has the figure placed near his bed, and vainly prays for the power of restoring him to life. Years pass on; twin sons are born to him, and one day, as he gives utterance to the longing of his heart, the statue says that it can be brought back to life if the king will cut off the heads of the twins and sprinkle the statue with their blood. The servant is restored to life, and when he places the children's heads on their bodies they spring up and play as merrily as ever.

In truth and tenderness of feeling this story scarcely equals the Deccan tale, in which the prince Rama sees the image of his future bride not in a picture but in a dream. Having won her by the aid of Luxman, he is soon after attacked by the home sickness which is common to the heroes in most of these tales, and which finds its highest expression in the history of Odysseus. During the journey which answers to the voyage of the king with Faithful John, Luxman, who like John understands the speech of birds, hears two owls talking in a tree overhead, and learns from them that three great perils await his master. The first will be from a rotten branch of a banyan tree, from the fall of which Luxman will just save them by dragging them forcibly away; the next will be from an insecure arch, and the third from a cobra. This cobra, they said,

'Luxman will kill with his sword, but a drop of the cobra's blood shall *fall* on her forehead. The wuzeer will

not dare to wipe off the blood with his hands, but shall instead cover his face with a cloth, that he may lick it off with his tongue; but for this the rajah will be angry with him, and his reproaches will turn this poor wuzeer into stone.

'"Will he always remain stone?" acked the lady owl. "Not for ever," answered the husband, "but for eight long years he will remain so." "And what then?" demanded she. "Then," answered the other, "when the young rajah and ranee have a baby, it shall come to pass that one day the child shall be playing on the floor, and, to help itself along, shall clasp hold of the stony figure, and at that baby's touch the wuzeer will come to life again. But I have told you enough for one night; come, let's catch mice,—tuwhit, tuwhoo, tuwhoo," and away flew the owls.'

As in the German tale, everything turns out in accordance with the predictions of the birds. When, therefore, Luxman saw the cobra creep towards the queen, he knew that his life must be forfeited for his devotion; and so he took from the folds of his dress the record of the owl's talk and of his former life, and having laid it beside the sleeping king, killed the cobra. The rajah of course starts up just as his friend is licking the blood from his wife's forehead, and drawing the same inference with the German prince, overwhelms him with reproaches.

'The rajah had buried his face in his hands; he looked up, he turned to the wuzeer; but from him came neither answer nor reply. He had become a senseless stone. Then Rama for the first time perceived the roll of paper which Luxman had laid beside him; and when he read in it of what Luxman had been to him from boyhood, and of the end, his bitter grief broke through all bounds, and, falling at the feet of the statue, he clasped its stony knees and wept aloud.'

Eight years rolled on, and at length the child was born. A few months more, and in trying to walk, it

'stretched out its tiny hands and caught hold of the foot of the statue. The wuzeer instantly came back to life, and stooping down seized the little baby, who had rescued him, in his arms and kissed it.'

There is something more quiet and touching in the silent record of Luxman, which stands in the place of Faithful John's confession at the scaffold, as well as in the doom which is made to depend on the reproaches of his friend rather than on the mere mechanical act of giving utterance to certain words.

In the Deccan story the bride of Rama is won after an exploit which in its turn carries us away to the deeds of Hellenic or Teutonic heroes. When the prince tells Luxman of the peerless beauty whom he has seen in his dream, his friend tells him that the princess lives far away in a glass palace. The glass answers to the ice of the Norse legends. 'Round this palace runs a large river, and round the river is a garden of flowers. Round the garden are four thick groves of trees. The princess is twenty-four years old, but she is not married, for she has determined only to marry whoever can jump across the river and greet her in her crystal palace; and though many thousand kings have assayed to do so, they have all perished miserably in the attempt, having either been drowned in the river or broken their necks by failing.'

The frequent recurrence of this idea in these Hindoo legends might of itself lead anyone, who knew nothing of the subject previously, to doubt whether such images could refer to any actual facts in the history of any given man or woman. In some form or other it may be said to run through almost all. In the story of Brave Seventee Bai it assumes a form more closely

akin to the imagery of Teutonic mythology; and here we find a princess who declares she will marry no one who has not leaped over her bath, which 'has high marble walls all round, with a hedge of spikes at the top of the walls.' In the story of Vicram Maharajah the parents of Anar Ranee 'had caused her garden to be hedged round with seven hedges made of bayonets, so that none could go in nor out; and they had published a decree that none should marry her but he who could enter the garden and gather the three pomegranates on which she and her maids slept.' So too Panch-Phul Ranee, the lovely Queen of the Five Flowers, 'dwelt in a little house round which were seven wide ditches and seven great hedges made of spears.' The seven hedges are, however, nothing more than the sevenfold coils of the dragon of the glistering heath who lies twined round the beautiful Brunhild. But the maiden of the Teutonic tale is sunk in sleep which rather resembles death than life, just as Dêmêtêr mourned as if for the death of Persephone while her child sojourned in the dark kingdom of Hades. This idea is reproduced with wonderful fidelity in the story of Little Surya Bai, and the cause of her death is modified in a hundred legends both of the East and the West. The little maiden is high up in the eagle's nest fast asleep, when an evil demon or Rakshas seeks to gain admission to her, and while vainly striving to force it open, leaves one of his finger-nails sticking in the crack of the door. When on the following morning the maiden opened the doors of her dwelling to look down on the world below, the sharp claw ran into her hand, and immediately she fell dead. The powers of winter which had thus far striven in vain to wound

her have at length won the victory, and at once we pass to other versions of the same myth which tell us of Eurydikê as stung to death by the hidden serpent, of Siegfried smitten by Hagen (the thorn), of Isfendiyar pierced by the thorn or arrow of Rustem, of Achilles vulnerable only in his heel, of Brunhild enfolded within the dragon's coils, of Meleagros dying as the torch of doom is burnt out, of Baldr the brave and pure smitten by the fatal bough of mistletoe, of the sweet Briar-rose plunged in her slumber of a hundred years.

The idea that these myths have been deliberately transferred from Hindoos or Persians to Greeks, Germans, and Norsemen is by general consent dismissed as a wild dream. Yet of their substantial identity, in spite of all points of difference and under every disguise thrown over them by individual fancies and local influences, there can be no question. The keynote of any one of Anna de Souza's stories is the keynote of almost all; and this keynote runs practically through the great body of tales gathered from Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland, and Scotland. It is found again everywhere in the mythology of the Greeks, whether in the legends which have furnished the materials for their magnificent epics, or have been immortalised in the dramas of their great tragedians, or have remained buried in the pages of mythographers like Pausanias or Diodorus. If then all these tales have some historical foundation, they must relate to events which took place before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes from their original home.

To take these stories after any system and arrange their materials methodically is almost an impossible task. The *expressions* or incidents worked into these

legends are like the few notes of the scale from which great musicians have created each his new world, or like the few roots of language which denoted at first only the most prominent objects and processes of nature and the merest bodily wants, but out of which has grown the wealth of words to feed the countless streams of human thought. In one story we may find a series of incidents briefly touched which elsewhere have been expanded into a dozen tales, while the incidents themselves are presented in the thousand different combinations suggested by an exuberant fancy. The outlines of the tales, when these have been carefully analysed, are simple enough; but they are certainly not outlines which could have been suggested by incidents in the common life of mankind. Maidens do not fall for months or years into deathlike trances from which the touch of one brave knight alone can rouse them; dragons are not coiled round golden treasures or beautiful women on glistering heaths; princes do not everywhere abandon their wives as soon as they have married them, to return at length in squalid disguise and smite their foes with invincible weapons. Steeds which speak and which cannot die do not draw the chariots of mortal chiefs, nor do the lives of human kings exhibit everywhere the same incidents in the same sequence. Yet every fresh addition made to our stores of popular tradition does but bring before us new phases of those old forms of which mankind, we may boldly say, will never grow weary. The golden slipper of Cinderella was, as we knew, the slipper of Rhodôpis, which an eagle carried off and dropped into the lap of the Egyptian king as he sat on his seat of judgment at Memphis. *This slipper reappears* in the beautiful Deccan story

of Sodewa Bai, and leads of course to the same issue as in the legends of Cinderella and Rhodôpis. The dragon of the glistering heath represents the seven-headed cobra of the Hindoo story, and in the legend of Brave Seventee Bai the beautiful Brunhild becomes his daughter. In the Greek myth these snakes draw the chariot of Medeia the child of the Sun, or impart mysterious wisdom to Iamos and Melampus, as the cobras do to Muchie Lal. That the heroes of Greek and Teutonic legends in almost every case are separated from or abandon the women whom they have wooed or loved, is well known; and the rajahs and princes of these Deccan tales are subjected to the same lot with Achilles and Herakles, Odysseus and Œdipus, Sigurd and Arthur, Kephalos and Prokris, Paris and Œnônê. Generally the newly-married prince feels a yearning to see his father and his mother once more, and like Odysseus, pines until he can set his face homewards. Sometimes he takes his wife, sometimes he goes alone; but in one way or another he is kept away from her for years, and reappears, like Odysseus, in the squalid garb of a beggar. Curiously enough, in these Hindoo stories his detention is caused by one of those charms or spells which Odysseus in his wanderings discreetly avoids. The Lotos-eaters and their magic fruit reappear in the nautch-people or conjurers, whom the rajah who has married Panch-Phul Ranee, the Lady of the Five Flowers, asks for rice and fire. The woman whom he addresses immediately brings them.

'But before she gave them to him, she and her companions threw upon them a certain powder, containing a very potent charm; and no sooner did the rajah receive them than he forgot about his wife and little child, his journey, and all that had ever happened to him in his life before;

such was the peculiar property of the powder. And when the conjurors said to him "Why should you go away? Stay with us, and be one of us," he willingly consented.'

We should be sorry to think that a remembrance of the Homeric story has unconsciously led Miss Frere to colour or modify the ayah's language, but her words are almost a paraphrase from the Odyssey.

The nautch-woman here has also the character of Kirkê, and the charm represents the *Φάρμακα λυγρὰ* which turned the companions of Eurylochos into swine, while Kirkê's wand is wielded by the sorcerers who are compelled to restore to life the victims whom they had turned into stone, and by the Rakshas from whom Ramchundra, in the story of Truth's Triumph, seeks to learn its uses. The rod, she replies, 'has many supernatural powers; for instance, by simply uttering your wish and waving it in the air, you can conjure up a mountain, a river, or a forest, in a moment of time.'

At length the wanderer is found; but Panch-Phul Ranee and Seventee Bai have the insight of Eurykleia, and discern his true majesty beneath the fakeer's garb. 'The Rajah came towards them so changed that not even his own mother knew him; no one recognised him but his wife. For eighteen years he had been among the nautch-people; his hair was rough, his beard untrimmed, his face thin and worn, sunburnt and wrinkled, and his dress was a rough common blanket.' Can we possibly help thinking of the wanderer who in his beggar's dress reveals himself to the swineherd and of his disguise, and lastly of his recognition by his old nurse when she saw the wound made by the bite of the boar who slew Adonis? So in the vengeance of

Chandra we see the punishment of the suitors by Odysseus, an incident still further travestied in Grimm's legend of the 'King of the Golden Mountain.' So too as we read of the body of Chundun Rajah which remained undecayed though he had been dead many months, or of Sodewa Bai who a month after her death looked as lovely as on the night on which she died, we are reminded of the body of Hector which Aphroditê anointed with ambrosial oil and guarded day and night from all unseemly things.

But though the doom of which Achilles mournfully complained to Thetis lies on all or almost all of these bright beings, they cannot be held in the grasp of the dark power which has laid them low. Briar-rose and Surya Bai start from their slumbers at the magic touch of the lover's hand, and even when all hope seemed to be lost, wise beasts provide an antidote which will bring back life to the dead. In the story of Panch-Phul Ranee these beneficent physicians are jackals who converse together like the owls of Luxman or the crows in the tale of Faithful John. 'Do you see this tree?' says the jackal to his wife. 'Well, if some of its leaves were crushed and a little of the juice put into the Rajah's two ears and upon his upper lip, and some upon his temples also, and some upon the spearwounds in his side, he would come to life again and be as well as ever.' These leaves reappear in Grimm's story of the Three Snakeleaves, in which the snakes play the part of the jackals. In this tale a prince is buried alive with his dead wife, and seeing a snake approaching her body, he cuts it in three pieces. Presently another snake crawling from the corner saw the *other* lying dead, and soon returned

with three green leaves in its mouth, and laying the parts of the body together so as to join, put one leaf on each wound, and the dead snake was alive again. The prince applying the leaves to his wife restores her also to life.

If we sought to prove the absolute identity of the great mass of Hindoo, Greek, Norse and German legends, we surely need go no further. Yet we cannot resist the temptation of adding a few words on the story of Tara Bai, whom the disguised wife of Logedas Rajah finds on a gold and ivory throne. 'She was tall and of a commanding aspect; her black hair was bound by long strings of pearl; her dress was of fine spun gold and round her waist was clasped a zone of restless throbbing light-giving diamonds; her neck and her arms were covered with a profusion of costly jewels but brighter than all shone her bright eyes, which looked full of gentle majesty.' But Tara Bai is the star (boy) child or maiden, the Asteropaios of the 'Iliad,' of whom the Greek myth says only that he was the tallest of all the men, and that he was slain by Achilles. This is, in fact, but one of the many phases assumed by the struggle between the powers of light and darkness. This child in the Deccan stories appears not only as Guzra Bai, but as Panch-Phul Ranee, as Surya Bai, as the wife of Muchie Lal, the fish or frog-sun.* These women are the daughters of a gardener or a milkwoman, in whom we see the image of Dêmêtêr, the bountiful earth, who lavishes on her children her treasures of fruits, milk and flowers.

* Max Müller, 'Chip from a German Workshop,' vol. *ii. p. 248.*

The path is inviting, and we have done little more than enter upon it; but we must not now follow it further. Enough however has been said to show that these Hindoo tales will not only delight children but will be a mine of wealth for those who care to acquaint themselves with one of the most important chapters in the history of the human mind. Since the translation of the German popular stories from the text of Grimm, by the late Mr. Edgar Taylor, we do not remember to have met with so genuine and so lively an addition to this charming branch of literature. We are grateful to Miss Frere for her beautiful and, as we trust, faithful rendering of these Hindoo tales, which are presented to us in an English style of admirable grace and simplicity. To Anna Liberata de Souza we have to express not only our hearty thanks but our earnest hope that she will give us all the stories which she can remember herself or which she can by her utmost diligence gather from her kinsfolk or her friends.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Illustrated London News, July 17, 1869.]

THERE is no English poet now living who has so many readers in England as Longfellow. His writings are, indeed, known to the million; they find a place on shelf or table in the humblest artisan's home, where Tennyson and Browning have not yet come. This may not be so much the case in America, for aught we know. Though highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens as one of the brightest ornaments of their literature, Professor Longfellow is there, perhaps, regarded more as a consummate scholar and artist of poetry than as the favourite and familiar author of the largest class. He may be to them what Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning are to us: the cherished literary companion rather of those whose taste and sentiment have attained a certain degree of culture. If it be so, from what can this difference arise? It would be a mistake to suppose that it is because of any general superiority in the average mental refinement and intelligence of our own people. We are often told, on the contrary, that, compared with the population of the United States at least of the New England States, the working class and lower middle classes of Great Britain are sadly behind in education. It is a more likely explanation

that the works of Longfellow may owe their extraordinary popularity on this side of the Atlantic not to their satisfying a lower standard of classic excellence, but simply to the absence of international copyright, and to the vast multiplication of cheap editions printed in London [?]. So much the greater is our national obligation to so good an English author.

In reviewing the different series of his poetical works, our recollection goes back a quarter of a century. It is so long since we first became acquainted with a collection of short pieces, including those lyrical effusions called 'Voices of the Night,' two or three narrative ballads, and a score of miscellaneous compositions. Several of these were of a didactic or moralising character, like small sermons in rhyme. Their merit is unequal; and 'The Psalm of Life,' which has been quoted at so many congregational tea-meetings, is a bad specimen of this kind. 'The Ladder of St. Augustine' is a good one, and has been cited with approving assent by Tennyson, in a strophe of 'In Memoriam'. We should say that 'Excelsior' is rather pretty than sublime—an extravagant flight of sensational fancy. There is a twang of common pulpit and platform oratory in some of these earlier pieces which does not please the mature judgment of a manly mind. The trite expression of mere truisms and ordinary precepts, with their cheap decoration of a chain of incongruous metaphors, as in 'The Psalm of Life,' may be all very good for religious edification, but not a good example of the highest imaginative literature.

There were better things, however, among those minor writings of Longfellow's reprinted in London about 1843, or not much later. Several had been

written by him when a youth at college, in that season of vague and undetermined longings for completeness and excellence, when one is apt to invoke 'the Spirit of Poesy,' and to talk in a melancholy tone about 'Life.' He had soon got out of this mood; he had resolved to study the aspects of the world about him; of 'Nature and Human Nature.' The tendency of his poetry, like that of Goethe, is for the most part objective, dealing with things of real existence, or such as may be conceived to exist outside of the poet's mind; it is, therefore, healthy and cheerful. We all know 'The Village Blacksmith;' and the man who hears it well sung may feel himself a stronger and happier man than before. This is what the genuine poet can do for mankind—to create, and to impress for ever upon that memory of the heart, which is called imagination, some true type of our common humanity; in the recognition of which we forget and forgive each private grief, as we feel 'the whole world kin.' Who cannot sympathise with the blacksmith? We see him bravely standing at his forge, 'week in, week out, from morn till night;' and, with his heavy hammer, beating on the anvil, in a storm of sound and flame and flying sparks, to shape the work of his life:—

'His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man!'

We see him, again, on the Sunday morning, in the gallery at church, with his boys; 'he hears the parson pray and preach,' but he also hears his little daughter *in the* choir, 'singing with her mother's voice;' and

the blacksmith's hard rough hand wipes a tear of sweet sorrow from his honest eyes:—

'Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned the night's repose!'

This is altogether different in kind from such a didactic composition as 'Tell me not in mournful numbers.' It is a piece of real, earnest life set forth bodily in our presence, and inspired with motives of affection, the experience of which we are made to share. We are thus assisted to comprehend our own experience much better than by a string of moral aphorisms to the effect that 'life is real, life is earnest,' and so on; sentences fit for the copy-slips of a scholastic writing-master.

Let us now cite one of the most perfect of our author's purely lyrical compositions. 'The Bridge at Midnight,' too, has been well set to music, and is properly a song, the sustained harmonious utterance of a mood of personal feeling:—

'How often, oh! how often
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
To the ocean wild und wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It *is buried in* the sea;

And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes—'

But we must not stay on the bridge to finish well-known song. It is one of those melodious pressions of pure sentiment. with affecting image clear and tender words, which find their way to unconscious heart, as the arrow found its way t oak, without the archer's aim:—

'I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?'

There are some more recent examples of this p lyrical power over the emotions, which may be no in their turn. In his choice and treatment of subj from the first, a promising variety was displayed. rural scenery of New England which seems to t *many features* of that of the British islands

others peculiar to its own climate and continental position, is frequently set before us. We see the cultivated fields and farms; the placid rivers and the bold Atlantic seashore; the picturesque mountains; the rushing streams and waterfalls; the great half-wild woodlands, in autumn gorgeous with the brightest colours of the crimson ash, the golden maple, the silver beech—in summer green and fresh as our woodlands; the homely villages, with shady elm-rows in their rustic streets, where a retired family man may still inhabit a snug old-fashioned household and lead a tranquil life apart from the restless hurry of the striving Yankee world. We often hear the roaring wind and the pattering rain of that rather severe climate, in which the hardy manhood of the 'Down-Easters' is vigorously reared. Mr. Longfellow really likes the rain, as Mr. Kingsley pretends to like the east wind. He has repeatedly sung its praises; for he knows its use and beauty. He has described a snow-shower with equal felicity. But he dearly loves the sunshine, where it is intermingled with the shadow of hanging foliage:—

'Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one exulting sound.'

That is a situation which does indeed, as Emerson remarks, 'make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.' We allow that all poets, philosophers, and other good men, should be privileged to loiter unmolested 'in this pleasing, contrite wood-life which the gods allow us', from dawn to evening of a fine summer day.

But the exigencies of social life, both in the United Kingdom and in the United States, have absurdly forbidden us, except on rare holidays, this harmless indulgence of pure Nature-worship. Mr. Longfellow has therefore devoted nine tenths of his poetical labours to the task of interpreting human character and the moral destiny of our race. With the utmost sincerity and fidelity, like Tennyson and Browning, he has endeavoured to discern the ethical facts and spiritual relations of our mortal existence, and to tell the truth about them to the best of his knowledge. The way in which he has gone about this work has been similar to Browning's—that is, through the study and artistic representation of a wide range of historical or literary traditions, mostly belonging either to foreign nationalities or to remote past ages. Longfellow has also concurred with Browning in his preference, for this purpose, of the lore of Mediæval Europe to that of classic antiquity. He is professor of modern languages at Harvard University. In his discursive prose essays and romances, 'Hyperion' and 'Outremer,' we may observe his ubiquitous scholarship of the different European languages and their legends. The Rhineland and the old cities of Germany; the old provinces of France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy; Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, including Iceland, are made the alternate homes of his travelling Muse. She, nevertheless, comes faithfully back to Massachusetts, and there sits down to relate some characteristic tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans of the old colonial time, or the sturdy patriots of the American Revolution. The educated New Englander is thus a cosmopolitan, or complete *humanist*, in his range of intellectual sympathies.

Mr. Longfellow is, indeed, as one might say, an omnivorous translator of foreign poetry and adapter of foreign themes. These versatile performances do not much concern our estimate of his merits as an original poet. His versions from the French, German, and Italian are usually both more accurate and more graceful than any versions of the same texts by another hand. We must, nevertheless, take one very important exception. His complete translation of the Divina Commedia, which was published a few years since, while rendering, with the strictest and minutest care, every particle of Dante's meaning, is not agreeable as an English composition. It is defaced by a strange mixture of bastard words; many of them long obsolete, some never in use at all, but coined for this occasion; and some here employed by the translator in a sense which they never had before. Yet we know that, in all his previous writings of prose or verse, Mr. Longfellow's style was distinguished by an exquisite purity and propriety of diction. His arbitrary procedure in this work can only be explained by supposing that he has intended to try the experiment of a new method of translating. He has apparently tried to reproduce in every line as many as possible of the identical syllabic sounds which he found in the corresponding line of the original text. With this curious object, he has not hesitated to use the oddest words and the most awkward inversions of grammatical structure. We do not like the effect of such a literary freak.

Turning with great pleasure to a brief examination of the list of his chief original works of poetry, we may divide them into two main groups. Those dealing with foreign legends of an allegorical or ideal character

have the air of being more the studies of a learned scholar of literary subjects remodelled with exquisite skill than the fruits of native inspiration. Those which consist of direct narratives from the history of America or idyllic representations of American social life are more substantially original, and to us of greater value. Another classification might group his longest poems into those of a dramatic form and those which simply relate a story or describe a situation. We should then be obliged to own that Longfellow fails in his attempts as a dramatist not less remarkably than he succeeds as a lyrical and idyllic poet. He shows a want of the power of creating such entire individual personalities, each with an independent capability of existence and with a spring of action in himself, as the drama essentially requires. He can do no more than indicate the motions of his plot and supply an appropriate set of eloquent speeches, to which the names of his would-be dramatis personæ are prefixed. Neither in his romantic play of 'The Spanish Student,' which turns upon a perilous love affair with a gipsy dancing-girl, nor in his 'New England Tragedies,' which concern the fanatical persecutions of Quakers and supposed witches by the Massachusetts Puritans of the seventeenth century, has he been able to fulfil the main condition of dramatic interest.

'The Golden Legend,' notwithstanding this defect, is one of the most admirable productions of his genius; because it is, though framed as a play, with acts, scenes, and dialogues, rather a combination of lyrics put together in the setting of a wildly-pathetic mediæval story. In this respect it may be compared with Goethe's 'Faust;' and we venture to think it not unworthy of

the comparison in its own degree. The main conception is borrowed from an old German romance of the twelfth century. It is the tale of Prince Henry of Hoheneck, who was dying of an incurable disease—incurable by any other remedy than a lotion to be brewed of the blood of a pure young maiden, who should have voluntarily sacrificed her life to preserve his. This is a fantastic and unnatural story; but the bursts of lyrical sentiment and the poetic descriptions of nature which abound in 'The Golden Legend' are exceedingly beautiful; while there is a fine humorous insight into the odd corners of human character, in the exhibition of the street-preaching friar, the monastery with its saints and revellers, and the brawling pedants at the University of Salerno, which reminds us of Browning. As a diorama of the opinions and manners fostered by popular belief in the Catholic mythology of the Middle Ages, this poem has also some literary importance, but it will never attract the multitude of uninstructed readers. Mr. Longfellow whose religious sympathies are Catholic in a different sense, that of a 'Free Christian Union,' shows in this and other writings his disposition to contemplate with strong interest the faith and practices of the Romish Church as part of the moral history of humanity.

In that unique mythological epic of the North American Indian heroic age, the romantic poem of 'Hiawátha,' with its masterly appropriation of a large store of ethnological learning, he has produced a charming poem and an instructive monument of human life. The first reading is seldom quite satisfactory. One is teased by the multitude of queer, outlandish names; the frequent repetitions of phrases and epithets, as in

Homer; and the peculiar versification, an unrhymed octosyllabic chant, which resembles, in its lilting strain, the rude metrical compositions of the old Anglo-Saxon form of our language. But we soon become aware, upon a second reading, that the rhythmic cadences of 'Hiawatha,' when run lightly and trippingly off the tongue, are perfectly musical; the strange words are explained by their immediate context; while the air of more than rustic, more than boyish, simplicity, given by the artless mention of so many unessential details, is found at last not more wearisome than in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of the immortal Greek. The poet who speaks to us here is not the highly educated professor of Harvard University, but the unlettered Indian singer Nawadaha, dwelling in the Vale of Tawasentha, and warbling 'his native wood-notes wild,' as freely as those he heard from the birds of the forest primeval, or in the moorlands and the fenlands, and on the shores of the Great Lakes, —

> 'Whence these legends and traditions,
> With the odours of the forest,
> With the dew and damp of meadows,
> With the curling smoke of wigwams,
> With the rushing of great rivers,
> With their wild reverberations,
> As of thunder in the mountains?'

In order to enjoy this noble poem, we must exert the active faculty of imagination. We must try to feel, in ourselves, what the poor savage Ojibways and Dacotahs must have felt, supposing them to have really been favoured, by divine appointment, with an inspired chief of their race; a demigod, a son of the west *wind, sent to be* their leader and teacher; one accred-

ited by miraculous signs and gifts of power, and enlightened by a special revelation of heavenly wisdom. Such is Hiawatha: the bravest, kindest, strongest, and cleverest of men; the best of friends, the best of lovers and husbands, the darling of Nature; the comrade of all living creatures, talking with every beast and bird; the valiant champion, the mighty hunter, the inventive craftsman; the author of laws and learning, of arts and manners; yet still a mortal, heir to all human sorrows, and doomed to vanish mysteriously from amongst his people when he had welcomed the advent of the first Christian civilising mission. This is a truly beautiful and grand conception. Longfellow has exercised in its presentment the full force of his sagacity and knowledge as a moral philosopher, no less than of his profound sympathy and exquisite fancy as a poet. We are inclined to think his genius will be kept famous by the originality of 'Hiawatha' longer than by his more popular stories and songs.

'Evangeline: a Tale of Acadie' is one of these, and has generally been found most pleasing. But a majority of English ears are not yet reconciled to the hexameter lines, which the German poets, in such examples as Voss's 'Luise' and Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea,' narrative poems of a similar kind, have long since adopted with perfect success. The story of 'Evangeline,' belonging to the history of the French colonists in Nova Scotia, has a gentle pathetic interest, which tends, with the refined purity of sentiment, the grace of innocent maidenhood, and harmless, guileless rural life, the tender affections of the heroine, and the descriptions of American scenery, to make its *perusal* very agreeable. But it seems ever

haunted, like that of 'Hiawatha,' by an air of mortal sadness, which breathes the spirit of humility and resignation, not the spirit of despair. Listen to the mournful refrain:—

'While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.'

The remembrance of this plaintive note besets us all the way, as we follow the wandering pair of lovers, in their ever-failing pursuit of each other, from north to south, and from east to west, and back again, from the far west to the city of Penn the apostle; till they find rest in the little Catholic churchyard behind the crowded street. As in a grand dioiama of the greatly-diversified scenery of North America, the descriptive passages of this beautiful poem unfold in succession before our eyes the Atlantic shores of a cool and temperate region, between forest and sea, inhabited by farmers, woodsmen, and codfishers; or the broad-spreading Mississippi, in its lower course, beneath a semi-tropical sky, with cotton-trees, or groves of orange and citron, growing on the banks; with cypresses or cedars on the higher ground, and with flocks of pelicans wading in the tepid lagoons; or the pathless, endless expanse of the vast western prairies, with their 'billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,' bedecked with an infinite variety of brilliant flowers; the haunt of buffalo herds, of the elk, the wolf, the wild horse, and the vulture; or the deep ravines and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, which lift their jagged tops above *perpetual snows*. Mr. Longfellow has certainly done

his best to sing the picturesque features of his mighty native land.

Another good example of his poetical patriotism is 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' which is a narrative in the same style and metre as 'Evangeline,' a stouter, manlier, and livelier tale, if not so delicately sweet. This story, too, is founded on fact, belonging to the early years of the Puritan settlement at Plymouth, in Massachusetts Bay. There is a small painting by Mr. Boughton, in our Royal Academy Exhibition now open, which gives us a capital representation of the stalwart captain, with his eight armed followers, and with Hobomok, their Indian guide, tramping sturdily out of the village to fight their savage foes, as our countrymen in New Zealand are now obliged to do. The character of this brave, honest, headstrong, angry, and sometimes ridiculous Englishman, a soldier of freedom with the experiences of a soldier of fortune, is worthy to have been drawn by Sir Walter Scott. That of the true English maiden Priscilla, with her delightful frankness and archness, her womanly indignation at the clumsy manner of his wooing, and her undisguised liking for John Alden, is worthy of companionship with Mistress Anne Page. Any artist who wants a pretty subject for a charming little picture of figures in a woodland scene may be advised to try his hand at one of John Alden leading the white bull, with his bride seated on a crimson cushion and saddle-cloth, homeward on their wedding-day beneath the foliage of an American autumn, coloured with the golden hues of that clime and season.

We might find pleasant occupation for another column of writing, if it were allowable, in bearing

grateful testimony to the merits of Longfellow's other works, which have not yet been mentioned. His collections of lyrical pieces, called 'Birds of Passage,' 'By the Seaside,' and 'By the Fireside,' contain some of the best things he has written. His 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' with the exception of 'King Olaf's Saga,' which has a crude Norwegian flavour, too rough for our palate, are such as we love to read at any hour. 'The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere' is a stirring incident of the Revolution. The 'Prelude,' designed on the model of that which introduces the several story-tellers in Chaucer's immortal series, is quite as good as any of these tales. We should dearly like to spend a jovial evening of talk and song, with such good company, in the old-fashioned tavern parlour at Sudbury, in the good State of Massachusetts, in the country of Longfellow, of Hawthorne, of Bryant, of Emerson, of Theodore Parker, and of James Russell Lowell; in that country which is not less English than the shires of old England herself. There are places and people in New England—to judge from such views of their social life as we get in Mr. Longfellow's prose tale of 'Kavanagh'—whose acquaintance must be extremely agreeable. Republican sincerity and sobriety, combined with rare intellectual refinement, 'plain living and high thinking,' domestic content, simple manners, the pursuit of truth, and the love of beauty: such are the fruits of their freedom.

PITT. — I.

[*Three English Statesmen. — By Prof. Goldwin Smith.* *]

THE European movement which ended in the French Revolution, like that which ended in the Reformation, like all great movements of humanity, was complex in its nature. It was at once religious and political and it extended to all the other parts of human life. In religion it was almost entirely critical and destructive: to our generation was left the heavy task of renovating faith. The religion of Rousseau, indeed, proved itself the strongest among the elements which struggled for mastery in the Revolution. We can understand how at the time it breathed in its freshness like the breath of morning into the feverish atmosphere of French life. But it was merely a bastard Christianity, emotional, sentimental, based on no conviction. The great service done to religion during the eighteenth century was the advancement of toleration, to which Frederic the Great, tyrant as he was in politics, was a real friend; though it was the toleration of indifference, not the toleration of those, who with deep convictions, and because they have deep convictions, reverence conscience as the source,

* [*Reprinted with the* kind consent of the Author.]

and liberty of conscience as the sole guarantee, truth. In the political sphere also the movement wa merely destructive; it pulled down feudalism witho building up anything in its place, and it has le European society generally in a chaotic state, fro which the nations have sought refuge in democrat despotism, pending the evolution of a sound and pe manent order of things. Two political ideals, howeve this century produced; the half-classical, half-Christia Republicanism of Rousseau, and the enlightened a beneficent despotism, having its imaginary type in Chin which was the Utopia of Voltaire. In jurisprudenc and political economy, on the other hand, there we positive and great results: in jurisprudence, the reform of law, especially the law of succession to proper and the penal code, of which the Code Napoleon the most scientific embodiment, though the philosoph of the previous century was the source; in economy free trade, and all the benefits which the world ha received from the principles enunciated by Hume, Tu got, and, greatest of all, Adam Smith.

The first part of Pitt's life—that part which form the subject of this evening's lecture—is a product the economical, and in some measure also of the pol tical, part of this European movement, limited by th conditions imposed on the leader of an aristocrat assembly and a minister of the English crown; th second part, which will form the subject of the follow ing lecture, is a product of the reaction against th religious and political part of the same movement whe it had arrived at its revolutionary crisis and overturne the French Church and Throne. During the first pa *of his life*, Pitt is to be classed with the philosophi

and reformed kings and ministers before the Revolution, whose names ought not to be forgotten, though the Jacobins chose to call the year of their frenzy the year One; with Joseph II; with Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul, the overthrowers of Jesuitism; with Tanucci, with Leopold of Tuscany, with Turgot, with Frederic of Prussia, and with Catherine of Russia, so far as Catherine and Frederic were organs of philosophy and reform. During the second part, he tends, though he does not actually sink, to the level of the Metternichs, the Polignacs, the Percevals, and the Eldons. The Pitt of my present lecture and the Pitt of my next stand in strong contrast to each other, though the connection is quite intelligible and signally illustrates the power of circumstances over any but the strongest men. The same change is seen in the lives of Joseph and Catherine and other reformers in high places, who, when the Revolution came, found out that their trade was that of king. It is seen in the English aristocracy, the more intellectual of whom had, like the French aristocracy, been affecting scepticism and Republicanism, as we may learn from Horace Walpole, who is always throwing out light Voltairian sentiments and cutting off the head of Charles I. This evening we speak of the happier Pitt, of him whose monuments remain in free trade, an improved fiscal system, religious toleration, the first steps towards colonial emancipation, the abolition of the slave trade, the condemnation of slavery. Another evening we shall speak of the Pitt whose monuments remain in six hundred millions of debt, and other evils political and social, of which the bitter inheritance has descended to us and will descend to generations *yet to come.*

William Pitt was born (1759) beneath a roof ill
trious, but not likely to give birth to an apostle
economical reform. What the inglorious frugality
Walpole had saved, Chatham had squandered in victo
and he had added a heavy burden of debt besid
But the father bequeathed to his child the example
purity, of patriotism, of a high aspiring spirit, wh
soared, if not to the summit of political heroism,
least far above the place-hunters and intriguers of
time. He bequeathed to him also of his eloquen
not the incommunicable fire, but so much as assidu
culture under a great master could impart, and s
him into public life a youthful prodigy in the acc
plishment by which we choose our statesmen. Fr
the conversation of Chatham and of Chatham's frien
Pitt, who was brought up at home, must also h
learned much; and thus his parliamentary maturity
twenty-one, though a wonder, is not a miracle.

I have noticed that Pitt was brought up at ho
He was nevertheless no milksop. We complacen
accept it as a full set-off against all the evils
public schools, that they make boys manly. It is e
to see how by cutting boys off from intercourse w
men and women, and confining them to the society
boys, you may make them hard; but not so easy
see how you can make them manly. Pitt brought
in the house of Chatham is, of course, too exceptio
a case to reason from; but no want of manlin
either of mind or character, was seen in this boy w
he became Prime Minister at twenty-four.

He, however, went to Cambridge at fourteen,
stayed there seven years, during which he was reg
and read hard, owing, it may be, partly to the weak

of his health, which, by debarring from physical sports and enjoyments, has perhaps turned not a few men into the path which leads to intellectual greatness. We are beginning to know the power of education, and the significance of the question, what sort of culture it was that was undergone by a future chief of the state. The classics, a school at once of taste and of the political character formed by a rather narrow and heathen love of liberty, were the staple of Pitt's training, as they had been those of the English statesmen before him. To these he added the discipline of mathematics, some jurisprudence, some experimental philosophy, and a good deal of general literature, including history. Historical philosophy was not then in existence; it might have taught him, the destined ruler of his country at the epoch of the French Revolution, to view with intelligence and meet with calmness the tremendous phenomena of his time. But above all he read the work, then new and unknown to his elder rivals, of Adam Smith, to which, in his great budget-speech of 1792, he referred as furnishing the best solution to every question connected with political economy and with trade. Pitt was Adam Smith's first powerful disciple. And from this source he drew not only the principles of his commercial reforms and his budgets, but a talisman of command. The commercial and manufacturing interests were rapidly rising in importance, and with these interests Pitt alone of the party leaders had qualified himself to deal. The aristocratic statesmen, with their purely classical training, seldom stooped to anything so low as economy or finance. Fox avowed his ignorance of political economy; he used to say he did not know why the funds went

up or down, but he liked to see them go down because it vexed Pitt. Sir Francis Dashwood was thought good enough for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, though a sum of five figures was said to be an inscrutable mystery to his mind. The student of the 'Wealth of Nations' might have learnt and perhaps he did learn, from it, other things besides those which he mentioned in his budget-speech. Free principles hang together, and Adam Smith is, in an unobtrusive way, the apostle of Democracy as well as of Free Trade.

Pitt's tutor was Pretyman, better known in the annals of ecclesiastical rapacity by his later name of Tomline. This man seems to have done the classical and mathematical part of his duty well; Pitt at least was grateful to him, and gorged him—to satiate him was impossible—with preferment, till George III. cried 'Hold, enough.' Tomline thus enriched, provided with the means of enriching his whole tribe, and having inherited a private fortune besides, subscribed, among others, £1,000 towards the payment of Pitt's debts, which sum he afterwards tried to get repaid to him by the nation.

Bad physicians advised the stripling to drink port, the panacea and almost the physical gospel of the age; and he followed their advice with a vengeance. Hence disease and mortal langour in his prime; hence the constitution early decayed which succumbed to the blow of Austerlitz. Lord Stanhope—to whose valuable biography, which forms the foundation of this lecture, let me here acknowledge my great obligations—Lord Stanhope says that Pitt was only once seen drunk. There are traditions of a different kind. In all *other respects* Pitt's character, like that of his great

father, was pure; and though the wits might scoff at the idea that genius and morality could exist together, his purity gave him a great advantage in self-control, in conscientious industry, in dignity of bearing, in the confidence of the community—especially of the middle classes—over his chief rival, who, though he had a warm heart and noble sympathies, was a rake, a gambler, corrupt himself, and a corrupter of the youths about him. Of religion there was little to be had in those days; and of that little not much resided in Mr. Pretyman. Pitt was regular in his attendance at the college chapel. He also read theology with his tutor, and some would have us believe that he became a theologian at once most learned and most orthodox, armed at all points to maintain the Thirty-nine Articles against all heresies, whether on the side of Popery or Dissent; while, on the other hand, there is a tradition that, by his own avowal, Butler's 'Analogy' raised in his mind more doubts than it solved, wherein he would by no means have been unique. But it is plain that he had not that strong and present sense of things unseen by which the noblest characters have been sustained. So far as integrity and real desire of the public good would carry him, he could go; but when the great trial came, the trial which called for complete self-sacrifice, the sustaining force was wanting, conscience yielded to ambition, and the son of the morning fell.

As Chatham's son, Pitt entered public life as a Whig. But Whig, by this time, meant little more than Guelf or Ghibelin. The Whigs were a party, and an illustrious party, while they were making the Revolution of 1688, and afterwards while they were

defending the Revolution settlement against Louis XIV. abroad and the Jacobites at home. But that struggle over, they became an oligarchy of great houses squabbling among themselves for the high offices of state. The long scene of degradation which ensued had, for a time, been broken by the rise of Chatham, a middle-class minister putting the oligarchy under his feet, though to do it he was obliged himself to connive at corruption, and allow a Duke to do for his government the work which the great Commoner abhorred. In this party government of ours, which we take for an eternal ordinance of nature, though it is but an accident of yesterday, everything depends on the existence of a real division of opinion on some important question. When the great questions are for the time out of the way, party government degenerates into a chronic faction-fight between a connection which wants to get place and a connection which wants to keep it. At this time the great questions were out of the way, there was no real division of parties, and a reign of cabal and corruption naturally ensued. All the factions alike used power for class purposes; the nation had little interest in their scuffles, and no hope but that by some accident a man of heart and brain might get into his hands a measure of independent power, and use it partly for the public good.

Pitt took his seat when only just of age for the nomination borough of Appleby, and at once came forward in debate. His command of rounded sentences was already fearful; assuredly no youth ever wrote such stately despatches to his mother. He gave the House without delay a taste of his oratoric training, and early showed his greatest gift as an orator, the

power of lofty sarcasm, which, in a House not much in earnest, is so telling, both in its direct effect, and because, unlike open invective, it suggests a reserve of power. Those stately speeches of his, with their long rolling periods, were, no doubt, very imposing when they were delivered with an imperial bearing and haughty gestures from the summit of Parliamentary command. But the best of them, and those best reported, can scarcely be placed in the small number of orations which deserve to live beyond the hour. They contain few memorable words. That fusion of reason in the fire of passion, the attribute of the highest eloquence, is not there. They are the works of talent, but not of genius.

The war with the American Colonies had almost run its guilty and disastrous course, and was drawing near its shameful end. The North ministry tottered to its fall. It was upheld only by the personal support of the King, who, like kings in general, was still for war. Pitt went into strong opposition. He denounced the war with a vehemence which, we should have thought, would have seemed inexpiable to the King. He supported Burke's motion for retrenchment. He took up Parliamentary Reform warmly, and made the question his own. This he did with his guns levelled directly against the corrupt influence of the court—'an influence,' he said, 'which has been pointed at in every period as the fertile source of all our miseries—an influence which has been substituted in the room of wisdom, of activity, of exertion, and of success—an influence which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, but which unhappily has not diminished with our diminution, nor

decayed with our decay.' The court was so discredited and detested that on his motion for a select committee Pitt was only beaten by 20. It has been remarked that the Reformers never had so good a division again till 1831. Pitt also voted for the motion of the Radical Alderman Sawbridge to shorten the duration of Parliaments. If this bright archangel of Toryism had sat long in opposition he might have become a minister of the Darker Power.

North fell; and over the prostrate favourite of the court Fox and Rockingham entered the royal closet by storm. On Rockingsham's death Fox pressed the Duke of Portland on the King as first minister, but the King carried Lord Shelburne, one of Chatham's old connections; and Pitt, whose aspiring boyhood had refused office without a seat in the cabinet under Rockingham, came into Shelburne's cabinet at twenty-three as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The foot of Adam Smith was on the steps of power.

The Shelburne ministry had to make peace with the Americans, and with their allies, France and Spain; but on the preliminaries of peace the Government was overthrown by the profligate coalition of Fox and North. Profligate that coalition was, not so much because it violated political principle, for none of these factions had much political principle to violate, as because it violated personal honour. Fox had spoken of North in terms which made an alliance between them, manifestly concluded for the sake of getting back into place, equally infamous to them both. The king struggled; he turned to Pitt; and the dazzling offer of the premiership was refused by a farsighted *youth of twenty-three*. Then the king was forced to

o under the yoke; but this time the nation was with
im, and his defeat was a moral victory.

A constitutional monarchy, according to the classic aphorism of Mr. Thiers, is one in which the king reigns and does not govern; in the less pointed words of Lord North, one in which the king has only the appearance of power. This highly artificial arrangement—for highly artificial it is, when we consider that the king is treated, even in our addresses to Heaven, as though he were the real ruler, and we his obedient subjects—is commonly taken to be coeval with the monarchy of England. It came into existence a century and a half ago, and has not continued without interruption since that time. The feudal kings, like the Saxon kings before them, not only reigned but governed, and were deposed, and sometimes put to death, if they governed ill. The Tudors were despots. The Stuarts tried to be. William III., though a foreigner, and dependent on the Whigs for his crown, was at the head of his own government, had no foreign minister but himself at a time when foreign policy was the most important department, and vetoed the Triennial Act. Anne changed the government and the policy of the country at the whim of her waiting-woman. The first constitutional king was George I., a foreigner like William, very stupid, which William was not, unable to speak English, with a Pretender across the water, and absolutely in the hands of his Whig patrons. Georg II. was pretty much in the same case, and accordingly he was only one degree less constitutional than his father. But George III., as he told Parliament in graceful compliment to the shades of his *ancestors*, was born a Briton. 'What

lustre,' responded the Peers, 'does it add to the name of Briton when you, Sir, esteem it among your glories?' Jacobitism was defunct; and the last non-juring bishop died about this time, an apothecary at Shrewsbury, owning that Providence had declared itself for the Hanover line. Therefore, George III. was not constitutional; he wished not only to reign but to govern. He is surely not much to be blamed for that wish. Hearing a prayer put up every Sunday, that he might be enabled to rule well, he might not unnaturally conceive that it was a part of his duty to rule. Despotic ideas had been carefully infused by his mother and Lord Bute into a mind which the absence of any other culture left entirely open for their reception; for never had a 'born Briton' so un-British an education. The Parliament of that day was not a free Parliament, but an oligarchical and rotten-borough Parliament; and we might have sympathised with the King if he had really intended to override the factions, put the oligarchy under the feet of a national trustee, promote merit in the public service without regard to connection, and govern in the interest of the whole nation. Unfortunately, George the Third's idea of merit was Lord Bute and Mr. Jenkinson, and his idea of governing in the interest of the whole nation was the American war. It was unlucky, too, if the new system was to restore purity, that it was itself supported by corruption; and that in this corruption, and in the coarsest form of it—that connected with elections—the King himself took an active part. If any one, in his hatred of oligarchy, dreams of a patriot king, let him awake from that dream. Sooner than a patriot king, he *will find an oligarchy* ready to divest itself of power.

George III. tried unconstitutional monarchy, first by Lord Bute, a walking-gentleman, and failed; then by Lord North, a good man of business and a parliamentary tactician, but pliant enough to submit to governments by departments; that is, a government in which the king was first minister, and the departments, against their consciences, carried on the King's American war. But the end of that war brought the system to the ground amidst a storm of odium; and only the superior odium of the Coalition could have given the King a third chance. A third chance he now had, and having twice before got hold of a tool who was not strong enough to be a minister, he now got hold of a minister who was rather too strong to be a tool.

The Coalition deserved to fall, but not on the measure on which it fell. It had become necessary for humanity, and for the honour of the country, to arrest the servants of the East India Company in their career of crime. The government brought in a bill taking India out of the hands of the Company and putting it into the hands of a board of seven commissioners to be named for the first time by Parliament and afterwards by the crown. There can be no doubt that the measure was framed in good faith. Burke, whose zeal for Indian reform none will question, was its framer, Fox himself, with all his faults, was a true friend of humanity: let us honour his name for it, at a time when contempt for humanity and sympathy with cruelty is cultivated by feebleness as a proof of vigour, and lauded by public instructors as a healthy English tone. As, however, the majority in Parliament were to have the nominations for the first

time, a cry was got up that the party intended, by the appropriation of overwhelming patronage, to perpetuate itself in place. Set up by Pitt and the opposition, this cry was swelled of course by the whole East Indian interest, which by buying rotten boroughs had made itself a great parliamentary power, and was beginning, in the secret counsels of Providence, to avenge, by its pestilential influence on English politics, the wrongs of the Hindoo. The great standing army, estranged from the ideas of English citizenship and from reverence for English liberties, which is now being trained up in India, may perhaps one day carry further the work of retribution, and teach people that they cannot practise rapine in another country, even under pretence of propagating Christianity, and with the tacit sanction of their bishops, without entailing some consequences on their own. The king was in a paroxysm of rage and fear at the prospect of having so much power taken out of his hands. The bill, however, passed the Commons by a large majority, and was on the point of passing the Lords, when Lord Temple, who had before been carrying on a most unconstitutional correspondence with the King against the Ministers, crept to the royal ear, and received from His Majesty a paper to be handed about among the Lords in the following terms: 'His Majesty allowed Earl Temple to say that whoever voted for the India Bill was not only not his friend but would be considered by him as an enemy; and if these words were not strong enough, Earl Temple might use whatever words he deemed stronger and more to the purpose.' The only words which could have been stronger and more to the purpose would have been some having

reference to more substantial motives than affection for the royal person. By a free use of this august document, the India Bill was thrown out; and the Coalition ministers fell, most of them in transport of rage, Lord North with his usual good-humour declining to get out of bed at twelve o'clock at night to give up the seals, and forcing the royal envoy, who came at that unseasonable hour, to have an interview with Lady North, as well as with himself. For a moment Temple, the author of the plot, was secretary of state; but he immediately vanished under a cloud of mystery which has never been cleared away. Lord Stanhope is inclined to think that Lord Temple having saved the monarchy by a back-stairs intrigue, wished to assure its salvation by getting himself made a Duke; and that the King, faithful to first principles, even in this supreme hour of political extremity, would make none but Royal Dukes. A more obvious solution is that Temple, like most intriguers, was a coward, and that his heart failed him as he touched his prize. What is certain is, that Lord Temple went to Stowe. Meanwhile the King had turned again to Pitt; and Pitt was prime minister, and not only prime minister, but, as the rest of the cabinet were mere respectabilities, sole minister at twenty-four (1783).

Unluckily there was now a taint on his appointment, which there would not have been if he had dared to accept the prime ministership before. Lord Stanhope defends the King and his partners in this transaction. He says the rules of the constitution were not then settled. The principle that the King was not to take notice of anything depending in Parliament had been asserted, as I apprehend, against

the Stuarts. But be this as it may, if the rules of the constitution were not settled, the rules of honour were; and the rules of honour, while they permitted the King to dismiss his ministers openly and appeal against them to the country, did not permit him to stab them in the dark. But, says Lord Stanhope, Pitt at all events stands clear. His conduct was excusable perhaps; but if the transaction was criminal, he was not guiltless. He was an accomplice after the fact. He screened Lord Temple in parliament. He accepted the fruits of the intrigue. Afterwards, he was himself called upon to confront the prejudices of the King. George III. was cunning, and though he might quail before the haughty son of Chatham, he must have felt in his heart that Pitt had once been his accomplice.

Then came the famous struggle of the young minister at the head of a minority, and without a colleague to support him in the House of Commons, against the superior forces and the veteran chiefs of the Coalition. The merit of Pitt in this struggle has been overrated. The Opposition made him a present of the victory. They should have proceeded not passionately but vigorously against Temple, and treated Pitt with cool forbearance, so as to avoid making him an object of national sympathy. They proceeded passionately but by no means vigorously against Temple, and they assailed Pitt with a ferocity which arrayed the sympathies of all men on his side. The fact is, however, that Pitt played a winning game from the beginning. The numbers of the majority in the House were no measure of their hold on the country. The nation was weary of cabals which bandied power from *one set of* place-hunters to another. Its heart yearned

towards the young, and as it hoped pure and patriotic, son of Chatham. The Tories wished the King to choose his own ministers. The few Radicals that there were hated the great Whig houses. The Coalition was hated by all.

In the middle of the struggle the Clerkship of the Pells (a sinecure office with an income of £ 3,000 a year) fell vacant. The minister might have taken it himself, and Pitt was poor. He fancied that if he lost his place he should have to go back to the bar. But he used the windfall to redeem a pension which had been improperly bestowed by the other party, thus placing his own purity in contrast with their corruption. As a minister he waged no war on great sinecures, and he held the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports himself. But this act proved at least that he was playing a high game, and that he would not let his cupidity stand in the way of his ambition. He shewed sagacity, too, in putting off the dissolution, and thus giving the Opposition rope to hang themselves, and the tide of opinion time to rise in his favour. Even in the House, the Opposition was at the last gasp; and when urged by its leaders to throw out the Mutiny Bill, it no longer answered the spur. A last effort was made by a devoted adherent in the falling hour of the great Whig houses. The day before the dissolution somebody stole the Great Seal. But the fortitude and resource of the young minister were equal to the occasion, and a new Great Seal was at once made.

When Pitt at last went to the country, there was a rout of the Opposition never paralleled except when the Whigs, in their turn, threw the Tories to the reformed constituencies in 1832. The great majority

with which Pitt returned to the House was a medley in which high Tories were mixed up with Alderma Sawbridge and John Wilkes. But he rapidly gave consistency by making his name the symbol of pro perity and sound finance, and by attaching commerc whose interests he alone understood, firmly to his banne Soon he was all-powerful; and the beginning of h reign is an epoch in our history. There had been revolution. All the cabinet were peers except Pi himself; and he was an earl's son. He had come in power by the personal favour of the King. He cou do nothing against the King or his order. But wi these restrictions, he wished to rule for the public goo His intellect was probably not so high as that Turgot, but it was more practical: and his task w not, like that of Turgot, almost hopeless. Bright yea years bright for himself—and, on the whole, bright f his country—lay before him. Such a part can scarce ever be played again. In ordinary times, connecti and experience must rule. But it is possible th under certain circumstances, the House of Commo may once more weary and disgust the nation; and th a statesman of high bearing and known public spi may once more appeal with success from cabal a faction to the heart of the people.

The highly aristocratic composition of Pitt's Cabin is a proof that there had been no revolution: it h also been justly cited as one of the many confutatio of the theory that the Tories are less oligarchical th the Whigs. Under the influence of this theory, Lo Stanhope, a moderate Tory, sometimes lapses in language fundamentally democratic. 'In 1784 the i dependent freeholders of Yorkshire boldly confront

the great houses'—this is an appeal to a dangerous spirit, unless care is taken to insert 'Tory' before 'freeholders,' and 'Whig' before 'great houses.' The fact seems to be that the Tories being, through some cause unexplained by political science, rather more stupid than the Whigs, have been rather more often obliged to take adventurers into pay; but they do this for oligarchical purposes, and an oligarch is not the less an oligarch because he keeps a bravo.

The young conqueror sullied his triumph by a most ungenerous conduct to his rival on the subject of the Westminster Scrutiny. He had the mortification, as deserved as it was bitter, of finding himself at last placed in a minority by the more generous feeling of his own followers. In one of these debates, which, in spite of the aristocratic character of the speakers, were as rancorous and personal as anything in an American Congress, Fox made a really great speech, in which he read his young rival a well-merited lecture on the expediency of moderation in the use of victory. Nothing can exceed the pertness of Pitt's reported reply—'I am not surprised if he should pretend to be the butt of ministerial persecution; and if, by striving to excite the public compassion, he should seek to reinstate himself in that popularity which he once enjoyed, but which he so unhappily has forfeited. For it is the best and most ordinary resource of these political apostates to court and offer themselves to persecution, for the sake of the popular predilection and pity which usually fall upon persecuted men; it becomes worth their while to suffer for a time political martyrdom, for the sake of the canonisation that awaits the suffering martyr; and I make no doubt the right

honourable gentleman has so much penetration, and at the same time so much passive virtue about him, that not only would he be glad to seem a poor, injured, persecuted man, but he would gladly seek an opportunity of even really suffering a little persecution, if it be possible to find such an opportunity.' It must have been difficult for an opponent, or for any one indeed but a partisan, to help very cordially abhorring the gifted youth, from whose lips flowed unbidden such perfect periods as these; especially when at his back was a mob of Tory squires, under the famous Rolle, hooting down the speakers on the other side—a habit perhaps not yet quite extinct. If there was any one in that assembly to whom the term apostate might with justice have been applied, it was the vehement advocate of Parliamentary Reform as the great antidote to secret influence who now stood, through a most flagrant exercise of secret influence, First Minister of the Crown.

Pitt's great glories are economical and financial. In that sphere, as he touched neither prerogative nor privilege, royalty and aristocracy allowed him to have free play. They even formed his support in contending against the commercial tyranny of protection.

He found the finances after the American war and the North Administration in a desperate state. There were 14 millions of unfunded debt; exchequer bills were at 20 discount; consols were at 56. The customs were so laid on that the smuggling trade in tea was double the lawful trade in amount. The pupil of Adam Smith set all this right, brought income by bold taxation to a level with expenditure, and applying the *principle* which he was the first to grasp—that reduction

of duties will increase revenue by increasing consumption—transferred the gains of the smuggler to the national exchequer. He was at the same time enabled to do away with a number of places in the Customs and Excise, and thereby not only to reduce the national expense, but to stanch some of the sources of corruption. He thus, in spite of some occasional waste in armaments, the debts of the Prince of Wales, and the voracity of the civil list, turned deficit into surplus, and saved England perhaps from a crash like that to which deficit was hurrying France. He was also the author of the reform which put up loans to the highest bidder, instead of making them government patronage, with a toll to corruption.

Adam Smith had denounced funding. His pupil, when obliged to borrow, borrowed in the five rather than in the three per cents, to keep down the capital debt and improve the chance of paying off. He had not read Lord Macaulay, who from the growth of suburban villas 'embosomed in gay little paradises of lilacs and roses,' proves that a funded debt of eight hundred millions is no burden to the nation. He had not learnt that in the case of a national debt, debtor and creditor are the same, so that, as it seems, we might as well simplify the transaction by the use of the sponge. Still less, probably, had he, like Lord Macaulay, discerned the recondite truth, that the practice of fighting with soldiers hired at the expense of posterity, which removes the last restraint on war, is favourable to the ascendancy of intellect over force. He might have asked Lord Macaulay, if a national debt was a blessing, why it should not be doubled?

In his anxiety to reduce the debt Pitt was caught

by the project of a sinking fund. When national d
grew heavy, various projects were devised in diffe
countries for conjuring them away without the
pleasant process of paying. The Mississippi sch
and the South Sea scheme were among the num
Tampering with the currency was a coarse expedi
The simplest was that of the French Finance Mini
Abbé Terrai, who repudiated fifty per cent, and pr
that the glory of repudiation is not monopolised
republics. The sinking fund was a project for conju
away the debt by the magic of compound inte
People think that money at compound interest g
of itself like a plant. But compound interest, in
case of individuals, is merely compound savings
invested, and compound diversions of capital from o
investments. In the case of a national sinking
it is compound payments made by the nation to it
Of course, as soon as the question arises betw
further borrowing, perhaps at a high rate of inte
for some pressing emergency, and dipping into
sinking fund, the sinking fund goes to the wall. T
are only three courses for nations which have run
debt—to bear the debt for ever, to become bankr
or to remain at peace, retrench and pay.

It does seem, however, that a nation ought to tak
vantage of its immortality, and to borrow on termin
rather than on perpetual annuities. To the mortal cre
there is no difference between an annuity for the lon
span of mortal interest and an annuity for ever. To
immortal nation there is, between a burden for a cen
and a burden for ever, all the difference in the w

Destiny mocks the hopes of man. This is
minister of whom it was too truly said—'Mr. P

memory needs no statues. Six hundred milllions of irredeemable debt are the eternal record of his fame.' He ought, from his early studies and experiences, to have felt more strongly the injustice of laying burdens on other generations without their own consent. In barbarous ages, people when they went to war fought themselves. Civilisation taught them to hire, impress, or kidnap other people to fight for them. Still there was a check on war while those who made it had to pay. Taxation of the present was confined within narrow limits; it provoked unpleasant outcries, sometimes it provoked resistance. So the expedient was hit upon of taxing the mute and unresisting future. The system was perfected by degrees. At first the government only anticipated payments which they might, with some colour of reason, call their own. Then they mortgaged particular sources of revenue. Funding with us dates from William III.; hence to the author of the great Whig epic, of which William is the Achilles, the system seems all lilacs and roses.

Pitt's financial speeches were as notable as his budgets. Inferior, no doubt, in knowledge to those of Peel, they are superior in form, which is something when people are to be instructed on a subject to most men at once repulsive and obscure.

In the mind of Pitt, as in that of Adam Smith, as in that of Cobden, as in the counsels of Providence, free trade was connected with a policy of peace and goodwill among nations. Pitt, too, was 'an international man.' Since the religious wars of the sixteenth century, hatred had been the law of Christendom. International malignity had been organised under the name of the Balance of Power. Each nation had thought itself

prosperous just so far as it could prevent the prosperity of others. Hence protection, the colonial system, and commercial as well as diplomatic wars. Chatham's glory had been bound up with these notions, especially with the notion of eternal enmity between England and France. But Chatham's son, enlightened by a better teacher, commenced the work of healing, through free commercial intercourse, the divisions of Christendom. The precursor of Cobden, he carried, against strong opposition, a commercial treaty with France. Fox was a man of larger sympathies than Pitt, and if he had been in power would probably have been on the whole a better foreign minister; but party, sacred party, hurried him and his liberal friends into denouncing the treaty on the most illiberal grounds of international jealousy. In defending it, Pitt combated, in language which Cobden might have used, the doctrine that France must be the unalterable enemy of Britain. He treated as monstrous, and as founded neither in nature nor in history, the position that one nation could be the unalterable enemy of another. He called it a libel on society, as supposing the existence of diabolical malice in the original frame of man. He was obliged to pay some homage to the war spirit, as in truth does Adam Smith; and he urges that whatever enriches us will, when the time comes, give us the sinews of war. But he returns to less equivocal ground in showing that the chances of war will be diminished when nations are bound together by free trade. The chances of war will be diminished. Let us not, in the face of so many victories of principle, honour, passion over mere interest, imagine that any bond of mere interest can do more. If to slake a fierce hatred or to uphold a

great cause men will sacrifice their lives, much more will they for a time sacrifice the luxuries for which they are dependent on foreign trade. The only sure guarantee of peace is morality. The next greatest is not commerce but freedom, which puts down standing armies. A commercial treaty is a poor set-off against the mischief done by a military despotism, the great embodiment and consecration of the war spirit in the world: and if we were to truck our abhorrence of military despotism for such a treaty, we should find—to put the question on the lowest ground—that we had bought our mess of pottage far too dear.

Adam Smith had advocated the union of Ireland with England. He had pointed out that free trade with England would far more than make up to Ireland for the increase of taxation—that by the union of his own country with England, the Scotch people had been delivered from the Scotch aristocracy—that by the same process Ireland 'might be delivered from a much more oppressive aristocracy, an aristocracy the most odious of all, an aristocracy of political and religious prejudice, which, more than any other distinctions, animated the insolence of the oppressor and the hatred of the oppressed, and made the natives of the same country greater enemies than those of different countries ever were.' At this time the relations between Ireland and England were such as could not be endured. The Protestant Republicans of the North of Ireland—they, mind, not the Catholics—taking advantage of the weakness of England after her reverses in the American war, and catching the infection of the American Revolution, had risen in arms, under pretence of forming a volunteer army for the defence of the kingdom, and

extorted legislative independence. The result was not be it remarked, a Federal union, with a Federal govern ment having a definite province of its own, but two independent Parliaments under one Crown; and the Crown being constitutional, the two Parliaments were two sovereign powers. There was an hourly danger of a divergence of policy, even on questions of peace and war. At the same time, the Catholics remained ex cluded from the Irish Parliament, and Protestant ascendancy was thus left rampant, without any imperial control. The consequence was that Ireland was ruled and her policy kept in union with that of England, by systematic corruption. Mr. Massey, the recent historian of this period, has found, among the original papers with which his work is enriched, a sort of chart of the Irish Parliament, drawn up confidentially for the guidance of Pitt:—

'H. H., son-in-law to Lord A., and brought into Parliament by him. Studies the law; wishes to be Commissioner of Barracks, or in some similar place. Would go into orders, and take a living.

'H. D., brother to Lord C. Applied for office, but as no specific promise could be made, has lately voted in opposition. Easy to be had, if thought expedient. A silent, gloomy man.

'L. M., refuses to accept £500 a year: states very high pretensions for his skill in House of Common management. Expects £1,000 a year.—NB.: Be careful of him.

'J. N. has been in the army, and is now on half pay: wishes a troop of dragoons, or full pay. States his pretensions to be fifteen years' service in Parliament. —*NB.:* Would prefer office to military promotion.

but already has, and has long had, a pension. Character, especially on the side of truth, not favourable.

'R. P., independent, but well disposed to Government. His four sisters have pensions, and his object is a living for his brother.

'T. P., brother to Lord L., and brought in by him. A captain in the navy. Wishes for some sinecure employment.'

On the government side were the members for eighty-six proprietary seats, the owners of which had let them out for titles, offices, or pensions. Sir Arthur Wellesley, at a later period, found that a zealous supporter of the government had been endeavouring to strengthen the Union by appropriating to his own use the gold provided for the collars of the order of St. Patrick, and putting copper in its place. Meantime famine, with pestilence in its train, stalked among the Irish people, who were reduced to the level of beasts in everything except that they had the capacity of suffering as men. Does history afford a parallel to that agony of seven centuries which has not yet reached its close? But England is the favourite of heaven, and when she commits oppression it will not recoil on the oppressor.

Pitt brought in a measure of free trade with Ireland which was intended no doubt to pave the way for union. Party, combined perhaps with some real ignorance and prejudice, again led the Foxites to the side of illiberality and wrong. Their liberalism at the best was, in fact, a narrow thing. Even Burke is found on this question fighting, an Irishman against Ireland, as well as an economist against free trade. And this time the Opposition had *more than* one power of evil on their

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Pitt. — 4.

while, for Ireland the jealous fears of ascendancy
Salisbury were aroused. In England Protection was str
Shall I add the eighty thousand Lancashire manu
various signed a petition against free trade? All
are white-livered, and till their selfishness is enlighte
all are pro-Corn-ists. Pitt fought gallantly against
have the prejudices and cupidities. He was beat
how this power was too strong to be shaken by

In the article of corn, Pitt was himself a pro
tionist. He is taxed with apostasy by Grenville,
had studied Adam Smith with him, and who wa
thorough-going adherent of free trade. Probably
disturbing cause in his mind was a remnant of
war theory of international policy, which assumes
each nation is a garrison, and must be ready to
itself in case of siege. However, the case against
Corn Laws then was not so strong as it is now. Th
was not then the vast manufacturing and mining
pulation which Protection afterwards compelled to
on the produce of an insufficient agricultural area,
it reached starvation prices, for the benefit of
landlords.

But what became of Parliamentary Reform?
the opening of his ministry Pitt still hoisted ref
colours—still professed his determination to press
which, as he said, 'alone could entitle Englishmen
the appellation of free, and ensure to wise, to virtu
and to constitutional endeavours a victory over facti
ambition, and corrupt venality, the great question
Parliamentary Reform.' But the Reformer grew
tame in the Minister. When he did bring a meas
forward it was not like his first, a liberal disfranch

ment of rotten boroughs and redistribution of seats, the same which had been proposed by Chatham, but a paltry plan for gradually buying up rotten boroughs, with the consent of the boroughmongers, and transferring the seats to counties. Even this was thrown out. The boroughmongers were shocked at the idea of treating the franchise as a matter of property to be bought or sold. The minister evidently did not put forth his power in support of the measure which consistency required him to propose; and if he succeeded in persuading his dearest friends that his heart was in it, that only shows that his dearest friends did not always see to the bottom of his heart. It must be borne in mind, however, that when Pitt first came forward as a Parliamentary Reformer, at the close of the American war, there was great public discontent: he had made the nation contented, and now there was apathy. Yet had a good measure passed, the government and the nation alike would have felt a calm confidence in the soundness of their institutions, which would have prevented the panic dread of French infection, and saved us from the Revolutionary war. This was the accepted season, and it departed, not to be recalled.

Sinecurism, as I said before, gross as it then was, Pitt scarcely attempted to attack, though with his Customs' reforms a number of useless places fell. He even goes out of his way to commend Addington for bestowing a colossal sinecure on his nephew, a boy of sixteen. Perhaps he thought corruption good enough for Addington and kept purity for himself. But the task would have been a hard one; it might even have cost him the power which he was using, on the whole, for the public good. In the last hour of the French

monarchy, when the handwriting was on the wall, the reforming ministers found it impossible to reduce sinecures and pensions. The ministry of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel estranged Tory support from them when they tried to save Toryism by the same means. It is vain to appeal to these people to give up the abuses in order to save the system. What they care for is not the system but the abuses.

There was one kind of corruption of which Pitt himself was the prince. In the course of his ministry he created or promoted in the peerage one hundred and forty peers. The great mass of these creations and promotions were not for merit of any kind, but for political support. If the Peerage of England intends, as it seemed from the language held in the debate on life-peerages that it did intend, to set up a divine right against the nation, it had better not look into its own annals: for taking those annals from the days of Henry VIII. and his minions, the real commencement of our present nobility (the feudal nobility having been destroyed in the Wars of the Roses), it would perhaps be difficult to find a group of families whose ennoblement had less to do with honour. The Stuarts sold peerages for money; later peer-makers have sold them for votes. I call this use of peerages, and I may add that of baronetcies, a kind of corruption. It is the most potent of all kinds of corruption, when the persons to be corrupted are wealthy men, wealthy upstarts perhaps, craving, as such men crave, for hereditary rank. Even the social position which a minister can partly bestow, is no small source of influence in such a community as ours. Walpole's bribery-fund was perhaps £50,000 a year: a peerage, it may be even a

baronetcy, to an ambitious millionaire is worth £50,000. Therefore, it is not wealth that will keep a member of parliament entirely above corruption. The only thing that will keep him entirely above corruption is honour.

There can be not mistake as to the objects with which, in Pitt's day, the power of conferring peerages was used. Irish peerages were granted with even a more shameful prodigality than the English, just as the Irish pension list received spies and cast-off mistresses, whose names on the English pension list would scarcely have been endured. Pitt was on the point of making a loan-contractor an Irish peer because he had parliamentary influence in England. And this is called 'recruiting the peerage.' So recruited, as Pym said in another great peer-making epoch, 'honour itself would become a press.' Perhaps Pitt was sensible of this danger, when, in framing the Regency Bill, he withheld from the Prince of Wales the power of creating peers, which would have been exercised under the advice of Fox.

Pitt's admirers plead guilty on his behalf to the charge of not patronising men of letters. But patronage of men of letters was going out of fashion, and it was happy for literature that it was so. How can a statesman have leisure to discriminate literary merit? And if he cannot discriminate, how can we desire that he should patronise? Of course he can be told what writers are on his own side in politics, and he can see who flatter him in their prefaces; but this is not what learning or the public wants. A munificent despot, such as Louis XIV., may foster a Court literature: a munificent party chief, such as the Whig leaders in the reign of Anne, may foster a party literature.

A healthy literature needs no fostering but that of freedom. The best patron of intellect is an educated people.

The newspaper press was not a great power in Pitt's day. In laying a stamp duty on newspapers, he speaks of it jestingly as an interest with which the members of the House would desire to stand well. If it had been a great power, he would have deserved gratitude for not tampering with journalists. The anonymous press has done great service to reform, a service which nothing else could have done. But if its independence should ever be lost—if its great organs should ever by patronage or social influence be made secretly subservient to the purposes of a dishonest minister, if its chiefs should ever forget the sacredness of their mission in the 'gilded saloons' of power—it would itself become the most potent and terrible, as well as the vilest, of all the engines of corruption. Political evil is Protean in its forms. New diseases, new dangers arise as civilisation advances; and the corruption of an anonymous press is by no means among the least.

The reform of the Libel Law, in the interest of liberty, received Pitt's cordial support. He was too great, at all events, to fear free criticism; though we may guess what he would have said of the use of attacks on private character as a mode of carrying on political war. Of no other law reforms was he the author. Yet he had before him a code which ought to have made any statesman a law reformer—a code truly and fearfully aristocratic—a code which, for the lower orders, was indeed written in blood—a code which, while duelling and other offences of persons of *quality* were practically overlooked, inflicted capital

punishment with an almost unparalleled recklessness of human life on the petty offences of the poor—a code which was the proof of a deeper barbarism than the native ferocity of the untutored savage. This work was left to Mackintosh and Romilly. Unconsciously and involuntarily perhaps Pitt contributed to law reform. He put Eldon at the head of the law. And with Eldon at the head of the law, reform could no longer be delayed.

Humanity, however, honours Pitt as the constant and powerful opponent of the slave-trade. Perhaps he deserves in one respect to be honoured above Wilberforce and Clarkson, inasmuch as the responsibility of the statesman is greater than that of the private reformer. On this question he remained true to his better self, when on all other questions he had passed to the side of reaction. In 1799 he carried through the Commons a bill for the partial abolition of the trade, which, to his great grief, was thrown out by the Lords, on grounds which it must be left to the advocates of hereditary virtue to explain. His speech against the slave-trade in 1792 is justly regarded as about his best. A few years before, an action relating to a policy of insurance on the value of certain slaves had been tried in the King's Bench. The question was, whether the loss of the slaves had been caused by perils of the sea. A slave-ship, with four hundred and forty-two slaves, was bound from the coast of Guinea to Jamaica. Sixty of the slaves died on the passage from overcrowding, but in respect of these it was not contended that the underwriter was liable. The captain, having missed Jamaica, found himself short of water, and under the apprehension of scarcity, but before his crew

and passengers had been put on short allowance, he threw ninety-six of the sickliest slaves overboard. A fall of rain now gave him water for eleven days, notwithstanding which he drowned twenty-six more of the slaves. Ten in despair threw themselves overboard, for a negro is human enough to feel despair. The ship arrived in port before the water was exhausted. 'Thus,' says Mr. Massey, 'one hundred and thirty-two human beings, if negroes are human beings, were wilfully murdered.' But the city jury found that they were chattels, lost by perils of the sea, and gave £32 damages for each slave thrown overboard. The court granted a new trial on the ground that there was no such necessity for drowning the second batch of slaves as to constitute a loss by perils of the sea. There was not a thought, as Mr. Massey remarks, of proceeding against the captain or his crew for homicide. And this is a law-case of the nation which was conquering India to introduce a higher civilisation, and which justified its treatment of the Africans on the ground that they were incorrigible barbarians. One of the proofs of African barbarism adduced by the slave-traders was that a boy had been put to death by an African because a trader had refused to buy him as a slave. Pitt replies that the real reason why the boy had been put to death was that he had three times run away from his African master, who, by the native custom, had to pay his value every time he was brought back to him, and failing to dispose of him to the English slave-traders, killed him in anger, or to avoid having to pay for him again. He cites a law from the West India Statute Book, enacting that 'if any negro or other slave shall withdraw himself from his master for the term of six months, or any slave

that was absent shall not return within that time, it shall be adjudged felony, and every such person shall suffer death.' He then bids the House compare the sudden wrath of the wild African, which slew the negro after the third offence, with the deliberate legislation of the civilised planter which puts him to death for the first, and say on which side the barbarism lies. The answer must be of course that the barbarism lies on the side which has not Enfield rifles, but only bows and arrows. The slavery party of those days had not all the lights of science which the Anthropologists have now; but by the light of their own cupidity they had discovered the argument that the negro was by nature incapable of civilisation. Pitt asks what a Roman senator would have said of the Britons—whether he would not have said with confidence: '*There* is a people that will never rise to civilisation; *there* is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts, depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species, and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world?'

It was deposed on the side of the slave-owners that the middle passage was a very happy part of the negro's life; the air of the hold was exactly suited to his Tropical constitution; when on deck he made merry and danced his national dances. The Privy Council on inquiry found that, the better to secure the comfort of the negroes in their Tropical hold, they were chained two and two together or fastened by ringbolts to the lower deck; that they were allowed one pint of water each daily under the line, with two meals of yams and horse-beans; and that after their meals they were made

to take exercise by jumping on deck in their iro
under the lash. These were their national dance
There was, however, one argument for the slave-tra
which seems not to have been urged. The reforme
did not at this time venture to propose the abolitio
of slavery; and, of the two, slave-trading was rath
better than slave-breeding.

Of the Church Pitt seems to have had no co
ception, except as an establishment, the prizes of whi
were to be bestowed with some regard for piety a
learning, but with a primary regard to personal a
political connection. He gave Tomline a fat Bishopr
and a fat Deanery at the same time. One instan
Lord Stanhope has found in which he resisted t
solicitation of a powerful man in order to reward a curi
who had done his duty. In another case we have
aspirant resorting to the ingenious artifice of writing
thank the minister for a blissful rumour which assig
to him a mitre then vacant. The minister has the p
of informing him that the rumour is unfounded.

The highest rule of duty which Pitt knew in t
use of Church patronage he kept. He was staunch
his friends. He had high words with the King becau
the King insisted on making Moore, instead of Tomli
Archbishop of Canterbury. Tomline evidently thoug
that, though the country was in the midst of a great w
the government ought to have resigned.

Whether Pitt had been at all touched by the sce
ticism of his century or not, he had imbibed its tole
tion. He was always in favour of Roman Catho
Emancipation. He was not disinclined to the rep
of the Test and Corporation Acts. But he consult
the bishops. It is wonderful that of fourteen bisho

wo were in favour of the repeal. Pitt's episcopal dvisers erred under the almost irresistible pressure of the circumstances in which not their own act, but the act of the community, had placed them. Yet could they have had their way, these questions would long ago have been solved by civil war. Warned by his oracles—the keepers of the state conscience—Pitt resisted a motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. You can see that, like Peel resisting Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws, he is struggling against the dawning light within him, as well as against the arguments from without. His reasoning is founded on the assumption with which we are now being made again familiar, that no man has any political rights, and that it rests entirely with the dominant party in the state to dole out to their fellow-citizens just as much of political freedom and justice as they may think compatible with the ascendancy of their own opinions and with the safety of the political arrangements by which that ascendancy is preserved. Such advantages as he gains are due to the weakness of his opponents, who, though their hearts were on the side of justice, had not yet learnt, as indeed few public men have even now learnt, to examine boldly the duty of the state in matters of opinion. The revolting profanation of the sacrament, which the Test and Corporation Acts involved, as it did not shock the clergy, naturally did not shock the man of the world.

The Commutation of Tithes into a corn-rent was Pitt's only Church reform. It was destined mainly for Ireland. I have seen among some papers of Sir Robert Peel a picture of the levying of tithe in a Catholic's farm-yard by a Protestant parson, who is just seizing

the tenth pig, while soldiers with fixed bayonets stand by to support the law. The picture is a caricature of course, but caricature itself could scarcely add deformity to the truth. Pitt, in his letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, hopes that the Irish clergy will take a sober and dispassionate view of the matter; that they will understand how much easier it is for them, by persisting in an odious system, to imperil the government than for the government to uphold them; that they will propose an accommodation, which, originating with them, would not be unbecoming. He appealed for a sober and dispassionate consideration of an angry question to men whose whole existence was a fierce conflict with a hostile nation. His plan was rejected, and he gained nothing but the credit with posterity of having been before his time.

To pass from home government to the dependencies. Pitt had thrown out the India Bill of Fox, but he could not help bringing in one of his own. The Company's servants—their cupidity inflamed to the utmost by the sight of such gorgeous booty—had burst through the frail barrier which divides the rapacious trader from the robber, and were heaping up fortunes by violence and fraud, hardly paralleled, to borrow the words of Mr. Massey, in the dark and bloody annals of conquest. Pitt was trammelled by his opposition to Fox's measure, and by his alliance with the East-India interest and the nabobs who sat for its rotten boroughs. The result was a half-measure—the double government which shambled on in its awkwardness till the Sepoy Mutiny, by breaking up the army on which the dominion of the Company rested, and thus destroying one of the *two powers*, gave the system a final blow. The abuse

of Indian patronage, the dread of which had been worked against Fox's Bill, was not avoided by that of Pitt. It may be doubted, however, whether the failure to incorporate India completely with England ought to be reckoned among the demerits of the Bill. Writers on the government of dependencies have not sufficiently considered the consequences of the relation to the character of the imperial country. The effect of incorporating a vast despotism like India with a free nation perhaps remains yet to be seen. There is a poison which is imbibed daily, though it is not perceived; which was imbibed daily, though it was not perceived, by Imperial Spain.

In the case of Hastings, the accusers being Whigs, the Tories of course took the part of the accused, with whom, indeed, as a representative of arbitrary and sanguinary violence, they had sympathies of a more specific kind. Pitt, as is well known, turned round in the middle, and to the dismay of the mass of his party, who voted against him, carried the impeachment by the votes under his absolute command. His conversion was so mysterious that it was ascribed to jealousy of Hastings. But we may safely regard it as conscientious, and as having been delayed only by his inability to look thoroughly into the case at an earlier stage. Hastings was a great criminal, and one who, for the honour and in the highest interest of the country, ought to have been brought to justice; though he might have pleaded, in extenuation of his guilt, the evil necessities of conquest, for which his masters were more responsible than he. He was absolved, and afterwards honoured, because his crimes had served, or were supposed to have served, the aggrandisement of England. And if

the aggrandisement of England is a redeeming moti
before God as well as before the House of Lords, a
no doubt, will be well. Then there will be no dang
of retribution, though our press, reflecting too faithful
the morality of the nation, should preach, under t
thin disguise of rhetoric, doctrines which in their nak
form could be avowed only in the cavern of a banc
or on the deck of a buccaneer.

Hastings and his party complained, with some reas
of the length of a trial conducted by a tribunal t
dilatoriness of which equalled its untrustworthiness f
the purposes of justice. It was about this time th
a woman died in Devon County Gaol, after an imprisc
ment of forty-five years, for a debt of £19.

Parliament, however, displayed in the case
Hastings a higher sense of justice and of the natio
honour than it displays in cases of wrong done to t
subject-races in the present day. The conscience
the nation had not then become seared by the lo
exercise of empire; a perverted code of imperial morali
had not had time to grow up, nor had the plea th
an act was done in the interest of the dominant ra
yet become familiar and persuasive to English minc
On these questions we grow worse; and we shall pr
bably continue to grow worse till for us, as for t
American slave-owner, the end arrives, and we find th
neither the approbation of our press, nor the acqui
cence of our state-clergy, is the connivance of the Pow
which, after all, rules the world.

Adam Smith had proposed that the colonies shou
be represented in the British Parliament. Such w
his cure for the conflict between imperial suprema
and colonial liberty, which was gathering to a he

while he wrote. At the time, it was answered that this plan would be impracticable on account of the distance. With regard to the Australian colonies, the same objection would be fatal now. You could not, after a dissolution, wait till the returns to the writs had been made from Sidney and Melbourne, before re-assembling Parliament. But the more fatal objection is that the colonies have national Parliaments of their own, and that to let them send members to the national Parliament of England also, and have a voice in our national questions, while we should have none in theirs, would involve a confusion of functions full of absurdity and injustice. If you have any common assembly for the mother country and the colonies, it must be a Federal Council, dealing with the interests of the empire apart from those of the several nations: and this Federal Council must in Federal questions be above the national government of Great Britain, an arrangement which Great Britain would never endure. A moral, commercial, and diplomatic union of all the communities of the Anglo-Saxon race, including what must soon become the greatest of those communities, the United States of America, is no dream, and if a national policy is pursued, may be made a glorious reality. But a political union of all these communities, or of those still under the nominal rule of Britain, scattered as they are over the globe, is a dream, and one from which we shall soon awake. Colonial Emancipation, while the tie of affection remains unbroken, is the only mode of securing that to which we all alike cling, that of which we all alike are proud. Towards Colonial Emancipation Pitt made the first step, still partly guided herein by his great teacher, who, though he had proposed a plan

which was not feasible for the political incorporation of the colonies with the mother country, had placed their uselessness as dependencies in a clear light. The Canadas, which had remained ours when we lost the British Colonies in America, had hitherto been governed as dependencies. Pitt now gave each of them a Parliament of its own, and thus, in fact, made them nations, though to complete the severance from England would have been a measure at once out of the range of his vision, and beyond his power. The people of French Canada being Catholics, their admission to political rights was, in fact, Catholic Emancipation. The good King and his spiritual advisers appear to have made no objection to this feature of the plan. Perhaps it was thought that Providence, for commercial objects, winked in a colony at that which it would have visited as impiety at home. There is a beautiful plasticity in our political religion. Intent on producing another England beyond the Atlantic, Pitt provided for the endowment of a State Church, and for the creation of a peerage in the colony. Ungrateful Nature has refused both boons; though, in the plans now framed for Canadian Confederation, there is a proposal for a mock House of Lords, not hereditary, but for life, the proper materials for which the colonies, from the instability of wealth and the absence of any social distinctions there, will fail to furnish, and which, if it is set up, will, I venture to predict, in the end breed confusion. Pitt had no philosophy of history to teach him that progress is the law of things, that though the essence of religion and morality does not change, all besides is ever changing, that the scroll is not yet all unrolled, *and that* Providence does not mean merely to repeat

itself over again in the new world. He did not know that feudalism had performed its part in the development of humanity, that of a schoolmaster, to train society for a larger freedom; that it was bound up with military aristocracy, the offspring of conquest, which with the age of conquest and military ascendancy passes away; that it was based on a tenure of land, which the English race had discarded from the moment when it set foot on the new shore. What is more, Pitt when he tried the experiment had not, like us, seen the experiment fail.

Nor is Pitt's sagacity much to be impeached because, under an unhappy star, he founded Botany Bay. Leave Nature to herself and she will choose the germs of new nations well. Wise, beyond the reach of human wisdom, in all her processes, she does not forget her wisdom in this most momentous process of propagating humanity over its destined abodes. Careful in the selection of the right seed for a plant, she is not careless in selecting the right colonists. Left to herself she selects the flower of English worth, the founders of New England; when man undertakes to select for her, he selects the convicts of Botany Bay, and taints the being of future communities at its source with the pestilence of a moral lazar-house. But the severance of the American colonies was supposed to be a fatal blow to the prosperity of England, which only the foundation of new colonies could countervail, though, as we all know, it proved an immense gain, and turned the driblet of restricted commerce into a mighty current of wealth. Our gaols too, dens of the most hideous depravity, filth, and cruelty, called loudly for depletion, and the dream was a flattering one of turning the felons

of England into the virtue and industry of other lands. Still mischief was done, mischief of which the traces are not wholly effaced yet. But I am falling into a repitition of what I have said on the subject of colonies elsewhere.

Towards the American Colonists Chatham's son inherited the feelings of Chatham. Not only did he, as a member of the Shelburne government, gladly take part in making peace with them, but he desired in matters of trade to treat them, to the utmost of his power, as though they were Englishmen still. And they are Englishmen still, if the England, which not withstanding all that the evil agents of a selfish faction have done to breed bitterness between us, her Colonists still love, will show that she still loves them. This was treason and revolution yesterday: it is orthodoxy and Conservatism to-day.

It is said of Sir Robert Peel by a French statesman, that he had no foreign policy but peace and good-will among nations. The same thing may be said of Pitt during the first ten years of his power. He was remarkably free from the vice of diplomacy. He did not meddle except when he was called upon to do so, and then he quietly and with dignity maintained the honour of the country. It is well for the nation when the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the most powerful man in the government, because his ambition is opposed to war. The son of Chatham, while he was himself, and before he became the organ of a panic stricken and infuriated faction, was eminently a peace minister. In 1792, while all the world was arming he was cutting down armaments; his army that year *was only* 18,000 men, and his army estimates only

£1,800,000. When shall we see such estimates again?

Once, indeed, the Minister was led into making a demonstration against the aggrandisement of Russia, in which he failed to carry the nation with him. There are politicians who would say that he stood alone in his prophetic wisdom. Probably he would at the time have succeeded in exciting the nation more if India had then been to us what it is now, and the safety of the approaches to it had been as great an object of solicitude. The Crimean war must be set down partly to the account of India; and so must the false bent given to our diplomacy in the East, as will appear when, in the question of the Eastern nationalities, Nature has asserted her power, and produced, in spite of diplomacy, Christian communities which by a more genial policy we might have made our friends. This is not the place for a discussion of the Russian peril. Mr. Massey holds the usual language on the subject: 'Russia had begun to unfold those gigantic schemes of aggrandisement which modern statesmen have justly regarded as menacing the independence and civilisation of the continent with a new irruption from the northern hive.' The old irruptions from the northern hive were those of nomad hordes. They were in a word not invasions but migrations. The modern Russians, however backward, are a settled nation, and will scarcely, like the Goths and Huns of old, put their wives and children into their waggons and descend with their herds upon the south. The Christianity which ought to restrain their lust of military aggrandisement, is unhappily itself neutralised by a State Church, which, as usual, instead of being the reproving conscience,

makes itself the servile organ of the passions
Government by which it is maintained. But
the government, not in the Russian people, th
lust of aggrandisement resides. In this case a
beginning of political freedom will probably be
of military rapacity; and, since the emancipa
the serfs, the beginning of political freedom can
be far distant. The fear that Europe will s
either Republican or Cossack does not seem
chimerical; but the fear that it will be Cossac

The Minister also met with a check in
forward a proposition, which was not his own
Duke of Richmond's, for the fortification of the a
Party came in as usual, regardless of the safety
country when the paramount interest of faction
be served. But the feeling upon which party
seems to have been confidence in the sufficiency
wooden walls. The nation might, at all even
may still truly say, that Government has at
mand a great fleet, maintained at a vast expense
nation, and that it is bound, with this fleet, to n
an ascendancy in the British waters, which if it
do, we should stand in little need of fortifi
But the fleet is scattered in petty squadrons o
world, for the nominal defence of distant colon
dependencies, and for the hollow pretence, whic
not now be sustained six months after the outb
a great war, of dominating in the Mediterranea
country is continually pouring millions into th
estimates, only to be told that its own sho
defenceless, and that millions more must be s
fortifying them against French invasion.

As a member of Shelburne's government, P

been called on to defend, among the other articles of the peace with America and her allies, the abandonment of the clause in the treaty of Utrecht, providing for the demolition of Dunkirk. North denounced the article, on the ground that though Dunkirk was no longer of real importance, the presence of our commissioners on the enemy's territory was to be desired, because it perpetuated the memory of former victories, exalted the dignity of Great Britain, and humbled the pride of France. Such has hitherto been the code of honour among nations. Among men true dignity is inoffensive, and he who is most careful of the honour of others is thought likely to be most careful of his own. Shelburne, like Chatham and Stanhope—two ministers of spirit as well as sense—before him, had proposed to give Gibraltar up to Spain for an equivalent. Three times round that barren rock had the waters—Nature's destined portal of peaceful commerce, and her destined highway of kindly intercourse among the nations of Christendom—been dyed with Christian blood and covered with floating agony. It does not command the entrance to the Mediterranean. It has made Spain our enemy in every war of the European Powers. When almost paralysed by decrepitude, she dragged her feeble limbs again and again to the attack, that she might remove this stain on her escutcheon, this eyesore of her honour. The recovery of it would be the greatest bribe that a military adventurer rising to power in Spain could offer to his countrymen: and perhaps the day may not be far distant when such a crisis may occur. But let us by no means exercise any foresight in the matter. Foresight is unworthy of a practical nation. A passage in one of Pitt's letters seems to

indicate that he opposed Lord Shelburne on this o
But, if he did, it must be borne in mind that
then no other station in the Mediterranean.
had been lost: Malta was not yet ours. P
'some naval station in the Mediterranean is ab
indispensable, but none can be found so desira
secure as Malta.' If we cite great authorities, w
remember the circumstances under which they
But again I am repeating what I have said mo
once before.

In the midst of his useful course Pitt was
thrown out of power by the illness of the King,
if it had lasted longer, would have made the
of Wales Regent, and transferred the governm
his friends; one of the many warnings to na
search of a constitution not to embrace ours
considering all the liabilities of so peculiar and
a machine. The Prince of Wales, partly fro
feeling, partly perhaps like D'Orleans Egalité,
sake of another forbidden pleasure, flirted with
principles, which, as a matter of course, lost
their place in what he was fond of calling hi
the instant that his foot touched the throne. The
on the Regency Bill, under the guise of a gr
stitutional discussion, were a scuffle for power
two factions which had accidentally change
positions with regard to royalty for the mome
got hold each of the other's cant; so that if Pi
say that he had un-Whigged Fox, Fox might h
that he had un-Toried Pitt. These scenes reve
the critical eve of the French Revolution the
of Royalty—a King, in whom the ray of reaso
flickered, swaying the destinies of a nation—the

king at the affliction of their father—the Queen iving with complacency the duellist who had nearly ed her detested child. Not long before had occurred episode of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, which the Prince broke every law of honour, and up his bosom friends to tell a lie for him in the se of Commons. But there are extenuating cir- stances in this case. First, the Prince, like all ces, had been sacrificed to the public good: he had er known equal friendship, heard the voice of truth, earnt self-control and honour in the school of other . Secondly, his love for Mrs. Fitzherbert was un- btedly deep and sincere; a lawful marriage with her ht have been the means of reclaiming him. Thirdly, had not made the laws which, in the case of royal riages, sacrificed affection to policy; and, heir to ngdom as he was, he might have envied the meanest ant in his train whose hand and heart were free. was afterwards married to a woman whom he had r seen, and the sight of whom caused him at once all for brandy, while further researches have revealed he drowned the horrors of his wedding in an enor- s potation of liqueur. Her mother [-in-law] had been ght down from her nursery one afternoon to dine able with the family, and introduced to a stranger, after dinner led her into the next room, and went ugh the form of marriage with her as the deputy he King of England. When she was brought to James's, never having seen her destined husband, was going to fall down at the feet of the wrong man. The people showed their sympathy and their loyalty n the King recovered. They passed from mouth to th, and engraved on their rings and snuff-boxes, the

words of the honest Lord Chancellor Thurlow: 'W
l forget my King may my God forget me.' They
not heard Burke's exclamation, 'The best thing he
do for you,' or the more pungent but highly impr
comment of the graceless Wilkes; nor had they
Pitt run out of the House crying, 'Oh what a ras
In the course of the great struggle between the Ki
party and that of the Prince, when the King's fri
were holding a Cabinet at Windsor, as they ros
go, the honest Lord Chancellor's hat was missing.
was brought to him from the Prince's room.

And now the sun of Pitt's glory has reached
zenith. It declines towards the West and night.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Died March 16, 1861.

[*Biographical Sketches, by Miss H. Martineau.*]

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e Princess, the object of the hearty respect of British nation as a high source of the virtues of Sovereign, has been so exclusively regarded as nother of the Queen as to have been little known de of that relation. For many years she has been ved only as moving with the court—to Frogmore the Queen was at Windsor, and to Abergeldie g the autumn holiday of the royal family at oral. Yet hers was a long life of strong interests, ties, and responsibilities; and if we could know experiences, we might find more romance lying een childhood and old age than is often found in ife of princes.

he Princess Maria Louisa Victoria was born on ame day that Frederick the Great died, August 17, . Daughter and sister of Dukes of Saxe-Coburg-eld, she was brought up in the dulness of a little an court—as little German courts were in those when the invasion of French ideas, issuing from ourt of Frederick, was only beginning to influence erman mind, and to create a new literary period.

[Reprinted with the kind consent of the Author.]

The small territory in which the Duke's seven children grew up (of whom the lady now deceased was the youngest but one, and the [late] King of Belgium the youngest), resounded with the din of industry, but was otherwise profoundly quiet. Ironworks and forges, spinning-wheels and looms at which the well-known Saxony cloths and linens were produced, saluted one sense; while others were greeted by fumes from chemical and dye works and tanneries. With perpetual industry of this kind before their eyes, and a pretty country around them, and a plain and quiet domestic life within the chateau, these children grew up in the acquisition of the practical sense which has since distinguished them in life. Just at the time of the Princess's birth there was great dread in the minds of the Opposition in our Parliament lest England should be too much implicated with the smaller German states, which would have jeopardised her position with the greater Powers; and just when the infant who was to be mother to a British Queen was seeing the light, Mr. Pitt was agreeing with Fox as to the danger, but declaring that it was as Elector of Hanover only that George III. had joined the Princes' League for the preservation of the liberties of Germany. Either statesman would have been surprised to know how near an interest would be established between the great empire they served and one of the smallest of the German duchies.

The Princess's first close interest in England came through her younger brother, Leopold, who caused some anxiety to his family by the susceptibility of his heart. He was at Paris when he was three-and-twenty, as aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine; and there he fell in love with a young English lady, whose relatives

invited him to London, whither he came in the train of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814. Supposing himself distinguished by the Princess Charlotte, he proposed, and was refused. Attending the sovereigns to Vienna, he was observed to be again occupied in the same way with a new object before the close of the year; but in the interval the Princess Charlotte had become free from her engagements with the Prince of Orange, and an intimation reached Prince Leopold from a friend in London that it was against his interest to be so open in his attentions to the German lady. His return to London decided the fate of other German princes and princesses as well as his own. At the time of his marriage to the Princess Charlotte, in May 1816, nothing could be further from the imagination of his sister, next above him in age, than that she should become more nearly connected with the British crown than this brother, whom all the world regarded as a favourite of fortune. She was then thirty years of age, and just two years a widow, having married in 1803 the Prince Emich Charles, of Leiningen. Her son had been declared of age at nine years old, and had succeeded his father in the Principality of Leiningen at ten. The mother was occupied in superintending his education, and that of his sister, a year younger; little imagining that her present life was a rehearsal of the lofty function of preparing another heir for a greater throne.

Then followed the apparent overthrow of the family prospect, as far as the English throne was concerned. The dream of greatness was dissolved in tears; and the widower of our beloved Princess Charlotte was sympathised with by all, and, no doubt, eminently by

his sister, as the sport, after having seemed to be the favourite, of fortune. But a few weeks proved that new entrances into our royal family were opened by the change in the prospect of the succession. The Princess Charlotte died in November 1817; and within six months no less than four marriages were announced to Parliament, as approved by the Regent, on behalf of his brothers and one sister—the Princess Elizabeth. The Duke of Cumberland had been married three years, and his elder brother of York long before. The Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge now announced their engagements; and the most immediately popular was undoubtedly that of the Duke of Kent. That of the Duke of Clarence was declared to be broken off, on account of the unwillingness of Parliament to grant him a larger income than his brothers; and one effect of this incident was to turn general attention to the Duke of Kent, as not only a probable successor to the throne, but the father of the future line. It soon appeared, however, that the Clarence marriage was to take place, which it did on the 13th of July, 1818. The Duke of Kent was married on the 29th of May, and the Duke of Cambridge on the 1st of June.

If the Duke of Sussex was the most popular in the political world for his comparative liberalism, his brothers of Kent and Cambridge were most generally beloved for their interest in benevolent projects and informal kindliness, of the "true British" character, in which the Regent was remarkably deficient. There was a strong impression abroad, too, that the good-natured Prince Edward had been neglected first, and oppressed afterwards, by his obstinate and prejudiced father; and *when to* these causes of interest was added that of his

wife being a sister of Prince Leopold, with whom all England was still mourning, it was natural that the heart of the nation should especially follow his fortunes. There was no disposition on this account to vote him more money than the small income given to his brothers. Parliament had refused to give 10,000*l.* a year to the Duke of Clarence; and now they were all to have an addition of 6,000*l.*, and no more. Hence the load of debt which weighed upon the Duchess of Kent for many years. The Duke had shown the same lavish tendencies which made the family generally so unpopular in Parliament; and he had no opportunity of rectifying his affairs before he died. His income somewhat exceeded 30,000*l.* after his marriage; but certain loans from the Admiralty Droits had remained unpaid for above ten years; and the interest of these, and his great amount of private debts, so far hampered him that neither he nor his widow could ever have felt at ease about pecuniary affairs. Hence, perhaps, the care with which their child was trained in habits of rectitude and punctuality in money matters which have made her a noble exception to all family tradition in that branch of morals.

The Duke and Duchess came to England, to be remarried according to the rites of our Church, and were received by Prince Leopold at Claremont, on the 1st of July. For the sake of economy they presently returned to the residence of the Princes of Leiningen, at Amorbach (in the Odenwald), where they lived in retirement. Lord Eldon, being consulted on behalf of one or other of the royal duchesses, gave it as his opinion that is was not necessary that the expected infants should be born in England; and it was at

Hanover therefore that the present Duke of Cambridg
was born, on the 26th of the next March (1819), an
that a daughter to the Duke of Clarence was bor
and died the next day; while the present [ex-] King
Hanover was born at Berlin in May. But the Duk
and Duchess of Kent desired that their child shoul
be a native of England, and came over in April 181
the Princess Victoria being born at Kensington Palac
on the 24th of the next month. The year 1819 wa
full of public distress and disturbance from end to end
but it removed all apprehension about heirs of th
crown in the next generation. There was no longer
fear that we should be governed by a succession
childless old men.

For the sake of a mild winter for the infant, th
Duke removed his household to Sidmouth in Novembe
On the 13th of January he took a long walk wi
Captain (afterwards Sir John) Conroy, and both g
their feet wet. Captain Conroy entreated the Duke
change his boots, but he was playing with his infan
and delayed too long. He was ill at night, in a hi
fever the next morning, and died on the 23d (182
of pulmonary inflammation. For five nights the Duche
never left his bedside, and from the second day of th
illness she was supported and aided by Prince Leopol
who went to her at once, and relieved her afterwar
of all external cares, till she was again settled
Kensington Palace. By the Duke's will, her duty w
laid out for the best years of her life. "I do nominat
constitute, and appoint my beloved wife Victoire, Duche
of Kent, to be sole guardian of our dear child, th
Princess Alexandrina Victoire, to all intents and for
purposes whatever." When she received, by deputatio

the addresses of condolence offered by the two Houses of Parliament, the infant was in her arms; and the study of her life from that day forward was to establish a mutual understanding and accord between the people of England and the Princess who would probably stand in the closest possible relation to them hereafter.

This was a task of extreme and extraordinary difficulty, owing to the complications and uncertainties of the case. If it is difficult in a case of presumptive heirship in private life to decide how to educate a boy, whether for probable wealth or possible poverty; it is infinitely more so when the question is between the possession of a crown and the dull and aimless life of a subject prince—and yet more, princess. In the former case it may be said, "Educate your son thoroughly for the lower career, and he will do very well in the higher;" but to reign over a kingdom requires a training so special as to unfit the heir to enjoy the private life of princes. For many years the lot of the Princess was in suspense; and seldom has a mother undergone such wear and tear of anxiety and responsibility as the Duchess of Kent sustained on this account. The question of the succession was simplified from time to time: but it was not till within a few months of her accession that there was anything like security that the Princess would ever be Queen of England.

The old King died six days after the Duke of Kent; and there was an immediate revival of the rumours about George IV. getting a divorce after all. In 'Lord Eldon's Life' (ii. 305), we are shown, by a letter of the Prince Regent's, how eager he was for this divorce within two months of his daughter's death. His vehement self-will about "unshackling himself" brought

matters to such a pass in 1820, that there were few people in England who did not fully expect to see Queen Caroline put away, and the King married again in the course of the year. There was, in fact, a majority of nine in favour of the Bill (which was one of divorce as well as degradation); but even the King did not venture to proceed upon this. It was only for a few months that the matter seemed settled; for the Queen died in August of the next year, and the marriage of the King was repeatedly rumoured, before popular expectation turned to the royal brothers. At the end of 1820, another daughter, who was named Elizabeth, in consideration of her prospects, was born to the Duke of Clarence, but the child died in infancy. In 1827 the Duke of York died; and in 1830, the King.

This ushered in a new period in the function of the Duchess of Kent. For the first ten years of her child's life she had lived retired, and had provided for the physical health and educational training of the Princess with all simplicity as well as completeness. All that was known was that the Princess was met even on cold and windy days, dressed and in exercise in good pedestrian style—crossing a heath perhaps with her young companions, in thick shoes and stout duffle cloak—and that she was reared in as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizen's child. It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at a bazaar because she had spent her money. At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box, priced half-a-crown, *which would* suit him. The shop people of course

placed the box with the other purchases; but the little lady's governess admonished them, by saying, "No; you see the Princess has not got the money, and therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box." This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, "Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that——;" and the thing was done. On quarter day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase. Anecdotes like these, apparently small, have large meanings; and in such traits people saw promise of the rectitude and elevated economy which have made the mother of our large royal family respected by the people whose need and convenience she has so admirably respected.

She was eleven years old (1830) when William IV. sent his first message to Parliament, in which there was no allusion to the appointment of a regency. In case of his death without such a provision being made, she would have been sovereign, with full powers at once, as the minority of a sovereign is not recognised by our laws. There was another consideration which must have aggravated the anxiety of the watchful mother—that the next eldest uncle was the Duke of Cumberland. Little as could be said about this, the thought was in almost all minds that the Princess would not be altogether safe in her seat without the protection of a regency. The only apparent exceptions were the ministers, who said a great deal about the excellent health and probable long life of their master—an infirm old man of sixty-five. The danger was allowed to exist till the new Parliament met in November, when a Regency Bill provided that, in the event of no posthumous

issue of the King appearing, in which case the was to be regent, the Duchess of Kent should be (unless she married a foreigner) till the Princess V came of age. Still there were uncertainties. Th might have children; and mysterious dangers to impend from the Duke of Cumberland, the of which became revealed to the astonished na 1835, when a committee of inquiry, obtained Hume, brought to light a scheme for setting asi succession, which it would be scarcely possible to now, but for the substantial documentary evidence remains in our hands. The Orange leaders had into their heads that the Duke of Wellington m seize the crown, and that the right thing to b in opposition was to make the Duke of Cumb king. Letters were produced which proved th notion of certain friends and tools of the future of Hanover was that it would be necessary to King William insane, and the Princess disqualifi reigning, by being a minor and a woman. Und explosion of loyalty thus caused on behalf of a natured old king and a fatherless princess, Ora and its leader promised whatever was required disappeared from public notice. All was safe after but the preceding five years must have been weighted with care to the guardian of the presu heiress of the throne.

The Princess was now becoming known, m less, to her future people. She had not appea the last coronation; and the plea was that her required her residence in the Isle of Wight a time, when she was indeed too young for a scene

she must have filled so conspicuous a station. It was believed, too, that she had but recently become aware of her regal destination. But her guardian perceived that the time had arrived for procuring for her the advantages of travel, and of intercourse with superior minds. In 1831 began a series of tours—the first comprehending the oldest of our cities, Chester, several cathedrals, some noblemen's seats, and, finally, the University of Oxford. By degrees she became thus accustomed to the gaze of a multitude, and the homage of strangers, and formalities of processions, addresses, and, generally, the observances which must occupy a large portion of her life. At the same time the Duchess adopted the practice of inviting to Kensington travellers and voyagers, men of science, and other persons distinguished in the intellectual world, from whom the Princess might gather various information more freshly than from books—an experiment sometimes found rather awkward at the moment by all parties, but well intended, and probably of more or less use. The few years of the preceding reign were industriously employed.

They were not free from heavy and various cares. The expenses of such a method were so great that the debts of the Duchess became almost as onerous as those of her husband. Encroachments were made which she thought it more politic to yield to than to resist, and the petitions for subscriptions for everything, from blind asylums to racing cups, would have exhausted an income ten times more royal. The Duchess's reliance (afterwards justified) was that the Queen would pay the debts incurred in her preparation for sovereignty. After her accession, and when nobly portioned for a maiden

Queen, the dutiful daughter paid off her father's de
in the first year, in the joint names of the Duch
and herself, and her mother's in the next. But th
were troubles more wearing than those of insuffici
income. It was a matter of extreme nicety to ch
due observance for the Princess without insisting
too much; and it was inevitable that some parties,
probable that all, would be displeased. There was
same danger about the exercise of authority over
Princess herself; and a long series of troubles he
arose. The free and easy style of life in the Kin
family, where the King and Queen and all the Fi
clarences disliked formality, and lived very much li
quiet people of other ranks, did not always suit t
notions of the Duchess of Kent as to the observan
which her daughter's presence should command: a
hence coolnesses arose which could not be conceal
from the public. We, however, have only to bear
mind, in reviewing the life of the Duchess of Ke
that she had much to suffer in the discharge of
function by which the nation has largely benefit
When her task seemed to be closed, and she mig
have hoped to rest on the result of her labours a
her anxieties, she had some bitter griefs to endu
some few dreary years to pass before she tasted th
repose which she had so well earned and in which h
latter years were passed.

The day at last dawned for which she had lived
devotedly for so many years; and it found her wake
and prepared. The early sun was shining in, that M
summer morning—it was before five o'clock on t
20th of June, 1837—when the doors of the palace w

thrown open to admit the Primate, the royal physician, and the Lord Chamberlain, who came to greet the Princess as Queen. The Duchess and her daughter were standing ready for the announcement, and prepared for the trying transactions of the day. From the day when Prince Albert entered upon the scene, and, yet more, from the hour when Sir Robert Peel assumed Lord Melbourne's place as the Queen's chief adviser, everything brightened to the Duchess of Kent. The Queen has never been more heartily cheered than when, instantly after the first of the silly pistol-shots which were at one time discharged at her by stupid boys to make themselves famous, she altered the course of her drive, and went to inform her mother of the attempt in person, before she could be alarmed by the rumour of it. That was in 1840.

The latter years of the venerable Duchess have been filled with interest and with cheerfulness by the arrival of a long succession of grandchildren, by their growth and expansion into promise of various kinds, and by the early settlement in life of the eldest. At the marriage of the Princess Royal, her grandmother was observed to be much altered, and to be in very delicate health. She had sustained the shock of her son's death a year or two before, and her life had been on the whole one of wear and tear which rendered it somewhat surprising that she should have passed the old threescore years and ten. She accomplished, with little flagging, the periodical removals to Scotland, the Isle of Wight, Windsor, and London, which were as regularly established for her as for the court; and, bodily suffering apart, her old age was a happy one, many of its hours being passed in her royal daughter's

presence, and many more cheered by the affec attentions of her grandchildren. As for the pe England, they received her with manifest r wherever she appeared; and she must have been tired of hearing, for many years before her deat that respect was offered as her due for the bo had conferred on the nation in the virtues daughter. The same thing must be told once however, though her ear is now dead to human It must be told in history.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.*)

[*North American Review, 1858.*]

GEORGE STEPHENSON was born on the 9th of June, 1781, in the colliery village of Wylam, about eight miles west of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His parents, Robert and Mabel Stephenson, were an industrious, hard-working couple, who lived in a two-storied red-tiled building, portioned off into four laborers' dwellings, with unplastered walls, clay floors, and bare rafters exposed overhead. Robert Stephenson was fireman of the pumping-engine at the Wylam Colliery, and thus it happened that George Stephenson's earliest recollections were of a steamboiler. His father was an exceedingly amiable man, remembered in his own circle for his curious love of romance as well as of nature. While tending his fire in the evenings, he always gathered around him a circle of the village boys and girls to listen to his wild stories of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor, with others of his own invention, so that "Bob's engine-fire" was always a favorite resort. He had also a strong affection for all kinds of birds and animals, and in the winter-time he usually had a flock of tame robins hopping about his fire, and picking up the crumbs which he

*) *The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer.* By SAMUEL SMILES. London: Murray. 1856.

saved for them from his scanty meals. His love of animate nature was inherited by his son George, who unde more favorable circumstances might have become th first of England's naturalists, as he was the foremo of her engineers.

George Stephenson was the second of six childre whom his father's hard earnings scarce sufficed to cloth and feed, and therefore the habits of the feathere tribe could be regarded only in his leisure hours. C these he had but few, and the sole prospect for th boy was a life of penury and toil. In his childhoo "he played about the doors; went bird-nesting whe he could; and ran errands to the village." Then h was made to carry his father's dinner to him, and take care of his younger brothers and sisters. Nor of the family ever went to school; food and fire we too dear for the luxury of learning, and he, with a the others, grew up without the slightest knowled of books. One of his duties was to see that the young children were kept out of the way of the coal-wagon which were dragged by horses along the tram-road ju in front of the cottage door. Wooden railways we early used in Northumberland, and on this very on between the coal-pit and the loading-quay at Wylar the first locomotive afterwards regularly travelled. Thu as the pumping-engine was one of George's earlie recollections, so the tram-road aided to shape his destin Eight years were so passed. when, the coal having be worked out on the north side, the engine was remov from Wylam to Dewley Burn, and the Stephenso followed, the father of the family still being employ as fireman. George now began to earn twopence a d *from* a farmer's widow, by taking care of her cow

keeping them clear of the railroad track, and barring the gates at night after all the coal-wagons had passed. He had plenty of spare time, which he spent in bird-nesting, and also in making little mills, which he erected in the streams which run into the Dewley bog. But his passion was for engines, which with a favorite playfellow he shaped from clay, the hemlock furnishing them with an abundance of imaginary steam-pipes. As he grew older he performed various labors, such as leading plough-horses, hoeing turnips, and other farm-work; but ever since he had begun to model his engines in the bog, his desire was to become a fireman, and great therefore was his exultation when, at about fourteen years of age, he was appointed assistant fireman, with the compensation of one shilling a day. He was afraid that he should be thought too young for his work, and used to relate how he was wont to hide from sight when the owner of the colliery went his rounds.

When George was about seventeen years of age, he was sent to Water-row, about half a mile west of Newburn Church, to work a pumping-engine in connection with his father, who was still employed as fireman. George's post was that of plugman, and he was very young for so responsible a situation. His duty was to watch the engine, to see that it worked well, and that the pumps drew water efficiently. He gained a complete insight into the machine, in his leisure hours often taking it to pieces, and examining all its details, so that he soon became absolute master of its workings.

So indigent, however, had his father's circumstances always been, that George had received no school in-

struction, and at the age of eighteen he co
and did not even know his letters. He n
feel the serious disadvantages under which
and determined to find leisure for study,
work at the engine occupied twelve hours
was stimulated in his desire of knowledg
how highly any one who could read was
by his fellow-workmen. It was at the p
poleon's astounding victories in Italy, and
newspaper which found its way into New
was eagerly seized, and attracted a lar
listeners, who gathered around the expo
contents. He was told, too, that the wond
of Watt and Bolton, about which he hea
and wished to know more, were all fully
books. With such inducements, for thre
each week he attended a school kept by R
a poor teacher in the village of Walbottl
threepence a week, and, although his teac
very skilful, he soon learned to read, an
of nineteen was proud of being able to w
name.

In the winter of 1799 he attended a
school, set up by a Scotch dominie, Andrew
who was a skilled arithmetician, and from
soon acquired a knowledge of figures. The
became very proud of his pupil, and when
row Pit closed, and Stephenson removed t
lerton, to work there, Robertson, not hav
do at Newburn, accompanied his scholars a
his instructions. This was in the year
George, having learnt the art of "braking"
was regularly appointed brakeman of th

at advanced wages. He was now twenty years of age, earning from fifteen to twenty shillings a week by his regular work, to which about this time he added the art of shoe-making and mending for his fellow-workmen. He became quite expert in this new calling, and on one occasion had the happiness of soling the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, a pretty, fine-tempered, and high-principled young woman, who was servant in a neighboring farm-house, and attracted Stephenson's attention by her good sense, modesty, and kind disposition. By these labors, Stephenson was enabled to save his first guinea,—no small achievement for a man in his station. He at the same time pursued his studies most diligently, finally outstripping his master in arithmetic, and improving so rapidly in chirography, that, on the occasion of his marriage, his signature in the parish register was traced in a good, legible round hand. His delight, when he took a little time for recreation, consisted in rambling about the fields and hedges for birds' nests, a pastime which he continued to enjoy all his life. He also excelled in all manner of athletic sports, such as throwing the hammer and "putting" the stone, and on one occasion, peaceable as his disposition was, he found his practised strength of signal service in beating a noted bully of the colliery, who, dissatisfied at the manner in which Stephenson, as brakeman, drew him out of the pit, challenged him to a pitched battle. Stephenson met and soon worsted him.

At the period of his marriage, on the 28th of November, 1802, Stephenson, by dint of thrift and industry, was enabled to furnish a small house in a decent manner, at Willington on the north bank of the Tyne, about six miles below Newcastle, whither he had

been transferred from Black Callerton. At this pla
he remained until 1804, happy in the society of h
wife, studying the principles of mechanics so that
might master the laws by which his engine worke
and busying himself also, as many had done befo
him, on the problem of perpetual motion. His hou
having one day been injured by fire, and his clock
choked with soot that it stopped, he took it to piec
repaired it, and acquired at once such knowledge
its mechanism that he became the best clock-repair
in the neighborhood, thus adding to his earnings. H
son Robert, for many years prominent as the inheri
of his father's genius as an engineer, and familiar
many of our readers as the builder of the iron tubu
bridge over Menai Strait, was born on the 16th
December, 1803. During the following year Geo
Stephenson's home was made desolate by the death
his wife, whom he long and tenderly lamented. Ju
before this sad bereavement, he had again removed,
Killingworth, seven miles north of Newcastle; and
was while residing here that his great practical qualit
as an engineer began to attract the notice of his e
ployers, and that he slowly but surely laid the foun
tion of his fame as a workman and an inventor.

Soon after the death of his wife he received
invitation from some gentlemen engaged in large wo
near Montrose, in Scotland, to proceed thither a
superintend the working of one of Bolton and Wat
engines. He accepted the offer, making the long journ
to Scotland and back on foot, with his kit upon h
back; and after being absent about a year, he return
to Killingworth, having saved £ 28 from his good wag
On his arrival at home he found that his father h

been deprived of sight, by a fellow-workman having accidentally turned a blast of steam into his face, as he was making repairs on the inside of an engine. Out of his savings George's first step was to pay his father's debts, amounting to some £15. He then placed him in a comfortable cottage, and entirely supported him for the rest of his life.

About this time, 1807--8, while employed as brakeman at the West Moor Pit, he does not appear to have been very sanguine as to his prospects in life. It was a period of great distress for working-people; enormous taxes were imposed upon nearly every article of consumption, and persons whose income amounted only to £50 a year were taxed ten per cent upon this sum. Fearful riots, suppressed only by military force, occurred in Manchester, Newcastle, and other manufacturing towns, growing out of the lowness of wages and the high price of bread. Such laborers as found employment were regularly mulcted of part of their scanty earnings, to support those who could find no work. In 1805, the gross forces of the United Kingdom amounted to 700,000 men; yet, in 1808, Lord Castlereagh carried a measure to enroll a local militia of 200,000. The drum and fife of the recruiting-sergeant were never silent, and at any moment men might be drafted into the militia, or seized by a press-gang. George Stephenson was one of those summarily drawn for the militia. The only alternative was to pay a considerable sum for a substitute, which he was just able to do with the residue of his little store. Almost in despair, he seriously thought of emigrating to America. One of his sisters, with her husband, was about to make the passage, and he doubtless would have accompanied

them, but at the time he could not command sufficien money.

Stephenson gradually recovered from the loss of hi little property, and went on in his quiet, steady, an systematic fashion, continually improving as a workman gaining a local celebrity as an engineer, and devotin his evenings to the study of the principles of mechanics He continued also to mend shoes, make shoe-lasts repair clocks, and even cut out clothes for the miners by which occupations he was constantly earning littl sums, and was enabled in a few years to save on hundred guineas. It may be inferred that he was strictly temperate man, and, although never extreme i his views, he seldom drank at all at this period of hi life. He had before his eyes many examples of th ruinous effects of strong drink, and, besides, he wa determined to waste nothing on himself, in his nobl resolve to give his son every possible advantage o education.

In 1812, the engine-wright at Killingworth having been killed by an accident, Stephenson was appointe in his place, at a salary of one hundred pounds a year and was also allowed the use of a horse on his visit of inspection to the collieries in the neighborhood leased by the "Grand Allies." The "Grand Allies" were a company, consisting of Sir Thomas Liddel (afterward Lord Ravensworth), the Earl of Strathmore and Mr. Stuart Wortley (afterward Lord Wharncliffe) the lessees of the Killingworth collieries. These gen tlemen had heard much of Mr. Stephenson's abilities they became his fast friends, and in after years wer of eminent service to him. When the High Pit wa *sunk and the* coal ready for working, Stephenson erecte

his first winding-engine to draw up the coals, and also a pumping-engine for another colliery, both of which proved perfectly successful. His house was now a complete museum of models and curious contrivances: he fastened his garden door in such an ingenious manner, that no one but himself could open it; he excited the wonder of all the women of the neighborhood by connecting their cradles with the smoke-jack, thus making them self-acting, and delighted the pitmen by attaching an alarum to the clock of the watchman whose duty it was to call them in the morning. His rooms displayed miniature engines, self-acting planes, perpetual-motion machines, and a wonderful lamp, which burned under water, thus attracting fish, which were easily caught. He now thoroughly comprehended the steam-engine in its most abstruse and difficult combinations; he began to ponder much upon the locomotive, existing as yet but in embryo, and regarded by all but him as an impracticable and expensive toy; and he projected and laid down a self-acting incline along the declivity of the Willington Ballast Quay, so arranged that full wagons descending to the vessels drew up the emptied ones.

The education of his son Robert was now rapidly progressing at Newcastle school, and the father contrived to make his son's improvement further his own. The youth was also entered as a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, where he spent much of his leisure time in reading and studying, on Saturdays bringing home a volume of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, or some other work affording a store of useful information to both father and son. The parent taught his child at an early age the principles of

mechanical drawing. He was wont to say that a go
plan should always explain itself, and, placing c
before the boy, he would call upon him to descri
its adjustment and action. Thus young Stephens
learned to read a drawing as he would read the pa
of a book, and they both acquired such facility as
understand at a glance all the details of the m
complicated machine. — — —.

Railways and locomotives, however, claimed I
Stephenson's principal attention; and for the grea
part of his life he regarded all his other occupati
as subordinate. Although railroads had been in use
the mining districts for a long period, they were s
considered as of merely local value for the easier c
veyance of heavy burdens. As a means of transport
passengers they had not been dreamed of, and ind
for all practical purposes were still in their infan
As early as 1630, one Master Beaumont laid do
wooden rails between his coal-pits near Newcastle
the river Tyne. Similar wagon-roads came into use
other parts of the country; and the first iron rails
supposed to have been laid down at Whitehaven in 17
Improvements were slowly made, and in 1800 Mr. B
jamin Outram, of Little Eaton, in Derbyshire, us
stone props instead of timber for supporting the ed
and joinings of the rails. These roads soon beca
known as "Outram roads," and afterward simply
"tram-roads." We cannot take time to detail all t
successive improvements on railroads up to the ti
when locomotives came into use, nor all those attendi
steam-carriage building. The first actual model of
locomotive of which there is any written account w
made by a Frenchman named Cugnot, who exhibited

to the Marshal de Saxe in 1763. A second one which he made for the king is now preserved in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.* It was considered too dangerous a monster to be trusted, as when set in motion it rushed forward and knocked down a wall, after which it was shut up. Oliver Evans, an American inventor, constructed in 1772 a steam-carriage to travel on common roads, and in 1787 he obtained from the State of Maryland the exclusive right to make and use such carriages. His invention, however, never came into practical play.

The first English model of a steam-carriage was made in 1784, by William Murdoch, a friend of Watt. It was on the high-pressure principle, it ran on three wheels, and the boiler was heated by a spirit-lamp. It was only a little more than a foot high, and on one occasion was tried at night by its inventor, after returning from his duties at Redruth Mine in Cornwall. It was on the walk leading to the church that the little machine was placed, and, steam having been raised, it started off and ran ahead of its owner. He soon heard cries of terror, and at length coming up with it, he found that it had nearly frightened the clergyman out of his wits, he believing that the hissing, fiery little monster was the evil one himself. In 1802, Richard Trevethick constructed a high-pressure locomotive for common roads, in which decided improvements were made on any built before it, and which performed its work with considerable success. It having attracted much interest in the remote district, near Land's End, where it was constructed, it was determined to take it to London for exhibition; but the badness of the English *roads at* that time rendered it impossible to

bring the steam-carriage into general use, and, showing it in the metropolis as a curiosity, Trevet abandoned it as a practical failure. In 1804, he structed another steam-carriage to be used upon a way in South Wales, and on its first trial it succe in drawing several wagons, containing ten tons of iron, and attained a speed of about five miles an h But this also proved a practical failure, was n employed to do regular work, and was abandoned a few experiments. The cast-iron road was then slight in its construction, and was champed up by jolting motion of the locomotive. Trevethick w volatile genius, who, although possessed of grea genuity, soon grew tired of his projects, and wa that perseverance which was the distinguishing ch teristic of Stephenson. His idea was, and it long vailed with other engineers, that, if any heavy we were placed behind the engine, the grip or "bite the smooth wheels of the locomotive upon the equ smooth iron rail would be so slight that the wh would slip around, and he recommended that should be made rough by the projection of nut bolts. This was tried, and the progress of the mac was, in consequence, but a succession of jolts, w would have worn out the road in a short time.

The presumed difficulty of securing the pr "bite" on the rails led Mr. Blenkinsop of Leeds 1811, to take out a patent for a racked or too rail, to be laid along on one side of the road, which the toothed wheel of the locomotive should w The boiler of the engine was supported by a carr *with four* toothless wheels, acting independently of *machinery*, and progress was effected by means of

cogged wheels working into the cogged rail. The locomotive was improved by having two cylinders instead of one. Mr. Blenkinsop's machines began to run on the railrôad, about three miles and a half long, between the Middleton collieries and the town of Leeds, on the 12th of August, 1812, and for many years were considered the greatest curiosities of the neighborhood. In 1816, they attracted the admiration of the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, as one of them dragged not less than thirty coal-wagons, at a speed of three miles and a quarter an hour.

The Messrs. Chapman of Newcastle also, in 1812, patented a locomotive, with the design to overcome the fancied difficulty of want of adhesion between the wheel and the rail, by means of a chain stretched along the road from end to end. This chain was passed once around a grooved barrel-wheel, under the centre of the engine, so that when the wheel turned, the machine, as it were, dragged itself along the railway. It was found very clumsy, expensive, and difficult to keep in repair. Another inventor, Mr. Brunton of Derbyshire, in 1813, patented a locomotive which he called a 'Mechanical Traveller,' to go *upon legs,* working alternately like those of a horse. This extraordinary machine never got beyond an experimental state; for in one of its early trials it blew up and killed several persons.

Mr. Blackett of Wylam made persevering efforts in this direction, built several engines, and was not disheartened by repeated failures. The first machine constructed for him proved one of the most awkward imaginable. Another one, subsequently made, was not much more satisfactory, as it sometimes took six hours to travel the five miles from the colliery to the shipping

place at Lemington. It frequently ran off the track and stuck; its plugs, pumps, and cranks constantly fell into disorder, and horses were often sent to draw it along when it gave out. In short, the workmen cursed the locomotive as "a perfect plague." Mr. Blackett, however, did signal service, in proving beyond doubt, by his experiments, that the weight of the engine would be of itself sufficient to produce adhesion enough to enable it to drag after it on a smooth tram-road the requisite number of wagons in any kind of weather. Thus the fallacy which had so long prevailed about the necessity of racks and toothed wheels, endless chains and "legs," was completely dissipated.

In order to diminish the noise of the waste steam, which caused great annoyance in frightening horses, it had been turned by the workmen into the chimneys of both Trevethick's and Blackett's engines, without the least idea, however, that in so doing, under proper regulations, the power of the engine was vastly increased. It was reserved for George Stephenson to demonstrate the value of the steam-blast, and to prove that in fact it forms the very life-blood of the locomotive engine.

Meanwhile, Stephenson was anxiously brooding over this same subject at Killingworth. As soon as he became engine-wright of the collieries, his attention was directed to the subject of coal-transportation, and he determined to endeavor to devise means to facilitate the transit. In the first place, he proceeded to make himself thoroughly acquainted with what had previously been done. Accordingly he lost no opportunity of studying every part of Blackett's and Trevethick's *engines* at work on the Wylam tram-way, and, after

fully observing them, he did not hesitate to declare he himself could make a much better engine than rethick's,—one that would draw more steadily and t at less cost. He also minutely inspected one of kinsop's Leeds engines, which was placed on the -way leading from the collieries of Kenton and odge, on the 2d of September, 1813, and drew en chaldron wagons, containing about seventy tons' ht, at a rate of about three miles an hour. It was, ever, found very unsteady and costly in working, lled the rails to pieces, its entire strain coming he rack rail on one side, which was deemed in- ensable, and the boiler shortly blew up.

An efficient and economical locomotive engine still ined to be invented, and Mr. Stephenson applied elf to the production of one, as yet probably with idea of the immense impetus it would give to l, or of its benefits to society. He brought the et of his 'Travelling Engine' to the notice of lessees of the Killingworth Colliery in 1813, and authorized by Lord Ravensworth, the principal er, who had formed a very high opinion of Ste- son's capabilities, both above and below ground, to truct one, his lordship advancing the money for it. serious difficulties were to be overcome before ork could be completed, the greatest trouble con- g in the scarcity of good machinists at that time, being almost exclusively confined to Birmingham, hester, Leeds, and London; while the tools in use the collieries were of the rudest order. At length, ten months had elapsed, the locomotive emerged the shops at the West Moor.

The wheels of the new engine were all smooth, as

Mr. Stephenson was early convinced that there
be sufficient adhesion between the smooth wheel
an edge rail. He had verified his theory by man
periments, and when his engine was placed o
Killingworth Railway, on the 25th of July, 181
powers were tried at once. On an ascending gra
1 in 450 the engine drew eight loaded carriag
thirty tons' weight at about four miles an hour. I
the most successful machine yet constructed, but
was very clumsy and imperfect. The economical
was not flattering, and at the end of a year s
power and horse-power were found to be nearly
in point of cost. The speed of the engine, too,
not greater than that of a horse's walk, and it
not on an average, with a train of wagons, exceed
miles an hour. At this juncture, when its very exi
depended on its speed, Mr. Stephenson invente
steam-blast, and at once doubled the power o
locomotive.

Although the waste steam from the engin
been turned into the chimneys of Trevethick's
Blackett's engines, as already stated, it was done n
with a view to lessening the frightful noise it c
But Mr. Stephenson's attention was called to th
cumstance of the much greater velocity with whic
smoke issued from the chimney of the engine, a
determined to try the effect of conducting the ed
steam into the chimney, and there allowing it to
in a vertical direction, by doing which he felt a
that the draft would be greatly increased and the
of generating steam augmented. No sooner wa
trial made, than Stephenson found to his deligh
his theory was the true one, and in his hand

locomotive began to show the powers of a young giant. He then, perceiving the numerous defects of his first engine, went to work to contrive a second one, and in 1815 he succeeded in building a steam-carriage which included the following important improvements upon all attempts in the same direction, namely: "simple and direct communication between the cylinder and the wheels rolling upon the rails; joint adhesion of all the wheels, attained by the use of horizontal connecting rods; and finally, a beautiful method of exciting the combustion of the fuel by employing the waste steam, which had formerly been allowed uselessly to escape into the air."

It would occupy much more space than we can command to detail at the successive steps by which Mr. Stephenson improved the railway as well as the locomotive. He found the rails in a very imperfect state, loosely put together, easily deranged, and liable to be soon worn out; and in 1816 he, in company with Mr. Losh, a rich iron-manufacturer, took out a patent for an improved rail and chair, which were found of great use in facilitating locomotion. The wheels of the engine, too, were altered from cast to malleable iron, by which they were made lighter, as well as more durable and safe. Before springs for locomotives were invented, or even deemed practicable, Mr. Stephenson contrived an ingenious arrangement, by which the steam generated in the boiler was made to perform this important office. This contrivance was used until steel springs strong enough for steam-carriages could be made. The excellence of Mr. Stephenson's work is proved by the fact that his engines made as far back as 1816 are still in daily use on the Killingworth railway.

While he was thus employed, the education of his son was not neglected; and perceiving his eminent capabilities for the profession of an engineer, he determined to give him every advantage with this end in view. He remembered his own early struggles and the labor which his knowledge had cost him, and in the year 1820 he sent his son to the Edinburgh University, where he made the most rapid progress, attending the natural history classes of Jameson, the chemical lectures of Dr. Hope, and those on natural philosophy by Sir John Leslie. This six months' study cost his father £80, a large sum for him in those days; but he was amply repaid by his son's gaining the prize for mathematics, as well as by his subsequent distinguished career.

By this time Mr. Stephenson was not left alone to muse over the probabilities of steam locomotion; for several railway pioneers began to attract public attention. Bold men indeed they were, who first advocated railroads as superior to common highways, and no class of men were ever called to endure heavier showers of abuse and ridicule. Several of these gentlemen, such as William James, Edward Pease, and Thomas Gray, were thoroughly convinced of the feasibility of railroads for the transportation both of passengers and of freight, and were continually projecting enterprises, often with large losses of money, calling public attention to the subject, writing pamphlets, and talking perpetually of the iron way. Gray especially was indefatigable; he talked of railroads, until friends who saw him coming hid from him as a bore, and he wrote of railroads until readers declared him mad. A universal jubilee in his opinion was soon to take place, when the whole

world should go "whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!"

While such men had need of all their courage, George Stephenson was doing more than they, by building good railways, and efficient steam-carriages to work upon them. In 1819, the directors of the Hetton Colliery in the county of Durham determined to have their wagon-way changed to a locomotive railroad, as they found the working of the Killingworth road altogether satisfactory. The Hetton road was about eight miles long, part of it crossing one of the highest hills in the district. Over such grades as the locomotive could not surmount, stationary engines of sixty horse-power did the work, and the steam-carriage effected the rest. On the 18th of November, 1822, the day of opening the road, crowds of spectators were assembled to witness the working of the new and powerful machinery, which was altogether successful. On that occasion, five of Stephenson's locomotives were on the road, each engine dragging seventeen loaded wagons, weighing about sixty-four tons.

In 1821, the project of a tram-road between Liverpool and Manchester began to be seriously talked of, especially at Liverpool, canal accommodation being altogether inadequate. The rapidity of the increase of trade between these places then seemed marvellous. In nine years the quantity of cotton sent from one town to another had increased by 50,000,000 pounds' weight. Up to this time, the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and the Irwell and Mersey navigation, had chiefly supplied the means of transport; but the vast demands of the trade now were tenfold in advance of their capabilities. Cotton lay sometimes at Liverpool a much

longer time than it had occupied in crossing the Atla
Carts and wagons were tried in addition to the wa
ways, without success; and when the canals were fro
business came to a stand-still. At length a few ge
men, among whom was Mr. Pease, went out to ins
the ground near Liverpool, at the point at whic
was deemed advisable to bring in the tram-road.
surveyors at once had to contend with popular ig
ance, inflamed by absurd reports concerning the na
of railways. They were hooted at, pelted with st
driven off the field, in short, forced to desist
their survey. At several places the same obst
were thrown in their way; men were stationed at
field-gates with pitchforks, and even with guns;
seized one chainman and threatened to hurl him
a coal-pit, and ran a pitchfork into the back of ano
as he was climbing over a gate. But of all the
struments, the theodolite excited the greatest
being regarded as some newly invented field-piece,
tended to sweep everything before it. A pow
bruiser was hired to protect it, but one day a co
attacked him, and was soundly pummelled, when
natives came to his aid, poured in a volley of st
on the surveyors, and demolished the theodolite.
some places the engineers were under the necessit
proceeding with their work in the early dawn, b
the people were abroad. Chat Moss, an enormous
across which the line was carried,—at one pe
regarded as no more practicale for such a project
the Goodwin Sands, but now indissolubly conne
with the fame of Mr. Stephenson.—was surveye
placing hurdles upon it. In the mean time Mr. Ja
and other gentlemen had examined Stephenson's

motives, were entirely convinced of their economical working and powerful aid to transportation, and made every endeavor to secure their adoption on newly projected roads.

The act authorizing the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway was passed in Parliament before that touching the Liverpool and Manchester line was reached, and one day, near the end of the year 1821, Stephenson and his friend Nicholas Wood, viewer at Killingworth, called at Mr. Pease's house in Darlington. Mr. Pease was so pleased with Stephenson as to procure his appointment to re-survey the line. This he accomplished in about six weeks, going over every foot of ground himself, and being aided in the work by his son Robert. His labors showed that, by certain deviations, a line shorter by about three miles might be constructed, at a considerable saving in expense, and with more favorable gradients. Mr. Stephenson was then directed to prepare the specifications for rails and chairs, and to enter into contracts for the supply of stone and wooden blocks on which to lay them. The first rail of the Stockton and Darlington Railway was laid with considerable ceremony on the 23d of May, 1822. The next year the act was amended, and, at Stephenson's urgent request, Mr. Pease had a clause inserted, enabling the railway to work by means of locomotive engines for the transportation of passengers as well as merchandise. Mr. Pease gave a stronger proof of his faith in steam-carriages by entering into partnership with Stephenson, in the following year, for the establishment of a locomotive foundery and workshop at Newcastle. The second Stockton and Darlington act was passed in 1823, not without much opposition, and

Mr. Stephenson was appointed the company's en
at a salary of £300 per annum.

Stephenson now found himself in his proper
and he was indefatigable in fulfilling its duties
adjusting the grades, he took all the sights h
with the spirit-level, working from the dawn
until dusk, and charging his attendants, when the
work was done and they had to walk several mi
their lodgings, to be sure to be on the ground
morning at dawn.

Many things were left to his judgment;
others, the width of gauge, which was virtually
mined by the width of the first tram-roads, whic
4 feet 8½ inches. As the time for opening th
approached, the question of its tractive power was
discussed. At one part of the line, the Brussel
cline, fixed engines were of necessity to be ma
of, and these were completed by young Rober
phenson previously to his departure for South A
in 1824. It was also thought that horses sho
largely employed, and arrangements were mad
purchasing them, while at the same time it was d
that locomotives should have a thorough trial.
ordered from George Stephenson & Co., were accor
placed upon the road, and, when put to the
their speed, ran at the rate of from twelve to s
miles an hour; but they were better adapted f
heavy work of hauling coal trains at low speed
the time of their adoption, the directors did no
template their use in connection with passengers
indeed for human travel never dreamed of their en
in competition with the stage-coaches. But M
looked more clearly into the future. O

at Stockton, having made a tour of inspection with his son and another friend, after dinner he ventured upon the unusual measure of ordering in a bottle of wine to drink success to the new railway.

"'Now, lads,' said he to the two young men, 'I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country,—when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the Great Highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth.'"

The Stockton and Darlington road was opened on the 27th of September, 1825, and a vast concourse of people assembled to behold the ceremony,—most of them from genuine curiosity, some few in intelligent faith; not a few came prepared to see "the bubble burst," while the croakers would not of course lose the sight, most gratifying as it would prove to them, of an exploded boiler, with a few persons killed and wounded. These last were intensely disappointed. The proceedings commenced at the Brusselton incline, about nine miles above Darlington, when the fixed engine drew a train of loaded wagons up the incline from the west, and lowered them on the east side. At the foot of the incline a locomotive was waiting with Mr. Stephenson as driver. Then came six wagons loaded with coals and flour; then the passenger-coach filled with

the directors and their friends; and then twenty-one wagons with temporary seats for passengers, followed finally by six wagon-loads of coal; in all, a train of thirty-eight vehicles.

"The signal being given," said a newspaper, "the engine started off with this immense train of carriages; and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently 12 miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near 90 tons. The engine, with its load, arrived at Darlington, a distance of 8¾ miles, in 65 minutes. The six wagons loaded with coals, intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and, obtaining a fresh supply of water and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music, and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in 3 hours and 7 minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly 12 miles.

This announcement may appear very absurd to the reader of the present day; but it recorded a grand achievement in 1825.

Other results followed. It was not till the work was in progress that a passenger car was thought of, and a very rude one was constructed as an 'Experiment,' and indeed was thus named. It at once became so popular, that large numbers of passengers presented themselves, and it not only succeeded itself, but revived on the high-road a stage-coach which had been starved off for want of support. In a very short time several passenger-cars were placed upon the railway, drawn by horses, and let out to coaching companies.

During the progress of the Stockton road, Mr. Stephenson laid the foundation of a locomotive-factory at Newcastle, which has since grown into an immense *establishment*, and turned out many of the most power-

team-carriages in the world. In 1824 the project e Liverpool and Manchester line was revived, and ojectors prepared for a pitched battle with "vested ," aristocratic landholders, popular ignorance, and l red-tapists. In the first place, they waited on uke of Bridgewater's canal agent, Mr. Bradshaw, e hope of inducing him to increase the means of yance or reduce the charges; he refused to do . They then proposed to him to take some shares e new railway, and he answered, "All or none." might the canal proprietors cling to their mono- and they rejoiced in the prospect of enjoying er their enormous dividends. Of their undertak- single one (the Old Quay) had paid to its thirty- proprietors every two years for half a century the amount of their original investment, and the in- from the Duke's canal amounted to not less than ,000 per annum. As for the projected railway, nal owners laughed at it; it was proposed years nd ended in talk, and so it would again.

e Liverpool and Manchester merchants, however, etermined to submit to the extortion of the canal ies no longer. The first prospectus of the scheme ed the 29th of October, 1824, and the estimated of building a double-track line between the s was put down at £400,000 sterling. Three were made by the projectors to Killingworth, o examine Mr. Stephenson's locomotives, and, rough scrutiny, that gentleman was invited to the survey of the road. In this, as in the e Stockton and Darlington road, he met with sition, especially from the Earl of Derby and n, and from officials at the place where the

line crossed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. The Duke's farmers obstinately refused permission to enter their fields, and they were backed by Mr. Bradshaw. Stephenson was obliged to perform a great deal of the survey by stealth, while the people were at dinner. When the canal companies found that the Liverpool merchants were determined to push on their road in spite of all obstacles, they endeavored to effect a compromise by offering steam navigation on the Mersey and on the canals. The offers were too late: the railroad projectors had gone too far in their scheme to recede, and arrangements were made for proceeding with the bill in the Parliamentary session of 1825. When this was known, the "vested rights" men set no bounds to their rage. They flooded the country with pamphlets, and hired newspapers to vilify the railway. The most extravagant stories were circulated. The construction of the road would prevent cows from grazing and hens from laying eggs. The noxious air from the locomotive chimneys would kill birds as they flew over them, and it would no longer be possible to keep up the game-preserves. Houses near the line would be burned. Horses would be driven out of use, and if railroads were extended the species would be annihilated, and oats and hay be unsalable commodities. All travel would be at the risk of destruction, country inns would be closed and fall to ruin, boilers would blow up and kill all the passengers,—in short, none of the prophets of old foretold more fearful things to come. But there was always this comfort,—the locomotive was so heavy that it never could move, and therefore, even if the road were made, it could never be worked by steam-*power*. Indeed, many sensible persons, not in the least

nced by these hired scribblers, regarded the new
ad as one of the mere speculations of the moment;
t was a period of the most extravagant scheming,
n balloon companies proposed to work passenger
e through the air at forty miles an hour, and when
companies projected carriages to run on turnpikes
elve miles an hour, with relays of bottled gas
d of horses."

he Liverpool and Manchester bill went into com-
e of the House of Commons on the 21st of March,
. An extraordinary array of legal talent was mar-
d on the occasion, especially for the opponents of
easure. Evidence was taken at great length, and
s the 21st of April before the committee came to
ngineering evidence, which was the most important
of the question. On the 25th of the month, Mr.
enson was called into the witness-box, which he
"that most unpleasant of all positions," and was
ned and cross-examined with all the care which
counsel so well know how to employ. He nar-
his whole experience relating to locomotives,
y and fearlessly, undismayed by the sneers and
ng of the lawyers, some of whom, on account
Northumbrian accent, declared him a foreigner,
ers pronounced him "mad" when he avowed his
o build a locomotive which could run twelve
hour. One of the learned counsel thought to
by asking, "Suppose, now, one of these
o be going along a railroad at the rate of
en miles an hour, and that a cow were to
the line and get in the way of the engine;
that, think you, be a very awkward circum-
"*Yes*," *replied* Mr. Stephenson, "very awkward

indeed—*for the coo!*" The learned counsel ask more questions.

The principal difficulty in the way of the cor tion of the road was presumed to lie in Chat which might be likened more to the Slough of De in Pilgrim's Progress than to anything else, and indeed was a formidable barrier, as we shall soo Mr. Giles, a civil engineer of twenty-two year perience, pronounced the construction of a road this bog impossible; Mr. Stephenson, in an exami of three days, maintained its feasibility. The c for and against the road summed up in long and ful speeches, and on a division the first clause, e ering the company to make the road, was lost vote of nineteen to thirteen. In the same manne next clause, empowering the company to take was lost, on which the promoters withdrew thei Nothing daunted, however, they soon renewed suit, Mr. Huskisson, among others, speaking powe in its favor. It passed the House of Commons vote of eighty-eight to forty-one, and the Hou Lords almost unanimously. The cost of obtainin act amounted to the immense sum of £ 27,000 st

Mr. Stephenson was forthwith appointed eng at a salary of £ 1,000 per annum, and he at once his work with Chat Moss, over which engineer declared it impossible to carry the road. The dr of the Moss commenced in June, 1826. It app an impassable dreary waste. Roscoe, the histori Leo X., had buried his fortune in it in a vain at to cultivate it. It extended for four miles alon *line of* railway; the drainage was found to be ex *ingly difficult*, and perplexities continually pres

themselves, which were met with extraordinary sagacity by the engineer. Stephenson said, "We must persevere,"—the watchword of his life. He persevered, and accomplished his work. His idea was simply this: he knew that a ship would float; and he maintained that the Moss was certainly much more capable of supporting such a work than water was, and that, if he could once get his material to float, he should succeed. Trains of locomotives and carriages therefore pass over the rails, somewhat as a train of artillery is borne up on a pontoon bridge across a stream. The railway floats on Chat Moss, and there may it float for centuries to bear witness to the genius of George Stephenson!

Even while the vast undertaking was in progress, no decision had been arrived at regarding the employment of locomotives, and Mr. Stephenson stood almost alone in advocating their use in preference to fixed engines and ropes, although the Killingworth steam-carriages had been in regular use for fifteen years. The most eminent engineers were consulted, and they, even after thorough examination of the locomotives, persisted in recommending stationary engines, so difficult was it to overcome the prejudice against the new machines. Accordingly, it was proposed to divide the road between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines to work the trains forward. And this was to be the result of all George Stephenson's labors! He implored the directors not to enter on such an expensive and abortive plan, and solemnly engaged, if they gave him time, to build a locomotive that should satisfy all their requirements, as to speed and power. Fortunately for all

parties, the directors were sensible men; they had c
fidence in Stephenson; they had seen his Hercul
labors on Chat Moss succeed, when all but him d
paired; and they were finally induced to offer a pr
of five hundred pounds for a locomotive which, un
certain specifications as to construction, should be capa
of drawing twenty tons' weight at a speed of *ten* mi
an hour.

Stephenson at once commenced the building of
famous 'Rocket' engine, and it will suffice for
purpose to say, that its excellence consisted in
combination of the 'multitubular' boiler with the ste
blast. Stephenson was not the inventor of the mu
tubular boiler, but he made great improvements in
and was the first to use it in locomotives. The eng
together with its load of water, weighed only four
and a quarter. Three other engines, constructed
Messrs. Braithwait and Ericsson, Mr. Hackworth,
Mr. Burstall, were entered for the trial, which
place on the 6th of October, 1829. Neither of t
met the conditions or succeeded. Mr. Stephenson's
first tested, steam being raised until it lifted the saf
valve loaded to a pressure of fifty pounds to the sq
inch. It then started on its journey to make the
cified number of trips forward and back on two n
of the road, running the first thirty-five miles, inclu
stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes, drag
after it about thirteen tons' weight in wagons.
maximum velocity was *twenty-nine miles an hour,* a
three times the speed which scientific men had decl
possible. When the Rocket, having complied with
the conditions of the trial, came to the platform at
close of its successful day, one of the directors

had been most decided for the plan of the stationary engines, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself."

The public opening of the railway, so long and anxiously looked for, took place on the 15th of September, 1830. Eight of Mr. Stephenson's locomotives had been finished and placed upon the road. There was no more talk of fixed engines. On the opening day he drove the 'Northumbrian' himself, while the 'North Star' and the 'Phœnix' were driven respectively by his brother Robert and his son Robert. All of the eight engines had been repeatedly tried with entire success. The completion of the great work was justly regarded as a national event, and was celebrated accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, Secretary of State, Mr. Huskisson, then member of Parliament for Liverpool, and many other distinguished personages, were present. That was a memorable meeting. There was the great Duke, the most famous soldier of his time, Napoleon Bonaparte alone excepted, on whom wealth and titles had been heaped without limit,—on whom panegyric had been exhausted,—who had won the proudest honors of the senate, as of the battle-field. And there was the railway engineer, known but by his honest English name, who had fought his way from obscurest poverty; who, without the aid of a penny from government, had persevered for twenty years against ignorance, and prejudice, and official stupidity, and the insolence of "vested rights;" who had singly created a new motive-power, and who now (without any adequate reward for his unparalleled services) stood ready with his little phalanx of locomotives to inaugurate a new reign of peace.

The 'Northumbrian' engine took the lead, with the carriage containing the Duke and the most distinguished visitors, while the others followed. Thousands upon thousands of persons lined each side of the railway for miles, and all through the country vehicles were drawn up and elevated stands erected, whence the multitude greeted the flying trains with tumultuous cheering. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water; and here a terrible accident cast a gloom over the further proceedings of the day. Contrary to the request of the railroad directors, most of the passengers alighted and were standing upon the opposite track, when the Duke, between whom and Mr. Huskisson some coolness had existed, bowed and held out his hand. Mr. Huskisson grasped it, and just then the 'Rocket' was observed rapidly coming up, and a cry of "Get in, get in" was heard. Mr. Huskisson became confused, and, in his attempt to avoid danger, was struck down by the 'Rocket,' which instantly ran over his leg and crushed it. "I have met my death," were his first words. Mr. Stephenson was at once despatched with the unfortunate gentleman to the parsonage of Eccles, fifteen miles off, where he died that evening. The engine on this melancholy trip ran at the then astounding speed of thirty-six miles an hour. It was proposed by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to return at once to Liverpool; but during the delay the borough-reeve of Manchester arrived at Parkside, saying that the immense concourse of people at the terminus were becoming very impatient, and, if the procession did not appear soon announced, he would not be answerable for the consequences. It was then determined to proceed, but

forego all festivities; and the complete and successful opening of the road was beheld throughout its length by at least five hundred thousand persons.

So strong an impression did the death of Mr. Huskisson make on the Duke of Wellington, that he would not for thirteen years afterward trust himself behind a locomotive engine. Gradually, however, all ranks of people, even the most aristocratic, who had always journeyed, when not in their own carriages, in post-chaises, came to regard railway travel as the most agreeable and convenient. One man, however, the late Duke of Northumberland, it is said, never travelled by railroad; but, before and after the sittings of Parliament, solemnly rolled in his own carriage from Alnwick to London, and from London back to his castle.

So completely successful was the Liverpool and Manchester line, that it soon reconciled nearly all parties; and even the Earl of Derby and Lord Sefton, who had so bitterly opposed it, a few years later patronized a rival line, on the condition that it should pass through their own property. But some inveterate croakers and grumblers mourned and refused to be comforted. Beyond all hope were such men as Sir Robert Harry Inglis,—who for many years in Parliament represented Oxford University in its most benighted state,—a man with the mind of a priest of the Middle Age, who almost yearned for the fires of Smithfield and the repeal of the statute of mortmain; and Colonel Sibthorp, the unterrified, who while his life lasted never lost an opportunity of informing the House of Commons how "he hated those infernal railroads." He even went so far as to say emphatically, that "he would rather meet a highwayman, or see a burglar on his premises,

than an engineer; he should be much more safe, and of the two classes he thought the former more respectable."

With the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, Mr. Stephenson acquired abundant fame, and was now on the high-road to fortune. Did we narrate in detail, as we have thus far done, the succeeding events of his crowded life, this article would easily grow to double its length. We can, therefore, but glance at the operations in which he was concerned after the period when his eminent abilities were universally recognized. The London and Birmingham road, in which he was next interested, was an undertaking of tenfold the magnitude of the Liverpool line. Before a rail was laid, a tremendous battle had to be fought again with country clowns and benighted croakers, sleek churchmen and smooth lawyers, red-hot orators and cool officials, and the expense of carrying the bill through Parliament alone amounted to nearly £73,000 sterling.

Mr. Stephenson resided in Liverpool until after the completion of the Liverpool and Manchester line, and then removed to Alton Grange in Leicestershire, where he lived for several years, to superintend the working of a coal-pit which he had purchased in connection with several other gentlemen. But as railways were now springing up all over England, he was frequently called from home to make surveys. He had now indeed scarce a moment which he could regard as his own, completely occupied as he was with his colliery, his locomotive factory, and various railroads. From 1833 to 1837 he was engaged in the survey of the North Midland, from Derby to Leeds, the York and North Midland, from *Normanton* to York, the Manchester and Leeds, the

Birmingham and Derby, and the Sheffield and Rotherham railways,—of all of which he was the chief engineer. He possessed astonishing powers of endurance and labor. During this busiest part of his life, he travelled with his secretary upwards of twenty thousand miles by post-chaise, on many nights snatching sleep in his carriage, and at the dawn of day at work and on until dark,—and this for several weeks in succession. He disliked writing letters, having learned too late; but he could dictate with the most unerring accuracy and precision, and his secretary in 1835 related that in one day he dictated no less than thirty-seven letters, many of them embodying the results of much close calculation. He could fall asleep at any moment he pleased, awake at any hour, and go to work at once,—a faculty which has been conspicuous in some military men, among them the Duke of Wellington.

Railways were now belting the whole country with their iron bands, and the croakers hid their diminished heads as rival lines rushed by them in all directions. We cannot even name all those in which Mr. Stephenson and his son were more or less interested. Some of the greatest the father did not live to see completed, among them the Chester and Holyhead line, with its grand original feature of the iron tubular bridge over Menai Strait. Many of the readers of the 'Illustrated London News' will remember their interest in the pictorial progress of this immense work, from the raising of the first section of the tube to the complection of the whole, as Mr. Robert Stephenson drove the last rivet.

In 1836 and 1837 there was a rush in Parliament for railway acts. In the former year, 34 bills passed the legislature, authorizing the formation of 994 miles

of railway at an estimated cost of £17,595,000; and in the following session 118 notices of new bills were given. The furor then ceased for a while, wholesome Parliamentary checks being imposed, and in 1838 and 1839 only five new acts were obtained; in 1840, not one; in 1841, only one; the next two years were quiet; and not until 1844 did the spirit of speculation again burst forth, when it did so with the suddenness of Law's Mississippi scheme or of the California fever, raging beyond all control, until, in the third year following, speculators and dupes were alike slaughtered and crushed out of existence by the railway Juggernaut of 1847.

Never, since the days of the South Sea scheme, has England beheld such extravagance of speculation as seized upon her in 1845 and 1846. The whole nation went mad on the subject of railway shares. Hundreds of lines were projected that never could have been constructed; but the premiums on the shares constituted their sole worth, in the opinion of speculators. Shares! shares! was the universal cry. What they were worth to hold for a time, and then sell, was the sole question. Of real value they had no more than the *Semper Augustus* tulip-bulbs of Holland's mania. All classes became infatuated; social distinctions on 'Change were utterly forgotten; noblemen were known as "stags" in Capel Court, learned prelates as "bulls," and delicate ladies as "bears;" the son of a charwoman, a clerk in a broker's office at twelve shillings a week, was found to have his name down as a subscriber, in the London and York line, for £52,000, and the Duke of St. James might be seen arm in arm with Jeremy Diddler. Who has not relished Thackeray's inimitable

satire in 'Punch,' which narrates how Jeames Plush, of Berkeley Square, servant to Mr. Flimsey of the firm of Flimsey and Flash, one morning came into the breakfast-room to inform his master that he could no longer wait as a menial, because he had made £30,000 by speculating in railway shares,—how Mr. Flimsey at once arose, grasped him by the hand, and begged him to take a seat at the table,—how it was soon discovered that Mr. Plush was of a very ancient family, as Hugo de la Pluche came over with William the Conqueror,—and how Miss Emily Flimsey remarked, that, even in Mr. Plush's humble situation, she had noticed his high demeanor?—At last the bubble burst, and ruined multitudes. No man had contributed toward its inflation more than George Hudson, worshipped for a time by his dupes as "the Railway King," and when the crash came, cursed as a railway Moloch.

Mr. Stephenson was not in the least affected either by the wild schemes or by the wilder panic that succeeded; he never speculated in railway shares, and always dissuaded others from doing so. He had now become a rich man, and there was no necessity for him to enter into speculations, from which, however, he was restrained by principle, and not by policy. In 1837 he had purchased Tapton House, an elegant seat near the town of Chesterfield, where he led the life of a country gentleman, gradually withdrawing from active business, which he gave up to his son. He erected gigantic lime-works on his estate, and purchased extensive collieries in addition to those he already worked. His business sagacity and judgment were great, his undertakings prospered, and wealth rapidly flowed in upon him. His fame had gone abroad, and Leopold, King of the Belgians,

sent for him and his son, when railroads were projected in his kingdom under his encouragement. The consequence was, that all the frightful Parliamentary expenses were avoided, the whole capital was remunerative, and the Belgians obtained the full advantages of railways at less than one half the average cost of those in England. For his eminent assistance to the Belgian system of roads, the king created Mr. Stephenson a Knight of the Order of Leopold in 1838, and in 1841 a like honor was conferred upon his son. Mr. Stephenson also visited Spain, to examine the merits of a proposed line, the Royal North of Spain Railway, which, however, did not meet his approbation.

At Tapton he sought repose after the fatigues of a hard life; but he was always busy, and entered into the enjoyment of nature as heartily as he had labored on his locomotive. He built melon-houses, pineries, and graperies of great extent; his fruits became well known far and wide, and since his death his pines and grapes have taken the first prize in a competition open to all England, and this even over the famous products of Chatsworth. His early affection for birds and animals revived: he had favorite breeds of dogs, cows, horses, and rabbits, and not a bird's nest on his grounds escaped his attention. He had no love of in-door life; he read very little; but he delighted in intelligent conversation, and acquired a vast deal of knowledge from the superior minds with which he came in contact.

As in youth he was prudent and frugal, so in prosperity he was open-hearted and liberal. He dispensed elegant hospitality at Tapton, and his friends *always* readily accepted invitations to visit him.

ghted to fight his battles over again; nor did he r display the least false shame of his humble origin, treat with coldness one of his early friends. He s several times offered knighthood by the Prime nister; but he always refused it, and made no use his Belgian title. He frequently invited to his house e humble companions of his youth, talked over the st and present with them, and generally concluded opening his purse and forcing upon them some lid token of his kindness. When he visited New- stle, he invariably went his rounds to discover old equaintances; and if they were retiring and shrank nto their cottages, he followed them, striking on the oor with his stick, and holding his noble person up- ight, while he asked kindly, "Well, and how's all ere to-day?"

His forehead was large and high, projecting over the eyes, and of massive breadth across the lower part. The eyes were gray and keen, the mouth strongly chiselled, while a benignant expression was stamped upon his fair, clear, ruddy face. His hair became gray at an early age, and at the close of his life it was white and silken. His manners and deportment always at once arrested attention, and marked the gentleman; he ppeared to advantage in the most distinguished society, nd it was frequently remarked of him by thorough-bred ristocrats, that he was one of nature's noblemen.

His health had already begun to decline, from the eriod of an attack of pleurisy soon after his return om Spain. In July, 1848, he was seized with intermit- nt fever, from which he seemed to be recovering, when sudden effusion of blood from the lungs terminated s life on the 12th of August, in the sixty-seventh

year of his age. His funeral procession was headed by the corporation of the town of Chesterfield, and followed by a large body of his work-people and many of the neighboring gentry. His remains were buried under Trinity Church, Chesterfield, where a simple tablet marks the last resting-place of a good and great man.

The fame and fortune of Stephenson were due solely to his perfect knowledge of the value of time, united with his unswerving rectitude of purpose. He loved truth himself, and exacted it from others. He scorned cant; he hated humbug. He was always ready to aid young men, either through mechanics' institutes, in which he was deeply interested, or when they sought his advice singly. He could tolerate dulness if coupled with industry, but with witless affectation he had no patience. His life-motto was, *Persevere*. He had always as a humble workman carefully preserved his own self-respect; and afterward, when visiting Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth, in company with the most distinguished society in the kingdom, he made his mark and maintained his position.

When England shall come to estimate the triumphs of her soldiers of peace, as meet for the rewards which she lavishes on her heroes whose swords have won them fame,—when she shall spread broad before the nations the scroll whereon is written the list of her mighty public benefactors, and shall point to it with the pride she now feels in her "meteor flag," which has

"braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"—

among those names not one will shine with purer lustre than that of George Stephenson, the Railway Engineer.

THE MODERN RUSSIAN DRAMA.*)

[*Edinburgh Review, July, 1868.*]

VERY few of the travellers who every year flit through St. Petersburg and Moscow take the trouble to visit the theatres devoted in those cities to the national drama. And those whom curiosity does lead there seldom stay long; a few minutes are sufficient to give them a general idea of the actors and the audience, and they are soon glad to get away. Nor is it to be wondered at that the Russian stage excites in them so little interest, for it is difficult even for the most sympathetic spectator to enjoy a play written in a language of which he does not understand a single word, and there is something excessively annoying to a stranger in the midst of an audience melted to tears by sorrows which he cannot comprehend, or convulsed with laughter at jokes which for him have not the slightest meaning. Consequently we know very little in England about the merits of the Russian dramatists, and, indeed, most Englishmen are unaware that the Russians can boast of anything like a national drama. Yet that is the case, and the plays which are produced at Moscow, for the benefit of an exclusively Russian

*) *Sochineniya A. N. Ostrovskago.* — The Works of A. N. Ostrovsky. 4 vols. St. Petersburg: 1859—67.

audience, would well repay a stranger who understood the language in which they are written for the time and trouble it cost him to become familiar with them.

They are, for the most part, thoroughly national, founded upon the actual experiences of their writers, and devoted to the illustration of that kind of life which is led at home by the majority of those who come to see them. Much, therefore, is to be learnt from them with respect not only to the habits and customs of the Russians of the present day, but also to their thoughts and feelings. And it is only by means of writings of this or of a kindred class, that a foreigner who does not reside in the country has chance of forming a correct idea of what the great bulk of the people are like. Representatives of the upper classes in Russia are to be found at every European capital or watering-place, and it is not difficult to form at least an approximate idea of their character. But middle-class Russians, with few exceptions, only be seen at home; and as they, for the most speak no language but their own, it is almost impossible for a foreigner who does not live among them form any idea of the views they take of life, the trains of thought which pass through their It has often been said that in Russia there is no class, and it is perfectly true that in the country such middle class as we can boast of divides the proprietors from the peasants. But in the towns is of course a middle class and one to which it gives no slight importance. To it belong all engaged in commerce, as well as most of the ment officials. They and their families form city a little world of their own, one which

worth studying, but also one into which it is, as we have said, extremely difficult to obtain access. It is that world into which the plays of the popular Russian dramatists give us an insight. They are for us, as it were, windows through which we can see into the otherwise closed houses of our Russian neighbours, and which enable us to watch at our leisure the incidents of their daily life, and to listen to such of their soliloquies and conversations as may enable us to form an idea of what they think and what they feel.

We now propose to call attention to the works of the most popular living writer of this class, with the hope of being able to bring forward a sufficient number of the characters he has created, to enable our readers to judge for themselves what those Russian men and women whom he portrays are like. As far as possible we will allow his personages to speak for themselves, what they say being a literal and unornamented translation from the original. The dramatist with whom we are about to deal is one whose name figures in none of the biographical dictionaries to which we have had recourse, and we have never seen or even heard of a translation having been made into English, French, or German, of any work of his. Ostrovsky began to write about twenty years ago, and soon after the appearance of his first piece he gained that hold upon the minds of his countrymen which he has never lost. He is an essentially national writer, devoting his entire energies to studying and illustrating the various phases of Russian life, seldom affected by foreign influences, never seduced by them from his conscientious studies at home. Spending almost all his time in Moscow, it is his wont to frequent the spots where those persons congregate

whose manners he delights to depict. Every likeness he draws has been carefully elaborated feature by feature, every character he introduces is a study from the life; and the result is that, according to the universal testimony of his countrymen, his plays are thoroughly faithful transcripts of the Russian domestic life of the present day.

The scene is generally laid in the house of a merchant or government official, and it is with their families, their friends, and their servants that we become acquainted. They are not always placed in the most favourable light, for Ostrovsky is a satirist by nature. The leading national failings and vices are unsparingly attacked in his writings, and it is much to the credit of Russian audiences that they should take in such good part the uncompromising denunciations which he levels against their favourite weaknesses. They thoroughly enjoy his exposure of the Russian merchant's narrow-minded and short-sighted avarice, of his incorrigible tendency to cheat, of his utter disregard of the laws of God and man when business is concerned. They chuckle over his attacks on the propensity to drink which has such a debasing effect on Russian middle-class life, and they are charmed by his thundering tirades against the deceit and corruption which characterise the great majority of government officials. They like to see the vices and follies of their neighbours lashed, even when the thong of the satirist reaches themselves. A race by no means thin-skinned, in whom conscience has been but little developed, but who are endowed with a large sense of humour, they take their moral chastisement kindly, acknowledge its justice

frankly, and then going home straightway recommence the habits from which it was intended to deter them.

With one class only the dramatist is forbidden to meddle. He may laugh as much as he pleases at the army or at the civil service, at courtiers, lawyers, or merchants. But he must be careful about alluding to the Church; none of its ministers may be represented on the stage. It would be considered a sacrilege to admit an imitation of any of its sacred vestments into the wardrobe of a theatre. Even in a historical drama it is not allowable to introduce a clergyman of any description; a rule which involves the patriotic dramatist in considerable difficulties, the Church having played so important a part in many of those troublous times which he would naturally be most desirous to illustrate. On this point the censorship is inexorable; but upon most others, even where to our eyes the writer seems to be verging upon forbidden grounds, it allows an amount of latitude which may well astonish those who entertain the common notions about Russian restraints upon liberty of thought and speech.

Perhaps the best way of giving an idea of what it is that interests a Russian audience, will be to take a few of the dramas which have created most excitement at Moscow, and give a brief sketch of their leading characters and their principal incidents. For this purpose we will first of all select the 'Storm' (*Groza*), as the most powerful of all Ostrovsky's plays, and as presenting the most elaborate picture he has drawn of a Russian woman in the spring-tide of her life.

The scene is laid in one of the towns situated on the banks of the Volga, in that part of the vast Russian *Empire which* is most of all the home of poetry

and of romance, and the time is that season of early summer which in Russia forms by far the most delightful period of the year. The evenings and nights are then so delicious that everyone passes the greater part of them out of doors. The sky is almost always clear and cloudless; the air is soft and balmy and redolent with the scent of flowers. Very pleasant it is then to wander along the walks laid out on the terraces which rise above the southern shore of the river, commanding an uninterrupted view of the vast plains upon the northern bank, flushed by the gorgeous splendours of sunset, faintly glimmering beneath the mellow radiance of the moon, or invested with the mysterious indistinctness of starlight. And still more pleasant do the younger members of the community find the gardens which stretch away behind the houses, in which little family groups sit enjoying the freshness of the night, even after the last loungers have disappeared from the public walks, and lingering there so late that the morning hours often arrive before the echoes of their voices and their songs have died away. At all times the heart of a young Russian girl is very tender, very ready to respond to the voice of love, but it may well become even more than usually sensitive during the happy season of the year, 'when the flowers appear on 'the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come 'and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

In this town, and exposed to these influences, Katerina, the young wife of the merchant Kabanov, has grown up to womanhood. A romantic, enthusiastic girl, with a strong tendency towards mysticism in religion, and a heart yearning for love, she has been *married at* a very early age to a weak, commonplace

husband, whose character is in every way inferior to her own, and who is quite incapable of appreciating the difficulties of her position, or of comprehending her cravings for a different kind of life from that which his home affords. The old Kabanova, his mother, is a thorough domestic tyrant, cold-hearted, and ill-tempered in the extreme. Her one idea is to maintain her dignity in the house. She treats her son like a wayward boy who has to be continually scolded and punished, and she never loses an opportunity of rendering her daughter-in-law miserable, and of trying to break her spirit, so as to reduce her to the position of an obedient drudge. Katerina finds her whole life becoming a burden to her, the days loiter tediously along, nothing interests her now. She is surrounded by people who have no sympathy with her—hard, selfish natures, from which she recoils, and from whom her husband, although he is attached to her, is too timid to defend her. Hers is a life utterly devoid of light and colour and animation, with nothing in it to please her tastes or to satisfy her affections. It used to be very different before she married, she says to Varvara, her husband's sister, when complaining of the dull monotony of her present state of existence. Here is the sketch she gives of the manner in which her early days were spent:—

'I used to get up early, and if it was summer time I would go to the fountain to wash, and then bring water into the house and water all the flowers. We had many flowers, very many. Afterwards I used to go to church with my mother and the pilgrims—our house was always full of pilgrims and holy women. Then after church we used to sit down to needlework, generally embroidering velvet with gold thread, and the pilgrims would tell us stories about where they had been and what they had seen, or about *lives of* saints, or else they would sing hymns.

That would last till dinner-time. Afterwards the old women would lie down to sleep, and I would stroll in the garden. Then we used to go to vespers, and in the evening have stories and songs again.

'How dearly I loved going to church. I used to feel just as if I were in Paradise, and I saw no one, and didn't know how time passed or when the service was ended. It was just as if it had all lasted only for a minute. My mother often said that every-one had been staring at me to find out what I was thinking about. For, you know, on a bright day, what a sunny shaft comes down from the cupola, and through it goes up the smoke of the incense like a cloud, and about that shaft I seemed to see angels flying and singing. And at night too, I used often to get up, and, after wandering about the house where the lamps were burning before the holy pictures, in some corner or other I would pray till dawn. Or perhaps, early in the morning, I would go out into the garden, just as the sun was rising, and there, falling on my knees, I would weep and pray, without knowing what I was weeping or praying for. And there they would find me. What it was I prayed about then, or what I asked for, I know not. For there was nothing I wanted then, I had all I wished. And what dreams I used to dream then! Golden temples and enchanted gardens, ringing with the voices of invisible singers and fragrant with the odour of cypresses, and hills and trees unlike what one sees in reality, but just like those there are in sacred pictures—and there I seemed to fly with wings and float upon the air.'

Varvara suggests that there is not much difference between her present and her past life, but Katerina says that there is all the difference in the world. In those days she did just as she liked, but now she is under restraint, and never can do what she wishes. Her life has become wearisome to her, she says, and she gladly thinks that she is going to die soon. For she has strange dreams at night which warn her of her fate. Strange thoughts, too, haunt her, such as *it is wrong for* a wife to have, and at times she feels a

longing for which she cannot account, a feeling as though she would gladly be gliding down the Volga in a boat, or skimming in a troika across the steppe, with one who is not her husband by her side. Varvara, who is a thorough nihilist, a selfish voluptuary, who cares for nothing but material pleasures, and believes neither in God nor man, laughs at the scruples and fears of her sister-in-law, and urges her to enjoy her life while she can. She is aware that the young Boris Grigorevich, the nephew of the rich merchant Dikoi, is in love with Katerina, and she advises her to reward his devotion, saying, 'If you let the apportunity slip, will any one pity you?' This conversation takes place on one of the public walks, and at this point of it an old lady coming from vespers, attended by her two retainers, meets the girls and addresses them in the following strain:—

'Well beauties! What are you doing here? Are you waiting for your lovers? Are you happy, happy? Does your beauty please you? That's where beauty leads (*pointing to the Volga*). There, there—right into the whirlpool! (*Varvara laughs*). What are you laughing at? You needn't be so merry. You'll all burn in unquenchable fire. You'll all be burnt with everlasting brimstone. There, there! That's where beauty leads!'

Katerina is terribly frightened. Varvara tries to console her, saying that all the little boys in the town laugh at the old lady and her unquenchable fire. But just at this moment a peal of thunder is heard, and Katerina's fears return apace, and she cries—

'How can you help being frightened? Everyone must be afraid. It's not being killed that's so terrible; but this—Death may carry you off just as you are, with all your sins, with all your evil thoughts. I am not afraid of dying, but then I think that I may have to appear suddenly before God just as I am here with you, after this very talk—that's

what frightens me. For what was I thinking about just now! what sort of sin was it! terrible to mention!'

In a somewhat similar frame of mind we find her on another occasion some time afterwards. In the interval she has seen her lover, and allowed him to perceive that he is not indifferent to her. He has told her that he is sure she does not love her husband. 'Yes I do,' she has replied; 'and pity him.' 'Pity and love never go together,' has been his remark. But now she is very anxious to perform her duty toward her husband, and when he comes to tell her that he is going away on a long journey, she first entreats him not to go, and then, finding he will not consent, she implores him, before going, to bind her by some terrible oath not to yield to any temptation to do wrong. Her nature is so weak that she requires help to enable her to resist even what she well knows to be evil, and so she begs him to defend her against herself. The following scene ensues:—

'*Katerina.* Bind me by some terrible oath.

'*Kabanof.* What sort of oath do you mean?

'*Katerina.* Why this sort: that in your absence, shouldn't dare to talk with any stranger, under any pretence—that I shouldn't dare even to think of anyone but you.

'*Kabanof.* Why, what's all this about?

'*Katerina.* Give my soul peace; do me this little kindness!

'*Kabanof.* Why, no one can answer for his thoughts—such ideas come into one's head——

'*Katerina* (*falling on her knees*). May I never see father or mother more! May I die without repentance, if I——

'*Kabanof* (*raising her up*). What ever are you saying? What sin is this? I don't wish to hear about it.'

He goes away without paying any further attention *to her entreaties*, and she is left alone.

Her good resolutions last but a short time. Varvara brings about a meeting in the garden between Katerina and Boris. It is on a lovely night, when all is still, and the air is fresh and pure, and from beyond the Volga comes the scent of the flowers in the meadows. Varvara leaves the two together and keeps watch with her lover, who whiles away the time with music and with song. At first Katerina repulses Boris, and seems to wish him to go away, but suddenly she flings her arms round his neck, and hides her face upon his breast. All her good intentions have vanished, all recollections of duty and honour disappear, and she yields herself to her lover with that thorough abandonment, that total abnegation of self, which characterises a Russian girl's passionate impulsive love.

In the next scene Katerina, who, Varvara tells Boris, has been 'going about the house like a ghost' ever since that night in the garden, is walking on the boulevard with her husband and his mother when a storm comes on. The whole party take refuge in a long and narrow gallery, the roof of which, supported by pillars, affords them shelter from the rain. Katerina is in a painful state of nervous excitement, which increases as the storm approaches. The people outside describe its appearance; how the sky grows black, the thick vapour whirls, the clouds writhe as if they were alive, a strange colour comes over the landscape. Katerina grows more and more frightened. Her husband tries to comfort her, laughing at what the people, who are watching the progress of the storm, say; but his mother rebukes him, declaring that their words are perfectly true. Katerina cries out that she knows she *shall be killed*, and calls upon her friends to pray

for her. Just then in comes the pious old lady with the two footmen as before, and tells her she can see now where beauty leads. 'It's no use trying to hide 'from God. You'll all burn with unquenchable fire.' At this moment the storm breaks over the town. The lightning flashes, the thunder peals overhead. Katerina loses all command over herself, rushes forward and falling on her knees, screams—

'Ah, Hell! Hell! Burning Hell! My heart is torn in two! I can't bear it any longer. Mother! Tichon! I have sinned before God and before you. Didn't I swear to you that I would not even look at anyone during your absence? Do you remember? But do you know what I, the shameless one, did while you were away? The very first night I went out of the house——

'*Kabanof.* Hush, hush! Don't speak! What are you doing? The mother is here.

'*Kabanova.* No; go on, now that you've begun.

'*Katerina.* And every night I used to go—— (*Bursts into tears. Kabanof tries to soothe her.*)

'*Kabanova.* Let her go on. Whom did you go with?

'*Boris.* She is talking nonsense: she doesn't know what she is saying.

'*Kabanova.* Be quiet! So that's what you did. And with whom did you go?

'*Katerina.* With Boris Grigorevich. (*Thunder.*) Ah! (*Faints away in her husband's arms.*)

'*Kabanova.* Well, son! That's where freedom leads. I told you so; only you wouldn't listen to me. Now you're in for it.'

In the next scene Kabanof tells one of his friends all that has passed. His wife, he says, has used him very ill, but he cannot help feeling sorry for her. He has scolded her well, and even beaten her a little, at his mother's particular request. But he is ready to *forgive* her now. She is always either weeping or *moving* about silently like a shadow. He pities her

immensely; it grieves him to look at her. As for Boris, he has been well reprimanded, and to-day he is to be sent off to China. The husband goes away, and the wife comes on the stage. Boris enters to say farewell. She entreats him to take her with him, but he says that it is impossible. She tells him how wretched her life is now. Her mother-in-law is always scolding her, her husband sometimes does the same, at other times caresses her, at all times drinks. He gives her very little consolation and departs. Almost her last words to him are:—

'As you go along the road don't pass by a single beggar without giving him something, and telling him to pray for my sinful soul.'

After he has gone she murmurs sadly to herself—

'What shall I do now? Go home? No! home and the grave are the same to me. The grave! It would be better to be in the grave. . . . I should like a little grave underneath trees. The sun will warm it, the showers moisten it. In spring the grass will grow over it—such soft grass. . . Birds will fly to the tree and sing; children will be brought there; flowers will blossom—yellow, blue, red, all sorts of flowers. . . How quiet it will be there, how pleasant! It seems as if the thought of it made me feel better. But I don't want to think about life. To live again? No, no! I don't want that—that is not good! Everyone is a weariness to me. My home is wearisome, its walls are hateful. I won't go there! If I did they would come and talk to me, and what pleasure have I in that? . . . How dark it has grown! There is that singing again somewhere—what is that they are singing? I cannot make it out. . . Would that I could die now! Surely it's all one whether death come to me or I myself . . . I cannot go on living. But it will be a sin, and no one will pray for me—yes, if anyone loves me, he will pray for me. They will place my hands crossways when I am in the coffin—yes, I remember, that's the way. But if they find me here, they will take me home

by force. Ah, let me do it soon, soon— (*Goes down to the edge of the river.*) My friend, my joy, farewell!'

By this time Katerina's absence has been discovered, and her friends, fearing that she may have met with some accident in the darkness of the night, are searching for her in all directions. Their lanterns glimmer about the cliffs and on the banks of the river. Her husband is terribly frightened, and when a voice is heard presently calling for a boat he wishes to run towards it, but his mother holds him back, threatening to curse him if he goes. After a little while there comes a man bearing a dead body in his arms—it is streaming with wet, and on the temple is a wound which has proved fatal. He lays the corpse down at Kabanof's feet, saying:—

'There is your Katerina. Do what you will with her. There is her body; you can take it away, but her soul is no longer yours; it is now before a Judge who is more merciful than you.

'*Kabanof* (*flinging himself on the body*). Katya, Katya.

'*Kabanova.* That will do. It's a sin to grieve for her.

'*Kabanof.* Mother! It's you who have killed her. You! you!

'*Kabanova.* What are you saying? You forget yourself. Don't you know whom you're speaking to?

'*Kabanof.* You've killed her! You! you!

'*Kabanova.* Very well. I'll have a talk with you at home. Thank you, good people, for your assistance.

'*Kabanof.* It's well with you now, Katya. But why should I go on living and suffering? (*Falls on his wife's body.*)

So ends the tragedy of Katerina's life, for whose wild conduct some excuse may be pleaded. One of the principal evils arising from the Orientalism of Russia is the inferior and unworthy position occupied by its women. No such chivalric feelings ever pre-

ailed there as those from which sprang the reverence paid to their sisters in Western Europe. For many generations they were treated much as Turkish women are treated now, cooped up in their own apartments, and allowed to take but a very small part in the occupations and amusements of their husbands. All this has long been changed, it is true, but traces of the old degradation still survive. Except among the upper classes, to whom these remarks do not in any way apply, it is difficult to find a Russian woman who has been educated in the proper sense of the word, whose intelligence has been developed, whose moral nature has been trained aright, whose eyes have been opened to the existence of a higher world than that in which she daily moves. As a general rule she is childishly ignorant, but, if she happens to have been taught some of the wisdom which manuals and catechisms can impart, it usually turns out that she has learnt little except by rote. Those whose tastes are gross, and who have no aspirations after a better state of things, take kindly to this ignoble existence and thrive upon it, devoting themselves without a sigh to the suckling of infantine Muscovites and the chronicling of quass.*) But others who have a more artistic nature, or are of a more passionate temperament, are conscious during the springtime of their lives of a want which they know not how to express, a craving which they strive to satisfy without knowing whence it springs or whither it leads. To such women life becomes inexpressibly tedious, their days are a burden to them, and so they turn with a sense of relief to the excitement of an intrigue. Then, when once they love, they utterly abandon themselves to

*) A kind of mead or thin beer, Germ. *Meth.*

their passion, shackled by none but material restra
deterred by no sense of anything like honour or
respect. They have no one to look up to or to r
ence, or to rely upon for assistance. The men w
they know are probably far from estimable, and ev
they were so they would most likely despise wome
much to care about rendering them a real service

Here is a picture of the manners of the town d
by a shopkeeper named Kuligin, a type of the se
class from which spring the Dissenters, *Raskol*
men versed in Scripture and the lives of the sa
who have a biblical twang in their speech, and
spoken of as knowing the contents of thick volume

'Rough, sir, are the manners in our town, very ro
Among our people you see nothing but actual poverty
brutality. And we shall never get rid of that; for no
can by honest work get more than his daily bread.
soon as a man has made any money, he begins to ge
poor under him, so as to make still more out of what
yield him without recompense. Do you know, sir,
your uncle, Savel Prokofevich, said to the burgoma
The mujiks came to the burgomaster to complain that
could not get paid properly. So the burgomaster beg
say to him, "Listen, Savel Prokofevich; why dost tho
pay thy mujiks properly? Every day they come unt
with complaints." Your uncle slaps the burgomaste
the shoulder, saying. "Is it worth our while, your wor
to dispute about such trifles? Many men work for n
the course of a year. Now, understand me: I cut a co
off each man's pay, and so I make a round sum, and t
a good reason for my doing so." That's how it is,
And then, just consider how they behave towards
other! As traders they cut away the ground from u
each other's feet, and that not so much from greed as
envy. They squabble with each other. They invite dru
chinovniks into their lofty halls. Such chinovniks!
who have nothing human in their features—from w
faces the human countenance has been rubbed out—

who, for a small pittance, will draw up terrible statements on stamped paper to a neighbour's hurt. Perhaps they begin a lawsuit, and then there is no end to their miseries. First they go to law here, then in the Higher Court, where other lawyers are already expecting them and clapping their hands for joy. The story is soon told; but the suit is not so quickly ended. The lawyers lead them on and pull them about, and they seem to enjoy all this pulling about. "I," they say, "shall have to pay up, but it will cost my friend there a copeck too."'

Then he goes on to complain of the conduct of his neighbours at home. They ought to be out of doors on the fine summer evenings, he says, but they shut themselves in, bolt their doors, and turn their dogs loose.

'Perhaps you think they do that to pray to God. Not so, sir; nor is it on account of thieves that they lock their doors, but that no one may see how they grind the faces of their people and tyrannise over their families. How many unseen tears are shed behind those bars! How much drunkenness and dark debauchery goes on there! It is all concealed. No one sees anything of it, God alone sees it. "Look at me if you like," they say, "in public, out in the streets; but you have nothing to do with my behaviour at home. That's why I have bolts and bars, and fierce dogs," they say. "The family," say they, "is a secret thing." We know what sort of secrets those are. Out of those secrets they only get a pleasure: all the rest have to howl like wolves.'

Dikoi, Boris's rich uncle, is a specimen of this class. He is always squabbling, and his acquaintances say he cannot exist without scolding. Every morning his wife addresses the family group in these words:—'Little fathers, don't anger him: little doves, don't annoy him.' But the slightest thing puts him out, and then there is an end to all hopes of peace for the day. If he has a dispute with anyone whom he does

not dare to insult, he comes home and vents his rage on his family. As to paying anyone what he owes him, he never will do so unless he is compelled. Even from his own nephew and niece he detains the money which should belong to them, saying 'I have children 'of my own; why should I give to others?'

A somewhat similar character to Kabanova's is that of Ulanbekova, the cross-grained, imperious old proprietress of 2,000 'souls,' who plays a leading part in the *Vospítannitsa*. She is an eccentric, whimsical old lady, and one of her fancies is to take away from their parents any of the young girls on her estate who happen to please her, to educate them in her household, and then to find husbands for them. She treats them very well while they are in her house, says her old butler, dresses them as if they were her own daughters, lets them take their meals with her, and won't allow them to do any menial work. The consequence is that each *vospítannitsa*—that being the term for a girl brought up in this manner—acquires many of the habits and feelings of a lady, and then some day she is suddenly married to a man of whom she has previously known nothing. The mistress says, 'I have found a husband for you; the marriage will be on such a day,'—and all is over.

'Not a soul dares to say a word. Whatever man she selects the girl must marry .... and sometimes the brides don't please their husbands, and the husbands don't please their brides. Then she's terribly angry. Once she wanted to marry one of her maids to a shopkeeper in our town, but he, who was a fellow without any polish, took it into his head to object. "The girl doesn't please me," says he. "Besides, I don't want to get married yet." But she laid a complaint before the burgomaster and the protopopa. They soon brought the foolish fellow to reason.'

In most cases the marriage takes place without anyone daring to make the slightest objection, and as soon as the ceremony is over the old lady says to the bride:—

'You've been living with me in ease and luxury all this time. Now you're going to marry a poor man, and you'll have to live in poverty, and to work hard, and do your duty. It wasn't for your sake that I did anything for you. It was a fancy of mine to do so. And you mustn't think about the life you used to lead here. Bear your proper position in mind, and your utter insignificance.'

Unfortunately, continues the butler, these marriages never turn out well. The women somehow pine away and the men make very bad husbands, for they know that, however drunken and dissolute they may be, the old lady will protect them.

Ulanbekova's favourite *vospítannitsa* at the time when we make her acquaintance is Nadya, a young girl of unusual beauty, just seventeen years old, whose father, formerly a serf engaged in the household 'on confectionery business,' had been emancipated by the late possessor of the estate. She is therefore not a serf, but still she is virtually quite at the disposal of her mistress. During the early part of the play she shows herself modest, prudent, and dignified. Respecting herself, she knows how to make others respect her. The young master, Ulanbekova's son, greatly admires her, and tries to get up a flirtation with her, but she will have nothing to say to him; for, she tells her companion Lisa, she looks forward to being married soon, and she hopes to be a good wife, and to do nothing that will make anyone ashamed of her. Suddenly she hears to her horror that her mistress destines her to be the wife of her godson Negligentof, a *dissolute, uneducated* chinovnik, 'who drinks be-

yond his years.' No one can abide him except his godmother.

The old lady proceeds to say that Negligentof only needs a good wife to keep him steady, and therefore she is going to let him marry Nadya. At this moment that destined victim rushes into the room, and implores her mistress not to sacrifice her to so degraded a drunkard.

'You know nothing about these matters, my dear,' says the old lady, 'you're a mere girl. You must be guided in everything by me, your benefactress. I have educated you, and even engaged to provide for you. And you mustn't forget that he is my godson. You ought to be thankful for the honour I am going to do you. And now, let me tell you once for all, I don't like people who want to think for themselves. That's a thing I dislike exceedingly. I can allow no one to do that. From my youth up I've been accustomed to have every word of mine obeyed: it is time you should know this. And I'm very much surprised at your daring to answer me. I see that I've spoilt you.'

Nadya goes out of the room in despair. When we next see her she seems entirely to have changed her character. Her modesty, her self-respect, her maidenly reserve are all gone. She no longer repels the advances of Leonid, the young master, she even courts them. As she wanders through the garden with Lisa in the twilight, her companion remarks upon the change in her behaviour.

'*Lisa.* Why you used to hide from Leonid, now you run after him.

'*Nadya.* Yes. I used to run away from him; I don't mean to do so any more. I don't know what has come over me all of a sudden. When the mistress said that I mustn't dare to answer her, and that I was to marry the *man* she had chosen, my whole nature seemed to alter. *God help* me, I thought, what sort of life is mine to be! *(weeps.)* What is the use of my living honourably, of my

keeping myself from ever speaking amiss or looking astray! Then anger seized on me against my will. What is the use, I thought, of keeping myself from doing wrong! I will do so no more. Then my very heart grew cold within me. If she had said another word, I think I should have died on the spot.

'And then, forsooth, she says, "Marry this drunkard, and don't presume to argue with me," and you mustn't even dare to cry. Ah! Lisa . . . only to think that this coarse brute will be able to do what he likes with you, will make his power felt, will spoil your whole life. And you'll grow old by his side without ever having got any enjoyment out of your life. I think my heart would break. And so our young master is preferable to all this.

'*Lisa.* Ah, Nadya! you shouldn't talk like that. I oughtn't to listen to it.

Leonid comes on the scene and she throws herself into his arms. There is a lake at the end of the garden, and fastened to its bank is a boat into which Leonid and Nadya enter. Lisa waits for them, and when they return she tells them that she fears they have been discovered, for their mistress's companion has been spying about the banks of the lake. But Nadya does not seem to care whether it be so or not. All she wishes to know is whether Leonid really loves her, and when he has assured her he does, she goes quietly away.

When the old lady learns what has taken place—for her companion has seen enough to convince her of the truth—she is very angry, and declares that Leonid has acted abominably, adding, 'It might have been excusable if he had been in the army.' Then she sends for Nadya, and tells her she shall be married at once to Negligentof. Nadya falls at her feet, and entreats her to be merciful; but she will not listen, and leaves the room after sending for her godson. The play ends

with the parting between Leonid and Nadya, a scene which brings into strong relief the contrast between his feeble selfishness and her passionate love for him and carelessness about what becomes of her. After a time she bids him think of himself, and leave her to her fate:—

'*Leonid.* But what will become of you, Nadya, if you find living with your husband very hard to bear?

'*Nadya* (*weeping*). Cannot you let me alone! I beseech you let me alone. (*Sobs.*) One thing only I ask of you, for God's sake leave me to myself. (*Sobs afresh.*)

'*Bystanders* (*to Leonid*). Do go away.

'*Leonid.* Why do you drive me away? Don't you see how sorry I am for her? I'll think it over, perhaps there may be some way of escaping after all.

'*Nadya* (*in despair*). I don't want anyone to help me, I don't want anyone to defend me. If it's too much for me to bear, well, the lake is not far off.

'*Leonid* (*nervously*). Well, suppose I go away. Only what's that she says? I say, you must look after her. Good-bye, then. (*Goes to the door.*)

'*Nadya.* Good-bye. (*He goes away.*)

'*Lisa.* The proverb is true enough—What's sport to the cat makes the mouse squeak.'

In these two plays the erring woman is represented as being, to some extent at least, driven into dishonour by the harshness or the folly of those who surround her. But in the painful story of *Grékh da Béda na Kogo ne jivet*—'Whom may not Sin and Sorrow touch?'—there is very little excuse to be made for the heroine, for she has a husband who is an honourable and worthy man, and who loves her tenderly. Yet she deliberately betrays him, and that for the sake of a lover whose character is in most respects very inferior to that of her husband, and who carries on an intrigue with her *chiefly* because it affords him the means of passing

away some of the time which hangs heavily on his hands. Tatiana and Jmigúlina are the daughters of a chinovnik, who held, during his lifetime, a post as 'cancellarist,' which brought him in the enviable income of thirty roubles a year, a little more than 4*l.* of our money. At his death they found themselves reduced to absolute want, and so it came about that Tatiana, although a girl of unusual beauty, and entitled to move in official society, was obliged to accept an offer of marriage made her by a shopkeeper—a mere grocer—named Krasnof. He is a kind and good husband, says her sister, while giving an account of what has taken place to the young proprietor, Babaef, who is a provincial dandy, much resembling what the Leonid of the last play would become after a few years of dissipation. Krasnof is exceedingly proud of his wife, she says, and would give her anything she asked for, even if it cost him his last copeck, and he will not let her do any work, though he works himself from morning till night, so that she lives 'quite like a lady.' But she declares he is very little better than a mere peasant; he has had no education, and his language 'confuses' his wife and her sister at times. 'Such blots as these 'in a man's character cannot be got rid of, not even 'if you were to boil him seven years in a cauldron.' Still there is no fault to be found with him as far as his treatment of his wife is concerned. But as much cannot be said for his relations, and Tatiana is not liked by, and does not like, his blind old grandfather Arkip, his sickly young brother Afonya, or his married sister and her husband Kuritsin.

So many warnings, however, are addressed to Krasnof on the subject of his wife's behaviour towards Babaef,

that at length he becomes alarmed. He expostulates with her, and the result is a coldness between the husband and wife, which makes him very miserable. After a time her sister induces her to pretend that she does not care for Babaef, but is very fond of her husband, and the grandfather is charged to bring about a reconciliation. Krasnof, who has been in despair at the idea of losing the only pleasure of his life, is enchanted at hearing that his wife confesses to loving him. He had told her that, much as he loved her, he didn't expect her to care much about him—mere mujik that he was—perhaps for several years to come, but that he hoped she would learn to love him some day. Now he is enraptured at being told that the moment he has been looking forward to has come.

'If you were to give me such a choice as this—Here, Krasnof, are bills of gold and royal palaces for you, only you must give up your wife; and, on the other hand, Here's a cabin without a roof, and all sorts of hard work to do, only you may live with your wife—I wouldn't even sigh, or say oh! Why I would be content to carry water all day long if I might live with her. So then listen, grandfather. I feel just as if a whole mountain had fallen off my shoulders: just as if I were born again. I was a dead man just now; you've brought me to life again. And just then such terrible thoughts were crowding into my mind—not in a whole life-time could I have prayed the sin away.'

A scene ensues in which Tatiana thoroughly succeeds in deceiving her husband, feigning for him a love which does not exist. He is overjoyed, and when he is obliged to leave her, he looks forward to returning soon, and finding her still in the same loving mood. But the moment she finds herself alone, she exclaims,

'At last he's gone. How unhappy, how wretched am I! *People* say one ought to love one's husband. How can I

love him? a rough, unpolished fellow who hugs one like a bear. One whose behaviour is always that of a mujik. And I am obliged to feign affection for him! It's horrible. I wouldn't have done it for anything in the world if it hadn't been for this affair. What's to be done? I hate it and yet I must submit to it. (*Silence.*) What's become of everybody? Here I have to sit alone. How tiresome! There is not even anyone in the street to look at. (*Sings to herself.*)

'Oh, mother; how grievous; lady, how sad.
My heart aches; aches, and is troubled.
My lover knows little how my heart suffers.'

When Krasnof returns joyously home, he is told that his wife is with Babaef. At first he refuses to believe it. 'You lie, you envious slanderers,' he cries. 'It is not an hour ago—not an hour, I tell you,—since 'I sat with her on that sofa. We kissed and embraced 'each other, looked into each other's eyes; couldn't 'look enough.' But as more and more evidence is offered him, his belief in his wife's honour is staggered. At last she comes in, and looks wildly at them all. He charges her to say if she has been at Babaef's. 'I have,' she says, seeing that it is no use hiding the truth any longer. Then the others begin abusing her, but Krasnof stops them, saying,

'I am her husband, I will judge her. Tell me now, how came this to pass? . . . Perhaps you didn't know what you were doing. Perhaps you gave no heed to it at all; or was it of your own free will that you went into this sin? Well, what do you think of it now? do you repent of your evil deeds? or do you think you did quite right? Answer me, don't stand there without saying a word. . . . Are you made of stone? down, down upon your knees before all of us and humble yourself in the dust. Or else tell us you did it deliberately. I want to know what I'm to do with you, whether I'm to pity you or to kill you. Did you ever love me even a little? Have I any reason at all to pity you? or have you been cheating me from the first? Have all my bright hopes been empty dreams?

'*Tatiana* (*weeping*). It is I, I who am to blame. I have cheated you. I never loved you and I don't love you now. You'd better leave me alone instead of torturing us both—we'd better separate.

'*Krasnof.* What do you mean by separate? where are you to go then? No, that's the speech of a false woman. On whom shall I revenge myself for all this? You say you don't love me, and never did love me. And there was I going about the whole town, telling all the world about the beautiful lady who was so fond of me. Whom shall I call to account for that shame? Be off into the kitchen. As you don't know how to behave like a wife, you shall be a kitchen-maid. . . . You've made me an old man in a day—now I'll see how long your beauty will last. Every day, as sure as the sun rises, you shall get a blow and a scolding from me down to the last day of your life. And some day if I happen to be in a savage mood I may kill you like a dog. There, give me a knife.'

Tatiana runs out of the room, and then is on the point of escaping from the house in order to seek Babaef, when Krasnof, urged by his brother, rushes after her, knife in hand. Her voice is heard behind the scenes, crying, 'Let me go.' Then there is silence, and presently Krasnof returns. Here is the end of the story.

'*Krasnof.* Bind my hands. I have killed her.

'*Afonya.* So she's done for at last.

'*Kuritsina.* Ah, poor fellow, what will they do to you!

'*Arkip.* Where is he? where is he? Lead me to him. What have you done? who gave you the right to do it? Do you think that it was against you alone she had sinned? It was, above all, against God she had sinned, but you, proud, self-willed man, have thought fit to judge her yourself. You would not wait for the merciful judgment of God; now you yourself shall be judged by man's judgment.'

We have dwelt long enough on sad stories. Let us turn to a few scenes of a less tragic nature—such, for instance, as are afforded by the *Dokhodnoe Mesto*,

the 'Profitable Appointment'—a satire on the corruption which universally prevails among government officials throughout Russia. The subject is one which has already occupied many a Russian pen; indeed no satirist has failed to make an onslaught upon what every Russian of common sense and good feeling acknowledges as a national disgrace. Ostrovsky does not hit quite as savagely as Gogol did, but his attacks are by no means wanting in vigour. They occur in many of his plays, but this one is particularly devoted to their service. Jadof is a young chinovnik, who wishes to lead an honest life, and who bitterly offends his rich uncle Vishnevsky, who is high up in the service, by declaiming against bribery and corruption. He is in love with, and ultimately marries, a girl named Paulina, whose sister Yulinka is the wife of one of his colleagues, Bélogubof, an official of very little capacity or information, but who is wise enough to swim with the stream, instead of against it, and thereby lives in comfort and plenty. Jadof's mother-in-law is exceedingly angry with him on account of his Quixotic notions, the only result of which, according to her, is to keep her daughter Paulina in poverty. Here is a specimen of her complaints:—

'There's a stupid new philosophy come into fashion which says men must not take presents, must live on their salaries. These fellows think themselves better than all the rest of the world. What a word this "bribes" is! Why there are no bribes. It's merely gratitude, and they must needs declare that gratitude is a sin. This may be all very well for unmarried folks. But when a man marries a lady, one who understands life and who has been properly brought up, it's too bad to coop her up in a kennel and talk such nonsense to her.'

She then proceeds to state what it is that a wife really requires:—

'It is absolutely necessary for a woman who respects herself,' she says, 'to be always well dressed, to have as many servants as she wants, and, above all, to be left in peace. She oughtn't to have to trouble her head about all sorts of household affairs. That's how Yulinka lives. She never troubles herself about anything but herself. She lies in bed late. Early in the morning her husband makes all the arrangements for the day, and looks after everything. Then the maid gives him his tea, and after that he drives to his office. At last she gets up herself, finds her tea or coffee, or whatever she wants, waiting for her, has her meal all by herself, and then dresses splendidly. After that she takes a book and sits at the window waiting for her husband's return. In the evening she puts on her best clothes and drives to the theatre or goes into society. That's what life ought to be; that's a proper state of things; that's how a lady ought to be treated. Can there be anything more noble, more delicate, more refined?'

Meanwhile Jadof is doing all he can to earn an honest livelihood. He works all day long, in the morning at his office, afterwards giving lessons, and at night going over official documents for extra pay. He used to think that his wife would assist him in his work, or at least join him in reading, so that he might improve her mind, but she seems spoilt by her mother's foolish precepts.

Jadof finds that all the world is against him. His uncle declares that he is a fool. Yusof, the chief clerk at his office, is of much the same opinion. A commonplace man like Bélogubof, says Yusof, makes a much better official than an original genius like Jadof.

Jadof contrives to make head against all his opponents until his wife joins their number. Although *she really* loves her husband, she pretends to be so

angry with him that she will not live with him any more. Accordingly a plot is prepared. Paulina gets up a quarrel with him, and goes away to her mother's house. Poor Jadof is heart-broken, and sends to beg her to come back. She returns and tells him he must make up his mind to give up either her or his Quixotic theories. A terrible conflict arises in his mind. He tries to touch her feelings. 'There are some few men,' he says, 'who have run counter to the tide of public 'opinion. The struggle is a very hard one, but all the 'more glory accrues to them. Posterity will praise them. 'Without them lies and violence would have grown to 'such a pitch as to blot out the sunlight.' She declares he is stark mad and she will go to find some sensible people like her sister and Bélogubof. 'What!' he cries, 'do you compare Bélogubof to me?' 'He's far superior 'to you,' replies Paulina, 'a man well thought of by the 'authorities, one who loves his wife dearly and keeps 'his own horses.' He sits down and hides his face in his hands. At last he gives way.

'*Jadof.* When one has a pretty wife it's right to dress her well.

'*Paulina* (*enthusiastically*). Quite right.

'*Jadof.* And to drive her out in a handsome carriage.

'*Paulina.* Excellent!

'*Jadof.* When one has a young and pretty wife, one must love her, must indulge her; yes! and dress her out (*with despair*). Farewell dreams of my youth! Farewell my honourable Future. Well! I'll grow old, have grey hairs, bring up children——

'*Paulina.* Stop!

'*Jadof.* Let me go on crying a little—I'm mourning it all now for the last time in my life (*sobs*).

'*Paulina.* What's come over you?

'*Jadof.* Nothing, nothing—I'll do it. I'll give in, hide from all my old companions, won't go where anyone talks

about honour, of the sanctity of duty. I'll work through the chief part of the week, and then at the end invite various Bélogubofs, and we'll get drunk on the proceeds of the stolen property like robbers. I shall become accustomed to it.

'*Paulina.* That's something bad you're saying.

'*Jadof.* Let's sing. Do you know this song?

'Take—you need no great skill for that,
Take whatever can be taken.
What were hands given to us for.
Except to take, take, take.

'A pretty song that, isn't it?

'*Paulina.* I can't make out what is the matter with you.

'*Jadof.* Let's go to my uncle and ask him for a good berth.'

In the last scene Jadof comes to his uncle and proffers his request, intending to promise to live as other chinovniks live. But the old gentleman triumphs so coarsely over his nephew's relinquishment of his fancies about a growing race of philosophers who would be above taking bribes and a coming time of general honesty, that Jadof grows angry. All on a sudden he makes up his mind to be true to his old resolves.

'Uncle,' he says, 'I never said our generation was honester than those which went before it. There always have been, and always will be, honest men, honest citizens, honest chinovniks. But there always have been, and always will be, weak people also. I myself am a proof of this. All I said was that in our time society begins to throw off its former apathy with respect to crime. A loud and energetic protest is being raised against our social ills. At last we are beginning to feel our drawbacks, and in this feeling lies some hope for the future. I said that at last a public opinion is beginning to be created, that among the youth of our day there has sprung up an appreciation of justice, a proper understanding of what a man's duty is. And it *grows*, and grows, and will bear fruit. If you are too old *to see it*, we are not, and seeing it we shall thank God.

I'm no hero. I'm an ordinary weak man. I've not a strong will. . . . But I wish to maintain the cherished right of looking everyone straight in the face, without shame, without secret pangs of conscience. I want to be able to read and see satires and comedies about bribe-takers, and to be able to laugh at them heartily with a frank and honest laugh. Even if my life is to be all hard work and privation, I'll never grumble more. There's only one consolation I will ask of God, there's only one recompense I'll seek. What do you suppose it is? I will look forward to a time when a bribe-taker will be more afraid of the judgment of public opinion than of that of the criminal court itself.'

It is a pleasure to find that his courage and determination meet with their fitting reward and that all goes well with him.

It may be as well now to select a play of a merely farcical nature, one which has no high purpose to fulfil, but is only intended to amuse. In *Svoi Sobaki*, &c., we are made acquainted with the struggles to get well married of a poor and foolish chinovnik named Balzaminof. He is always running up and down the city in hopes of finding a rich wife, and he has also called in the aid of a Svakha, or professional match-maker. At last one day he sees a lady at a window who strikes his fancy, so he straightway composes a loving letter and sends it to her. She replies by an epistle informing him he may come and see her whenever he likes, and ending, 'I blow you a kiss.' Balzaminof is overjoyed, takes a lesson in polite conversation from his mother, whose chief advice to him is to use French phrases whenever he can, and thinks of getting his hair curled. Unluckily, when he is introduced to the lady, he talks such nonsense, quoting what he calls 'sentimental and 'savage poetry,' that she cannot help feeling he is a fool; *at the same* time she receives from a former

admirer a letter declaring he will kill himself if she does not marry him, and ending with these words: 'You will have to answer for my life before God, the 'Government, and the public. Evil demons are watching 'my black soul. I feel their approach. A pistol is 'loaded and awaits me. I shall meet death with joy 'and close my eyes with a hellish laugh.' This proves too much for her, and she instantly throws over Balzaminof and accepts her correspondent.

When this piece was performed at Moscow it pleased the audience so much that they insisted on hearing some more about its hero. Accordingly a play soon afterwards appeared called *Balzaminof's Marriage*. In its opening scene he is discovered asleep in his mother's parlour. The servant wakes him when she removes the tea things, and he scolds her for having aroused him just as he was dreaming that he met a lovely lady in a splendid garden who cried 'I love and adore you.' He goes on to complain of the life he leads. The neighbours are so rude, he says, that they insult him if he lingers a little near any window. At every gate sit coachmen, 'like butchers,' caressing savage dogs which resemble lions. 'Now in our business'—love-making to wit—'a man has to pass a window perhaps 'a dozen times, and then these fellows set their dogs 'at him!' He has had to run away from them many a time, and 'only conceive,' he says, 'the misery of 'having to do so while one's mistress is looking at one 'out of the window.' So he declares he will give up the civil service for the army. At present no one respects him, but if he were an officer he would be able to go about, twirling his moustache, and not fearing *anyone*. Presently the Svakha comes in and tells him

she has found him a rich widow, one who never receives company at home and never goes out, so she has grown very fat and almost ill. Her doctor has recommended her to get married, and she has told the Svakha to find her a husband. But Balzaminof does not receive her information gratefully, for he has fallen in love with two sisters who live next door to the widow, and he imagines they both regard him with affection. The truth is they both laugh at him, but they encourage his visits because one of them is going to run off with a friend of his who finds him a useful messenger. One day when he is in their house, disguised as a shoemaker, their brothers, who are on bad terms with them, suddenly return home. Balzaminof is obliged to run away, so he gets over the paling into the next garden, which belongs to the widow, and there he is seized by the Svakha who happens to be spending the evening with the other lady. The Svakha persuades him that he is in danger of being had up as a thief, and that his only way of escape is to propose to the widow at once. He agrees, and is therefore introduced to her. This is how the scene ends:—

'*Widow.* How dreadfully I was frightened! I thought I should have died.

'*Svakha.* Don't be alarmed. He's a friend of mine. He came here by mistake (*takes him by the hand, wishing to introduce him*).

'*Balzaminof* (*aside*). She's awfully fat!

'*Svakha.* Are you still hesitating? (*introduces him*) Kiss her hand (*he kisses it*).

'*Widow.* Why do you do that?

'*Balzaminof.* Because I'm in love.

'*Svakha.* To be sure. He's in love. That's it exactly. He tells the truth. Settle the matter between you. I'll take a stroll in the garden (*goes behind the bushes*).

'*Widow.* We had better sit down (*they sit down*). How did you get here?

'*Balzaminof.* Across the paling—are you angry with me?

'*Widow.* No, I'm never angry. I'm too good-humoured. What's your occupation?

'*Balzaminof.* Mine? nothing.

'*Widow.* I do nothing too. It's wretched work doing nothing when you're alone. It's much pleasanter to have some one to help you.

'*Balzaminof.* Much pleasanter.

'*Widow* (*laying her hand on his shoulder*). Do you wish us to be united?

'*Balzaminof.* I shall think it a happiness.

'*Widow.* I'm very easy to please. I believe everything that's told me. I hope you are not cheating me.

'*Balzaminof.* How could that be? I think it's mean to cheat.

'*Widow.* Good. You love me then; and I ——

'*Balzaminof.* I thank you most humbly. Let me kiss your hand.

'*Widow.* There (*giving him her hand*). But come a little closer, I —— (*Balzaminof bends towards her; she kisses him. The Svakha comes out from behind the bushes, saying*)

'That's capital. That means all is settled.'

A somewhat more romantic scene of courtship may be found in the *Tyajeluie Dni*—literally 'Heavy Days'—a play which also gives a good picture of Russian laws and lawyers. Tite Titich Bruskof is a merchant of the coarse, quarrelsome class. He has money, but he has never had any education, and he is totally destitute of anything like delicacy or refinement. He is constantly drinking, is always using bad language, and not unfrequently resorts to brutal violence. His son Andrei Titich, on the other hand, is mild and sensitive, so he is greatly annoyed at his father's conduct. Bruskof is always abusing his son for not getting married, but as soon as ever the old man has decided upon choosing

any young lady to fill the position of his daughter-in-law, he is sure to quarrel with her family and break off the negotiations. As a general rule young Andrei Titich does not admire the girls to whom he is introduced, but he makes an exception in favour of one named Alexandra. Here is his account of how he fell in love with her:—

'She and her mother were paying us a visit one day, and they stayed so long that it grew almost dark. Then the old lady said, "How shall we get home now that it's so late?" Says my mother, "Here is Andrei, he'll go with you." I was overjoyed at that. So I seize my cap immediately, and say "With the greatest possible pleasure." Off we go then, the old lady behind and we in front. Alexandra says to me "Don't you like driving fast?" I reply "It's the greatest pleasure I have." "I too," she says, "love it mortally." After a while, "It would be a good thing," says she, "if one could tell what men's thoughts are like." "Why do you want to know?" say I. "Because," says she, "one could tell then if they were speaking the truth or not." "But," say I, "can't that be found out by any other means?" "I," says she, "can never tell. I always believe everything that's said to me." Then she says, "Why do you never come to see us?" "Because," say I, "I'm not my own master." "Look at that window," says she, "I'm always sitting there. You drive by every day, but you never look up. I'm not like you. I never leave the window till I've seen you come back from the town." These words made my whole soul rejoice, but I hadn't a word to say in reply. "I pity you," she says, "you're so shy." "I am very shy," say I. At this moment we reach the house. We stop short and let the old lady go through the garden gateway. I look round and see that no one is in the street, so without saying a word, I seize Alexandra by the waist and kiss her.'

On this it appears she runs into the house and slams the door to. Andrei thinks she is angry and does not dare to go near her for several days. At

last, however, he musters up courage enough to visit her:—

'I enter the room where she is sitting alone at her work. She looks up at me, and in a moment tears come into her eyes. I begin begging pardon for my rudeness, but to all my excuses she doesn't answer a word, except to say several times, "Why didn't you come? Why didn't you come? I suppose you were only amusing yourself." I begin again, even with tears, to entreat her forgiveness. "Only forgive me," say I, "and I'll never again be so rude." She looks up at me, and then she laughs. "What have I to forgive?" she says. "The sin wasn't a great one." And again I see that there are tears in her eyes. Then her mother comes into the room, and I take up my cap and go home.'

The old Bruskof at first seemed very unlikely to consent to his son marrying Alexandra, who has no dowry; but about this time he gets into trouble. Having gained one of his many lawsuits, he gives a feast to a party of lawyers. After the banquet they become so lively that they insist on tossing him in the air, a way of evincing respectful admiration which is common in Russia, but not agreeable to the person honoured by it. They manage to let Bruskof fall, and when he gets up, in a not very amiable mood, he runs against, and proceeds to beat, a stranger who has for some time been trying to force himself upon the company. The injured man turns out to be a chinovnik named Pertsof, who makes a living by bringing actions against any unfortunate persons whom he can drive into insulting or striking him, and he straightway commences a suit against Bruskof. The old merchant is frightened and appeals to Mudrof, a lawyer of his acquaintance, who tells him that the law of self-preservation demands that *he should* hide. Bruskof, who thinks that is one of

the laws in the penal code, consents. Mudrof then says he must travel for a time between two districts, that being an ordinary method of evading justice in Russia. So Bruskof gets into his tarantass, in which, says his wife, 'he sits exactly like an orphan.' Presently Pertsof arrives and begins bargaining with Bruskof's wife as to the sum for which he will condone the offence. At first his claims are exorbitant, but eventually he accepts a hundred roubles, being constrained to do so by the arrival of a chinovnik named Dosujef, a friend of Andrei's, who is aware of a forgery which he ha committed, and threatens to disclose it if he does nos accept that sum quietly. In return for this servicet Dosujef insists on old Bruskof's consenting to his son's marriage with Alexandra.

Our readers will have seen from the outlines of these plays that the chief merit of the Russian Drama is not to be found in the ingenuity of their plots. They are, in fact, entirely devoid of original contrivances or startling situations. The story generally unfolds itself as the piece goes on, with a simplicity which is characteristic of a very tender age in art, somewhat resembling that which marks the dramatic productions of India or China. There is very little composition in the pictures the artist exhibits, which follow each other something after the fashion of panoramic illustrations. But as representations of Russian family life, they are not devoid of interest. There is certainly at present no reciprocity in literature between Russian and Western Europe, which is sufficiently as-

counted for by the remote and exceptional character of the Russian language, and by the peculiar habits of the people. Yet the writings of our own authors are received in Russia with the heartiest recognition. Every book of note that creates a sensation here is at once reproduced there, and our leading novelists would be surprised if they knew how anxiously the fortunes of their heroes and heroines are followed by thousands of Russian readers, not only in the two great capitals of the empire, but in every town into which the chief magazines make their way, from the borders of Germany to the Chinese frontier and from the wastes of the Arctic circle to the shores of the Caspian and the mountains of the Caucasus. We hope the time will come when Russia will pay back her debt and make us ashamed of our ignorance, for she is certainly not destitute of a national literature.

TRAVELS IN THE CAUCASUS.*)

[*Edinburgh Review, October, 1869.*]

THE spirit of enterprise aroused by the proceedings of the Alpine Club is beginning to extend itself into other fields. As the peaks and lofty passes of Switzerland and the Tyrol come to be familiar to our enterprising mountaineers, there are naturally found some who wander into more remote and less frequented regions in quest of the excitement of novelty: and the later numbers of the 'Alpine Journal' are diversified with accounts of excursions in the Sierra Nevada, Norway, Iceland, and even the Tibetan Himalayas.

But there still remained one great mountain range, which had been unaccountably neglected, though apparently calculated to afford a peculiarly favourable field for Alpine enterprise. By a singular accident, the Caucasus, though by far the earliest known of all really elevated mountain chains, and familiar, in name at least, to the Greeks in the days of Æschylus and Herodotus—when they had never even heard of the Alps and Pyrenees—had of late years attracted very little attention. Yet it was situated within comparatively easy

*) *Travels in the Central Caucasus, including Visits to Ararat and Tabreez, and Ascent of Kazbek* and Elbruz. By DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD. London: 1869.

reach; its loftiest summits were known to surpass the highest peaks of the Alps, while they were believed to be yet untrodden by human foot. It was known also, that since the close of the Crimean War, the Russian Government had permanently established its authority over the mountain tribes with whom it had so long been in a state of chronic warfare; and it might, therefore, be fairly presumed that an attempt to penetrate into the recesses of these wild mountains would have none but physical obstacles to encounter.

But there was another reason that seemed to make it especially incumbent on the members of the Alpine Club to undertake the exploration of the Caucasus. As early as May 1865, Mr. George (at that time Editor of the 'Alpine Journal') drew their attention to the circumstance that the Russian Government had officially adopted the view already taken by many geographers, and fixed on the line of the Caucasus as the boundary between Europe and Asia. The consequence was, that the highest summits of the chain came to be included in Europe, and Mont Blanc could no longer claim its proud preeminence as the monarch of European mountains. Such an announcement was eminently calculated to call forth the energies of the Alpine Club, and stimulate some of its members to atone for their past neglect, and take the lead in the investigation of this new and interesting region.

In January 1868, the author of the volume before us, Mr. Freshfield, in company with Mr. Tucker—both of them names well known for daring and successful expeditions among the High Alps—left England for Egypt and the Holy Land, with the view of proceeding *to the* Caucasus as soon as the season should be suf-

iently advanced. They were afterwards joined at Tiflis
Mr. A. W. Moore, another well-known mountaineer,
id they took with them an experienced Chamouni
ide François Devouassoud, who proved a useful travel-
ng servant, as well as a most valuable auxiliary in
eir mountain expeditions.

Before they proceeded to attack the Caucasus itself,
r. Freshfield and Mr. Tucker had designed to ascend
e still more famous peak of Ararat, a mountain that
id already been more than once ascended, and on which
ey therefore anticipated little difficulty. Yet their
tempt proved a failure, and they were obliged to suc-
mb to sheer fatigue, arising apparently from the great
ngth of the ascent, and the immense quantity of snow
ith which the mountain is covered at so early a period
the month of June, combined with the total want
training by previous excursions. Whatever the cause,
is failure on the part of two such distinguished Alpine
imbers to attain the summit will undoubtedly tend
rongly to confirm the superstition prevalent among
e natives at the foot of the mountain, that its top
ever has been, and never can be, trodden by mortal
ot—a belief which they still maintain, notwithstanding
e two recorded and undoubted ascents of Dr. Parrot
1829, and of General Chodzko in 1850; 'neither of
which (as Mr. Freshfield justly adds) is open to the
ightest doubt.'

But we hasten to introduce our readers to the
aucasus itself—a region of which they probably know
s little as Mr. Freshfield and his companions before
ey set out on their adventurous journey. So vague and
ncertain was the information they were able to collect
oncerning the scene of their proposed explorations—

the glaciers and highest portions of the range—that they must have enjoyed in a great degree the interest, and may fairly claim, in some measure, the credit, of original discoverers. They are certainly the first who have opened to the British public a mine of beauty and interest that will not soon be exhausted; and have led a way that cannot fail to be followed by many succeeding travellers into regions of surpassing loveliness, and some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world. It may well excite surprise, when we learn the character of the country thus explored for the first time by these pioneers, that it should have so long remained unknown. But we must remember that it is only of late years that the complete subjugation of the mountain-tribes by Russia has rendered their fastnesses accessible to peaceable travellers. Before that they were visited almost exclusively by Russian officers, and the love of mountain scenery—of comparatively recent growth even among Englishmen—has not yet found its way into the Russian breast. Of the travellers from whom our knowledge of the Caucasus was previously derived—Klaproth, Dubois de Montpéreux, Haxthausen, and others—hardly any had penetrated into the inner recesses of the mountains, and their attention had been principally devoted to ethnographical inquiries into the relations of the various tribes that inhabit them, or to scientific observations on the productions of the lower and more accessible regions. Hence it may fairly be said that while we knew a good deal of the country about the Caucasus, we had very little knowledge of the mountains themselves. The completion by the Russian Government of a trigonometric survey of the [illegible] chain must have led to a far more complete

knowledge of its highest ranges than was previously possessed; but the results of these recent explorations were wholly unknown in England when Mr. Freshfield set out on his journey; it was not till his arrival at Tiflis that he was able to procure a copy of the Government map: and valuable as its assistance undoubtedly proved, the errors with which it was found to abound sufficiently showed how little the Russian engineers had troubled themselves with the examination of the peaks and glaciers of the central range. It was this portion of the chain, on the contrary, that formed the main centre of attraction to the English travellers; and richly were their exertions rewarded by the glorious scenery which it was found to present.

In its general character and conformation the range of the Caucasus may be considered as presenting more analogy with the Pyrenees than with the Alps. Like the former chain, it preserves the same general direction unchanged, extending across from the Black Sea to the Caspian in one unbroken line, nearly 700 miles in length. It is only in its central portion that it attains to the great elevation which has given it so much celebrity; but throughout its whole extent it forms a continuous mountain barrier, separating the vast steppes of Southern Russia from the hilly and broken regions of Georgia and the adjoining provinces, and constituting the natural limit between Europe and Asia. It is indeed a singularly welldefined chain, descending at each extremity to the sea, and united on the south with the mountains of Armenia only by a low range of hills, which form the watershed between the streams flowing into the Black Sea and those that descend eastwards towards the Caspian. It is thus, in fact, wholly unconnected

with any of the other great mountain systems, either of Europe or Asia.

Another point may be mentioned in which also the Caucasus resembles the Pyrenees rather than the Alps. In both cases the highest, or at least the most important, summits are in some measure detached from the main range; and, just as the Mont Perdu and the Maladetta both lie south of the central ridge of the Pyrenees, and are, consequently, included in Spain, so Mount Elbruz and Kazbek—the two best known summits of the Caucasus—are situated decidedly on the north side of that chain, and must, therefore, be geographically assigned to Europe, if the line of demarcation be drawn along the watershed of the range. Both these mountains are, in fact, of volcanic origin, and, geologically speaking, unconnected with the granitic masses which constitute the central axis of the chain.

Throughout its whole extent the chain of the Caucasus is traversed only by one natural pass, which has, consequently, formed in all ages the line of communication between the countries to the north and those to the south of it. This passage, commonly known as the Pass of Dariel, from the remarkable defile of that name, cuts across the main chain nearly in the middle, and in the immediate vicinity of some of its highest peaks. It is now traversed by a regular high road, recently constructed by the Russians, and engineered in the same style as the modern highways across the Alps. The task was not an easy one, as the summit level attains the height of very nearly 8,000 feet, thus exceeding all the carriage roads across the Alps, with the single exception of the Stelvio; and the defiles to be traversed were of the most formidable description.

, notwithstanding its natural difficulties, the Pass Dariel has, undoubtedly, been frequented in all ages, was already well known to the Romans under the e of Pylæ Caucasiæ.

The only other line of communication—it can hardly alled a pass—is that along the shores of the Caspian, een the last offshoots of the mountain range and sea. But here also the mountains descend in one e so close to the water's edge—in the neighbourhood he town of Derbend—that the passage has been ed with a wall, while the numerous rivers to be sed present so many difficulties, that this line of e has been much less frequented than the more ral Pass of Dariel. It was, however, known to the ents as the Pylæ Albaniæ—from the adjoining tribe the Albanians—and was, according to Herodotus, route followed by the Scythians who pursued the merians into Western Asia—the earliest inroad of northern nations of which we have any historical unt.

The highest portion of this great range is that ex- ing from Mount Elbruz on the west to Mount beck on the east; and it is to the exploration of part of the chain that our Alpine travellers ex- sively devoted their attention. But when we consider t the portion thus selected extends more than 120 es as the crow flies—considerably more than the tance from Mont Blanc to the St. Gotthard—it is dent that there was work enough to occupy the most rgetic mountaineers. Throughout this distance the in chain rises almost continuously above the limits perpetual snow, and is clothed with vast masses and lds of snow, sending down on both sides glaciers

equal in extent, and even superior in beauty, to the finest of those in the Alps. Mount Elbruz itself, the giant of the whole range, rises far above his compeers, attaining the height of 18,526 feet—more than 2,700 feet higher than Mont Blanc. But, among the snow-clad summits to the eastward, three, at least, including Mount Kazbek, surpass the monarch of European mountains; while several others rise above 15,000 feet, a height attained by Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa alone among Alpine peaks. Towards the west, on the contrary, the chain sinks rapidly. None of the mountains west of Mount Elbruz attain to the level of perpetual snow; and this part of the range consequently presents comparatively little attraction to Alpine travellers. But the case is otherwise as we proceed farther towards the east, where the chain, though cut by the deep depression of the Pass of Dariel, soon rises again to nearly the same elevation as before, and presents (as viewed by our travellers from the summit of Kazbek) 'group 'beyond group of snowy peaks, stretching away to the 'far off Bazardjusi, the monarch of the Eastern Cau-'casus.' All these peaks, some of them exceeding the Matterhorn in height, are still virgin ground for future explorers.

The ascent of Mount Kazbek was 'the first piece 'in the programme' of our adventurous travellers. This mountain has always occupied a prominent position amongst Caucasian summits, and, as Mr. Freshfield remarks, 'has somewhat unfairly robbed its true sover-'eign, Elbruz, of public attention.' The explanation is obvious. Kazbek stands close to the Pass of Dariel, and rears its giant form in full view of the traveller *along the* high road from Europe into Asia, while he

Elbruz only from a distance 'as a huge white
ıd on the southern horizon,' as he jolts wearily
g across the endless steppes to the northward. The
other summits, which, in reality, exceed Kazbek
eight, the Koschtantau and Dychtau, though visible
from the plain to the north, are eclipsed by the
e imposing mass of Elbruz, and appear never to
attracted the attention of anyone, except the
sian engineers engaged on the trigonometrical survey.
s doubtless owing to this favourable position that
ated attempts had already been made to ascend
bek before the visit of the Alpine travellers. None
hese, however, had proved successful; and hence
found, not unnaturally, on their arrival in the
asian provinces, a wide-spread belief in the inac-
ibility of the peak, and were regarded with a mixture
musement and pity as 'the Englishmen who were
ng to get up Kazbek, and had the audacity to
ect to succeed, where captains, colonels, and even
erals, of the Imperial Russian Service had failed.'
ustice to these unsuccessful aspirants, it must be
embered, that not only were they accompanied only
imid and inexperienced native guides, but they were
rovided with that 'mountaineering gear'—especially
s and ice-axes—without which no member of the
ine Club would attempt the ascent of any formidable
. Even with all these means and appliances, and
invaluable aid of their experienced Chamouni guide,
Freshfield and his companions found the task by
means an easy one. After passing the night in a
urable situation, at a height of 11,000 feet, on the
hern slope of the mountain, they left their Cau-
an porters behind them, and the three travellers,

with their own guide, started alone upon the real ascent. After encountering various difficulties, and having one very narrow escape from an accident that might have been fatal to the whole party—and undoubtedly would have proved so had their rope failed them at the critical moment—they found the most fatiguing and difficult part of their work still before them, in the ascent of a long and exceedingly steep ice-slope, which led to the saddle between the two summits of the mountain.

It is clear that the ascent of Kazbek is not one to be hastily tried by any but experienced mountaineers. But difficult as was the climb up the ice-slope in question, its descent was judged to be a sheer impossibility, and hence the travellers were compelled to abandon the idea of returning by the same route as they had ascended, and had to find their way down the northern face of the mountain through a wholly unknown tract of rocks, snow-fields, and glaciers. Such a task is calculated to try the highest powers of the true Alpine explorer; but they judged, and as it proved correctly, that the glaciers they were following must ultimately discharge their waters into the deep glen of the Devdorak torrent, and by this means they succeeded, after a long circuit, in reaching the high road below the village of Kazbek. It may be well to add that the route thus accidentally discovered proved to be far easier than that on the south side, and will doubtless be the course generally adopted in future ascents of the mountain.

The success of this achievement was at first hailed [w]ith enthusiasm, and created intense excitement among [the] villagers; and the travellers 'found themselves in[stal]led as heroes' in the public opinion of those who

shortly before treated them as mere humbugs. But
n the news was duly transmitted by themselves to
Russian officials in Georgia and appeared in the
flis Gazette,' it was received with general incredulity.
person high in authority remarked—'that it was
ange that a mountain which had been declared for
ty years inaccessible by Russian officers, should be
cended by Englishmen in a few days. The answer
the insulted officers was prompt and ingenious:
We could have *said* we had been to the top as
easily as the Englishmen.'"

It appears from an anecdote reported by Mr. Fresh-
d, on the authority of M. Khatissian, an Armenian
ntleman, who had spent many months in examining
neighbourhood of the mountain, and making scientific
ervations on its glaciers, that such a mode of gaining
dit is in fact by no means unknown to Russian of-
als. The attention of the authorities has been re-
tedly called to sudden and violent inundations that
e taken place in the valley of the Terek, erroneously
ibuted to 'avalanches' from Kazbek, but in reality
sed by the occasional advance of the glaciers at their
er extremity, creating a barrier of ice across the
ent issuing from the great glacier of Devdorak, the
ers of which are thus dammed up until they sud-
ly break through the barrier and sweep everything
ore them. Such catastrophes have repeatedly oc-
red since the Russian occupation of these provinces.
t in some instances it seems that they are apocry-
l:—

'The record of one (in 1842) is preserved in the official
hives at Tiflis, where the reports of the officers stationed
he Dariel fortress, and commissioned by the then Viceroy

to ascertain the imminence of the impending danger, still exist. Mons. Khatissian, with some trouble, discovered the officer whose reports were fullest and most intelligible. He asked for further details as to the nature of the catastrophe. The Colonel was at first confused and ambiguous, but soon, with an air of frankness, exclaimed, "I will tell you the real state of the case—I was never near the mountain at all." "But here I have an elaborate description of the state of the glaciers, with your signature?" "That is very possible. You see, I received orders from Tiflis to go and report on the state of the mountain. Why should I peril my life to no purpose? I could not avert the danger, so I wrote, and said the mountain was much as usual. Then I got second instructions; I was to go in person and send a full detailed report of the exact nature of the danger to be apprehended. I started; I climbed into that horrible glen; I saw precipices overhanging my head—torrents roaring at my feet. Suddenly I came in view of a whole mountain of ice, already torn into fragments by the steepness of the slope to which it clung. To advance was certain death. I reflected on my wife and children, fled back to the road as quickly as possible, and reported that the expected avalanche had fallen, and that, happily, no one was the worse for it." "Then," asked Mons. K., "the celebrated avalanche of 1842 never existed but on paper—in fact, is your creation?" "Exactly, Monsieur," was the reply.'

The journey from Kazbek to Pari along the southern side of the great mountain chain, by what is termed in Alpine travellers' phrase 'a high-level route,' was in many respects the most interesting part of our travellers' explorations, and while it lay through a country almost unvisited by any former traveller, led them through a succession of scenery of the most beautiful description. The first valleys traversed, those from which flow the upper waters of the Terek and the Ardon, were indeed arid and uninteresting, partaking of the same barren character with the upper valleys on *the northern* side of the chain. But after crossing the

pass of Mamisson and descending into the basin of the Rion, the waters of which flow towards the Black Sea, all this was changed, and the mountain slopes were found to be clothed with the richest forests, with a dense undergrowth of flowering rhododendrons and azaleas, while above them rose magnificent snow-clad peaks, not less than 15,000 or 16,000 feet in height, with glaciers and ice-falls equal to, and even surpassing, the finest of those in the Alps. The transition was remarkably abrupt. 'Few people' (observes Mr. Freshfield) 'who have not seen an absolute treeless district 'can appreciate the magical effect of coming out of one, 'suddenly, upon a densely forested region.' The Mamisson Pass, which separates the two regions, is about 9,500 feet in height, but offers few natural difficulties; it is already traversed by a broad horse-path, and will probably before long be crossed by a carriage-road, already projected by the Russian authorities, and which, according to Mr. Freshfield, 'has some chance of com-'pletion,' owing to its obvious importance as the shortest line from Vladikafkaz to Kutaïs and the coast of the Black Sea. Whenever this line is opened it will greatly facilitate the access of travellers into the heart of the Caucasus and the glorious mountain scenery which it presents.

The same luxuriant vegetation continued to be the characteristic of the valleys which were now traversed in succession, from the head-waters of the Rion to those of the Ingur; and the beauty of the scenery served to compensate for the roughness of the travelling and the difficulties encountered in forcing their way along pathless slopes, or through the dense thickets and matted masses of the primæval forests. But lovely as were

these valleys, our travellers were too genuine mountaineers not to look with a longing eye on the huge peaks and vast ice-fields that overhung them, and they accordingly made an excursion to the north side of the chain, crossing the mountain range by a glacier pass (11,250 feet high), which, in Mr. Tucker's expressive phrase, 'was not wholly easy,' while that by which they returned (12,250 feet) 'was wholly difficult,' involving the ascent of a 'glorious ice-fall,' some 4,000 feet in height, which cost them six hours of arduous and unremitting labour. Of this part of their journey Mr. Freshfield remarks that, 'the famous *séracs* of the Col 'du Géant are child's play when put in comparison with 'these Caucasian rivals.' On the whole they considered these two passes as 'worthy in every respect to be 'matched with the finest in the Alps.'

But the mighty summits that rose above these fields of ice, especially the highest and most striking of all, the Adai Khokh, presented so formidable a character that even our adventurous tourists recoiled from the attempt to scale them, and they were pronounced, if not absolutely inaccessible—a word which, as Mr. Freshfield suggests, may now perhaps be banished from a mountaineer's dictionary—at least practically so for so small a party. Still more imposing is the stupendous peak of Uschba (sixty miles farther west) which is described by Mr. Freshfield as 'beyond all com-'parison the most wonderful mountain mass' he had ever beheld:—

'Tier above tier of precipices rose straight up from the valley, culminating in two tremendous towers, separated by a deep depression. The twin summits resembled one another in form, and appeared to be long roof-like ridges, *falling* away in slopes of mingled rock and ice of terrific

steepness. The idea of climbing either of them seemed too insane to be so much as suggested, and even the lower spurs of the mountain above the meadows of Betscho are so tremendous that it looked as if a stone dropped from the top of either of the peaks would scarcely stop rolling before it reached the valley. There was no mistake about it, the Caucasian Matterhorn was found at last, only here we had one Matterhorn piled on another, and then multiplied by two.' [!]

It is evident that there is still abundant work for the Alpine Club to be found in the Caucasus for some time to come. Yet this noble peak, which was estimated at not less than 16,000 feet in height, is neither marked nor named upon the Russian Government map; so that Mr. Freshfield and his companions may justly claim the credit of being its discoverers. Equally unnoticed is another mountain to the west of Uschba, known by the name of Tungzorun, which was judged by our travellers to be probably the highest summit in this part of the chain. On the other hand, the map perversely marks a regular pass 'straight up the centre 'of an ice-fall which for height, breadth, and purity 'exceeeds anything of the kind in the Alps,' forming 'a frozen cascade' of about 4,000 feet in height, and of a dazzling whiteness, similar to that of the well-known glacier of Rosenlauï. The Russian engineers appear, indeed, to have 'given up this part of the chain as a bad job,' and contented themselves with a very superficial and distant survey of the peaks that were visible from the northern plains. Doubtless they did not reckon on adventurous English travellers penetrating into these wild regions, so as to expose their shortcomings.

The valley of the Ingur, with its numerous and important tributaries, while it affords the nearest glimpses

of these mountain marvels, is not less remarkable for the extreme beauty of the lower scenery. Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Tucker vie with one another in their ecstasies over the transcendent loveliness of the scenes through which they passed. 'It is quite impossible (says 'the former in one place) to convey in words any idea 'of the landscape, or the grandeur of the scale, which 'placed the scenery beyond comparison with any of the 'show-sights of Switzerland.' The enjoyment of these beauties was moreover enhanced by the facility with which they were beheld, presenting so strong a contrast with the difficulties they had recently encountered. 'The excellently-made paths down the valley ordinarily 'run along the crests of the spurs, and their beauty 'is almost indescribable. The path wanders at will, 'now on this side of the ridge, now on that, as if 'itself doubtful whether the more enchanting spectacle 'be afforded by the broad vale of the Mushal Aliz, 'dotted with towered villages, and backed by the long 'and finely curving glaciers of the main chain, or by 'the deep pine-clad gorge on the southern side, across 'which the Leila mountains raise their snowy crests.'

Unfortunately there it another side to this enchanting picture. The valley of the Ingur is emphatically one of those regions 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' The Suanetians, as the inhabitants of this secluded district are termed, are beyond comparison the worst people in the Caucasus. Herr Radde, a German savant resident at Tiflis, who appears to be the only traveller that had previously visited these valleys, had given a most unfavourable description of the inhabitants, in whom the savage *stupidity* of their looks, and the insolence and rudeness

of their manners, served as a just indication of the ferocity of their character. The inhabitants of one village are constantly engaged in hostilities with those of the next; robbery and murder are so frequent as scarcely to be accounted crimes, and individuals are frequently to be met with who have committed ten or more murders. At Jibiani, the highest village in the valley of the Ingur, where Mr. Freshfield and his companions—ignorant at the time of the character of the population—had hoped to find 'a kind of Pontresina' from whence to explore the neighbouring mountains, the villagers proved so insolent and aggressive, that they were obliged to hasten their departure, which in the end they were not able to effect without coming almost to an open conflict. Nothing saved them from robbery and violence but the fact that all three travellers were armed with revolvers, weapons whose unknown powers are regarded by the barbarians of the Caucasus with a kind of mysterious awe. 'The difficulty' (as Mr. Freshfield observes) 'lies in enforcing this impression 'while keeping clear of actual fighting.' The travellers appear to have displayed, on this as on other occasions, a degree of coolness combined with resolution highly creditable to the character of the Alpine Club.

'The nature of the country' (remarks Mr. Freshfield)' has, no doubt, had a great share in forming the 'savage and wild character of its inhabitants. A large 'basin, forty miles long by fifteen broad, is shut in on 'all sides by glacier-crowned ridges, and the only access 'to it from the outer world, is by means of a narrow, 'and at times impassable, ravine, or over lofty moun-'tain passes.' The Russian Government, after carrying their arms into the valley, endeavoured for a time to

enforce the submission and tranquillity of the people, by maintaining military posts within their territory, but these have been gradually withdrawn, and the Suanetians have been left to the enjoyment of virtual independence, "and as full liberty to follow their own "wicked ways of theft and murder to their hearts' "content." A post of ten Cossacks, still stationed at Puri, one of the most westerly villages in the valley, is the entire military force maintained by the Russians in the district, and was, indeed, the only sign of Russian authority which the travellers had met with after leaving Kasbek.

From Puri they directed their course once more across the central chain; but this time by a known pass, occasionally frequented by the peasantry of the adjoining valleys, and over which it was possible to drive cattle, as the travellers learned by meeting a party of Suanetian peasants, who had been on a 'cattle-lifting' expedition across the pass, and were returning with eleven cows which they had stolen from the Tartars of the Upper Baksan. These Tartars, who are Mahommedans, and a branch of the Circassian stock, proved to be in all respects a very superior race to those on the southern side of the range; and at Uruspieh, the place where our travellers fixed their head-quarters for the ascent of Elbruz, they found a hospitable reception, comfortable quarters, and a faint tinge of European civilisation. 'Only two days' journey from the Russian 'watering-places of Pjätigorsk and Kislovodsk, Urus-'pieh is frequently visited by Russian travellers or 'officials, and even the rambling photographer has 'carried his camera thus far.' The native 'princes,' the chief men of the village were styled, were far

better-informed men than any that had been previously met with; they were familiar with the events of the Crimean War, and were evidently disposed to look with favour upon Englishmen. One of them had been in the Russian service, spoke Russian fluently, and had sufficient knowledge of the other countries of the west to be aware that Englishmen lived exclusively on beef-steaks and porter, and apologised for not being able to supply them with their national food!

What was more to the purpose, they entered warmly into the pursuits of the travellers, and furnished them with every assistance for the ascent of Mount Elbruz, an enterprise that appears to have really presented little difficulty to such practised mountaineers as Mr. Freshfield and his companions, although they suffered severely from the intense cold, aggravated as it was by a violent wind. The prospect from the summit is pronounced to be decidedly superior to that from Mont Blanc, 'the Pennine Alps looking puny in comparison 'with Koschtantau and his neighbours from Elbruz.' But although the mountain is in fact, like its rival in the Alps, far easier to ascend than many of the inferior peaks of the chain, there is really no room to wonder that none of the previous attempts had been successful, a point which we concur with Mr. Freshfield in regarding as completely established. It must be always borne in mind that not only were the former explorers untrained to Alpine work, and unaccustomed to glaciers, but they were unprovided with ice-axes and ropes, those invaluable safeguards to the mountaineer, the importance of which was sufficiently shown on the present occasion, Mr. Freshfield himself having slipped into a concealed crevasse, which, had he not been

securely attached to the rope, would have put an abrupt termination to his wanderings in the Caucasus.

As Uruspieh will probably one of these days become a kind of Caucasian Chamouni, it is satisfactory to learn that the Tartar porters who accompanied the travellers on this occasion—two of them reaching the actual summit—showed themselves good mountaineers and capital walkers, and are pronounced by Mr. Freshfield to contain 'the raw material' of first-rate guides. Their share in the glory of the success naturally added to the excitement it created among the villagers; no doubt could, in this instance, be raised as to the object having really been attained; and the first ascent of 'Minghi Tau'—as the mountain is called on the Circassian side—will, doubtless, long be remembered by the Tartars of Uruspieh.

The travellers had now fully accomplished the three great objects of their journey—the ascents of Kazbek and Elbruz, and the establishment of a high-level route between them; and the remainder of their wanderings presents comparatively little interest. From Uruspieh they descended to Pjätigorsk, where the existence of mineral springs has given rise to a Russian watering-place, that presents a singular oasis of civilisation in the midst between the dreary steppes of Southern Russia and the mountain wilds of the Caucasus. The contrast, 'characteristic of Russia, between an excess 'of luxury and a lack of the commonest articles of 'civilisation,' is seen in its most exaggerated form in the Caucasian provinces, and was the more striking to travellers coming fresh from the mountains to a place possessing all the external characters of an European watering-place. At Pjätigorsk they found a hotel of

palatial character, Russian officers in full uniform, ladies dressed in the latest French fashions, and loungers in patent leather boots strolling about the gardens and listening to the strains of a military band in the intervals of drinking the waters. But these attractions could not detain them long, and they soon started for a fresh expedition into the mountains, ascending the valley of the Tcherek to the basin of Balkar, at the very foot of the glaciers, and thence, crossing the Stuleveesk Pass (about 10,000 feet in height), into the valley of the Uruch. From this pass they had a splendid view of the great granitic group of the Central Caucasus, with its two towering summits of Koschtantau and Dychtau; but, tempting as these must have looked to such adventurous climbers as the party in question, the difficulties they presented from that side were pronounced insuperable, and Mr. Freshfield and his companions were compelled to leave 'the second 'and third summits in the Caucasus and in Europe,' not only unscaled. but unattempted.

In general, the scenery of the northern slopes of the Caucasus is decidedly inferior in beauty to that on the south, and wants especially the richness and variety of vegetation which distinguishes the Trans-Caucasian valleys; but the view of the great glacier range from a point above the valley of Balkar appeared worthy to be compared with those from the Gornergrat and the Æggischhorn, while the defiles through which the streams of the Tcherek and the Uruch force their way, are said to have a character of savage grandeur surpassing those of Pfäffers or the Via Mala. The gorge of Dariel, which the travellers traversed on their return journey to Tiflis, appeared to them unfit to rank

beside the other two, though 'it had nothing to fear 'from a comparison with the finest defiles in the Alps.' But here, as is too often the case in the Alps, the mere existence of a carriage-road is felt as in some degree detracting from the impressiveness of the mountain gorge.

In summing up the comparative merits of Caucasian and Alpine scenery, Mr. Freshfield does not hesitate to give a decided preference to the former. 'There 'is nothing,' he says, 'in Switzerland or the Tyrol that 'can compare with the magnificent grouping of the 'Suanetian ranges, or with the gorges cut by the 'northern rivers through the limestone ridge which 'bars their way down to the steppe. In the Caucasus 'the slopes are steeper, and the usual character of the 'peaks is, that they shoot up from the valleys at their 'base in unbroken walls of rock and ice, to which the 'cliffs of the Wetterhorn afford the nearest parallel.'

But if the peaks and glaciers of the Alps, which we are accustomed to regard as their especial pride, are thus inferior to those of its rival, still more decidedly is this the case with the forests that cloth their sides. Of the richness and variety of the magnificent forests of Mingrelia all travellers speak in terms of perfect rapture. Many of them are still untouched by the axe of the woodman, and they have the peculiar advantage that deciduous trees here attain to a much greater elevation than in the Alps, in some instances rising almost up to the snow-line. 'In richness of 'flora also the Alps must yield to their rivals. The 'azalea and rhododendron make the "alpenrosen" seem 'humble, while there is nothing nearer home to compare

with the gorgeous magnificence of the Caucasian tiger-lilies and hollyhocks.'

Nor is the Caucasus deficient in attractions of another kind. To the sportsman it offers an interesting and almost unexplored field. Bears abound in the forests, chamois are found among the highest mountains, and the bouquetin—now so nearly extinct in the Alps—is by no means rare in the Caucasus. Even the gigantic 'auerochs' is still to be met with in the forests and valleys west of Mount Elbruz. Pheasants, too, are still abundant on the banks of the river from which they derive their name—the Phasis, now called the Rion—and the quest of them in their native forests would afford sport of a very different kind from a Norfolk battue.

Of the inhabitants of these beautiful regions we have left ourselves little space to speak. It is hardly necessary to mention that the tribes that inhabit the Caucasus are among the most varied and multifarious to be found in any part of the world. Hence the traveller will find here in the highest degree the interest that attaches to a new and picturesque population, and will have the opportunity of making observations on races, whose origin and relations are still obscure. Mr. Freshfield has wisely refrained from entering into the complicated ethnographical questions connected with the Caucasian tribes; but his observations on the different races of mountaineers with whom he was necessarily brought into contact are valuable and interesting. On one point his testimony is precise and unequivocal. The superiority of the Mahommedan tribes on the north side of the range—the Tartars of the Kabarda—over their southern neighbours, the so-called Christians of

Mingrelia and Georgia, 'is so marked that no honest 'traveller can pass it over in silence.' But he fairly observes that the Christianity of the tribes in question is of the most imperfect and degraded character. The Ossetes in particular appear to retain in great measure their primitive paganism 'overlaid by a slight varnish 'of nominal Christianity.' Of the character of the Suanetians we have already spoken; but it is fair to add that this is the only district in the Caucasus where the traveller now runs any risk of open robbery. Everywhere else the Russian authorities have established something like order and tranquillity; and there seems no doubt that the population has gained by the change. The state of disorganisation produced in the Mingrelian districts by the temporary relaxation of the Russian rule during the Crimean War is described as deplorable, and threatened a complete relapse into their primitive barbarism. If the traveller in the Caucasus (as is not unfrequently the case) be at times offended with the stupidity or corruption of Russian officials, he must not forget that, but for their presence, he would be unable to penetrate at all into the interior of the country.

LA BRUYÈRE.*)

[*Cornhill Magazine, March, 1870.*]

One day, in the year 1687, a plain-featured, studious gentleman, something more than forty years of age, entered the shop of Michallet, the bookseller and publisher, at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris—a place where he was often wont to lounge, sometimes turning over the leaves of new publications, sometimes amusing himself with the childish prattle of the bookseller's little daughter—and drawing from his pocket a manuscript, offered it to the man of business across the counter, saying, "I don't know whether you will find it answer to publish this, but in case of success all the profits shall go to my little friend here." The book answered so well that eight editions appeared within the space of seven years. Michallet's daughter married in the course of time, and had a handsome dowry.

We talk, at the present day, of "sensation" novels and "sensation" articles. Seldom was a more pungent sensation made by any literary concoction than by that of *Les Caractères de Théophraste, avec les Caractères ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle, par M. Jean de la Bruyère,*

*) *La Comédie de La Bruyère.* Par Edouard Fourrier. Paris, 1869.

which was presented to the world under the circumstances aforesaid.

The work consisted of two parts: first, a translation of Theophrastus, the Greek satirist, introduced by a preface, containing some marked allusions to modern manners; secondly, a series of original maxims or aphorisms, and of characters or "portraits," representing different types of character. The novelty of the book consisted scarcely so much in its conception as in its execution. The manufacture of "maxims" had long been a favourite fashion in the polite world of France. Those curious in literary genealogies may trace it, in the first instance, from the Italian Guicciardini, after whose time it was naturalized in France by the two Corbinellis, and imitated by De Retz, La Rochefoucauld, Madame de Sablé, and numerous other *beaux esprits*, whose sententious observations on the motives and varieties of human action fill a considerable space in a Louis Quatorze library. Readers of Madame de Sévigné will readily remember the jokes bandied about between her and her daughter relative to "*les belles maximes*", so enthusiastically cried up by their friend Corbinelli the younger. The portraits, again, with which La Bruyère's reflections were interspersed, were by no means a novel idea on his part. The romances of the Scudéry school had started the notion of describing existing personages under feigned names in a high-flying romantic style; and Mdlle. de Montpensier, thirty years before the date of La Bruyère's book, had amused herself and her ladies, in one of her winter courts at Champigny, by giving a satirical turn and a distinct embodiment to the practice of mutual character-*painting*. But the work now on Michallet's counter

exhibited a combination of maxims and portraits in a form unusually methodical and purpose-like, in a tone of peculiarly just, as well as pungent satire, and in a style whose admirable qualities, concise yet varied, philosophical yet sympathetic, playful and severe, pathetic and ludicrous by turns, at once claimed for it the high rank it has ever since held among French classics.

At once curiosity was alive; and scarcely had the book made its first impression on the mind of the public, when various "keys," or explanations, were put forth by unauthorised hands, professing to solve the riddles it had suggested. It became a universal theme of convertion. All were eager to make the first happy guess; all were bent on purchasing copies of the first edition, lest in a prudent fit the author should be induced to curtail his allusions in another. But, on the contrary, the success of his publication encouraged him, when, in the course of time, a third edition was called for, to enlarge it by the addition of no less than 380 new "characters" and remarks. The key-makers were, of course, encouraged too; and their indiscreet explanations, as time went on, were no small annoyance to La Bruyère, who disowned, though he could not always absolutely deny, them.

And now, who whas the author in question? this cunning gentleman, who glided about, making his notes on human frailties, and sketching the motley personages whom he encountered on the thoroughfares of Parisian life? He had given his name, and there was no mystery about him. He might be seen any fine day issuing from the stately hotel which, occupying the present side of the Odéon, &c., at the north-east corner of the Luxembourg Palace, was, in those days, the town resi-

dence of the Prince de Condé; thence wending his way to Michallet's bookshop in the adjacent street, or planting himself under a certain chestnut-tree in the Luxembourg Gardens, there to listen to the quidnuncs who spent their time in hashing up the daily provender for the *Mercure Galant*. But he was not one of those whom court fame delighted to honour, and the *beau monde* of the brilliant capital were content to let him pass. In truth it has scarcely ever happened that a writer, whose work has attained such very great contemporary celebrity as that of La Bruyère, has been so little described or remembered in respect of his personal character and history. What enhances the anomaly in his case is, that at the period when he wrote, the genius of gossip was at its highest flow in France; he himself lived in a particularly conspicuous coterie; and moreover, the nature of his literary performance, while it dealt entirely with the foibles of his fellow-creatures, exposed him to their revengeful criticism in return. The ordinary account of La Bruyère to be found in biographical dictionaries, is not only very meagre, but is full of mistakes. Neither the year nor the place of his birth are stated with accuracy, and the salient fact of his life, that he was tutor to the Duc de Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, is misconstrued into the assertion that he was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV. The significance of the mistake in his case happens to be very great; the mistake itself probably arose partly from ignorance or fortgetfulness of the circumstance that "M. le Duc," *the* Duke *par excellence*, was a title belonging to the eldest son of "M. le Prince," *i. e.* the *Prince of* Condé, and not to the Dauphin's son, who,

though in the line of direct descent from the Crown, was only "M. le Duc de Bourgogne;" partly, also, from the fact that, for a short time under Bossuet, La Bruyère did aid in the education of the Dauphin himself.

The maximes and „portraits" of the „ingenious M. la Bruyère" were much read and imitated by our own moralists of the Augustan age; but no curiosity seems to have been felt about the writer, until the modern passion for retrospective research has thrown certain able French critics on his track. The hints of M. Jal, M. Ste. Beuve, and others, have been diligently gathered up by M. Edoard Fourrier, who also, by his independent researches among contemporary authorities, has thrown original light on the subject. In taking his work for our guide as to facts and incidents, we shall make it our endeavour to bring out some main features of the connection between the character of La Bruyère's work and the circumstances of his position.

But a general criticism of *Les Caractères* is beyond our beat. We can only recommend that those who are already familiar with its pages should read them over again, with the light of the biographical relations here suggested; and that those who may have been hitherto deterred from perusing the book under the impression that it was old-fashioned and dull, should speedily make acquaintance with one of the brightest literary productions of the age of Pascal and Molière, and one of the best examples of French style that even our owu age could imitate.

The author was born in the year 1645, in the old city of Paris, in the vicinity of the towers of Notre Dâme. His family belonged to the bourgeoisie, and had been staunch adherents of the League in the time

of the Civil Wars. When Henry IV. effected his triumphant entry into Paris, Mathieu La Bruyère, an apothecary by profession, and his son, who had been an active lieutenant under the Provisional Government of the *Seize*, had to fly for their safety. They went first to Antwerp, then to Naples, and are supposed to have helped, at a distance, in preparing the murderous plot of Ravaillac. Under the Regency of Marie de Médicis, they returned to Paris. Both were men of some literary talent. The younger had a son, Louis, who held a financial post in the capital, and was the father of four children, of whom Jean, the author of the *Caractères*, was either the eldest or the second. His early education was conducted at the Oratory. This fact, it seems, was first unearthed by M. St. Beuve, from a manuscript in the Imperial Library. It has important bearings on the interpretation of La Bruyère's personal history, and is in harmony with the known circumstances of his parentage. For the French congregation of the Oratory, founded in 1610 by the Cardinal de Bérulle, took up its position at once as a powerful rival of the Jesuits; and as these last, with all their sinister and subtle influence, aimed at directing the routine forces of society, and the court party, so the Oratorians identified themselves with a certain spirit of political contumacy and intellectual daring, which was the residue, in Parisian minds, of the great League ferment. Sénault, president of the congregation at the date of young La Bruyère's noviciate, was the son of one who had been conspicuous in the civil government of the *Seize* at the same time with La Bruyère's grandfather. The rival orders pursued different systems of classical training with their pupils;

the Jesuits founding their instruction almost entirely on the Latin language and literature; the Oratorians, in this respect like the Jansenists,—to whom at one time, indeed, they made some approaches in theological matters,—making Greek of at least equal importance. Thus Corneille and Bossuet, pupils of the Jesuit schools knew scarcely anything of Greek except what they aquired for themselves in their riper years; while Racine, the Port-Royalist, and La Bruyère, the Oratorian scholars, were both early proficients in it. In one of his few extant letters, La Bruyère speaks of himself as studying Thucydides, Strabo, and Polybius. In 1664 he took his degree of licentiate at the University of Orléans. He then seems to have been employed, as we have said, under Bossuet, in the historial education of the Dauphin; and it is conjectured that it was owing to Bossuet's influence, and in payment of his services as preceptor, that he was appointed, in 1673, to the sinecure office of Treasurer of France for the generality of Caen. In 1676, or, as some say, two years previously, he was made preceptor to the grandson of the Prince de Condé. This also, it is likely, was at the suggestion of Bossuet, whose opinion in matters of education was much consulted by the different branches of the royal family. To the household of the Condés he remained attached for the rest of his life. When his pupil, commonly known, after his grandfather's death, as M. le Duc, had outgrown his tuition, La Bruyère continued to occupy a position as literary hanger-on at the court of the parsimonions Henri-Jules, Prince de Condé, with the titular post and small pay of "gentleman to M. le Duc", and the privilege of prefixing a "de" to his bourgeois patronymic. He had

voluntarily resigned his office of Treasurer in Normandy in the year 1687; a few months after which resignation he published *Les Caractères*. In 1693 he obtained the honour of a seat in the Academy, but not without much opposition, and after he had twice offered himself unsuccessfully. In 1696 he died.

These are the bare outward facts of his life. The partial filling in of the framework, which we owe to the zeal of recent inquirers, is derived from scattered hints of contemporary record, as well as from casual indications in his own work. One thing seems clear, and it partly accounts for the obscurity which has so long hung over his personal history, that La Bruyère was a man who shunned notoriety, expressly for the sake of being able to perform his self-chosen office of satirist with less embarrassment. He wrote very few letters, and those on casual subjects: he made no demonstrative friendships. The same spirit of reserve has been remarked in other social satirists; in La Rochefoucauld, in Molière, and in the ideal *Spectator* of Addison. It was a matter of prudence. Those who throw stones do well not to live in houses of glass. But the scanty glimpses we have of his demeanour show that his moods were various, as must have been his intellectual sympathies. His conversation at times was rich and abundant; at other times rare and scanty. Boileau, writing to Racine, says of him, "He is a very worthy man, to whom nothing would be wanting if only nature had made him as agreeable as he wishes to be." "In spite of his ugliness, the ladies seek his society," said another chance commentator. With his masters, the Condé princes, who possessed eminently what he himself calls "the extreme

tendency of the great to laugh at the expense of others," he appeared sometimes in the undignified character of a butt. Valincourt, in replying to an inquirer thirty years after La Bruyère's death, gives this description of him: "He was a good sort of man, essentially, but the fear of appearing pedantic had thrown him into an opposite absurdity which it is difficult to define; so that all the time he was in the household of M. le Duc, in whose service he died, people made game of him." Yet, for his honesty, his disinterestedness, his pathos, his humour, his religious earnestness, his indulgent benevolence, we must accept the evidence of his eloquent words, his high-toned sentiments, and the sterling facts that have been recorded of him.

Passing from these indications of the manner of man our philosopher was, we turn to consider who where the patrons and what was the *entourage* with which circumstances had allied him. When the Duc d'Aumale gives to the world the continuation of his lives of the Condés, he will have to present us, in the contemporaries of Louis XIV., with a portrait-gallery of as whimsical potentates as ever wielded social authority in a showy and cultivated era. An hereditary spirit of opposition from the first Louis, the Huguenot chieftain, downwards, boundless self-will and caprice, an extravagant love of pleasure and of display, joined to the meanest parsimony, shameless habits of dissipation, combined with a certain restless energy and a genuine love of literature and science: such were the elements which mixed in the composition of these eccentric beings, whose sphere revolved in minor splendour round *the central* sun of the Grand Monarque. The

"Grand Condé"—Prince Louis II.—was head of the house during the first ten years of La Bruyère's connection with it. The military fame of this hero gave him a consideration in the country second only to that of the king himself. He had retired from war's alarms after the Peace of Nimeguen [Nymwegen, 1679] to rest on his laurels, a "César oisif," as Fontenelle called him, and indulge the taste for intellectual pursuits which he had always carried withim him. He was dignified with honours, rewards, and with the applause of all the nation: but his cousin, the King, could never heartily forgive the contumacy of his early life, the daring disobedience of the *Frondeur*. Nor was the *frondeur* spirit by any means dead within Condé's breast. He loved to make his princely residence at Chantilly and his Paris hôtel rivals of Versailles and Marly in literary credit, in festive splendour, and in social resort. Condé was a great collector of books; and was fond of dabbling in physical science; but his striking abilities in war were not supplemented by any real superiority in social talent or statesmanship, and his mind decayed in vigour during the latter years of his life. Though arbitrary in temper, a cruel husband, and a capricious master, he was not without sensibility, which he manifested towards his son and grandson in an especial degree. His son, Henri-Jules, Duc d'Enghien, was the darling of his heart. He loved his society, trusted him in the business of his house, and was wretched when danger assailed him. Madame de Sévigné relates how the hero, who never trembled when the enemies' guns were pointed at his own breast, would be tormented with anxiety whenever his son took the field. His death was caused by a hurried journey

to Fontainebleau, to attend upon the Duchess of Bourbon in the small-pox, and prevent her husband, his grandson, from exposing himself to the infection. A rather remarkable trait of his candid temper has been preserved by La Bruyère: "On lui a entendu dire *Je fuyois* avec la même grace qu'il disoit *Nous les battîmes.*"

Henri-Jules, the hero's son, has had remorseless delineators in Madame de Montpensier, to whom he was a suitor in early life, in the Duc de S. Simon, and in the Marquis de Lassay, who, being married to the natural daughter of this Prince, spent great part of his life in the Condé circle. A small, thin, eager man, restless, capricious, and passionate even to insanity, keeping all around him in a ferment with his changes of place and humour, insatiable in his curiosity about trifles, dark and suspicious in his dealings with others, without affection, generosity, or gratitude for any human being, associating chiefly with his valets, and yet, when he chose, irresistible in the grace and fascination with which he could play the courtier or the host, and abounding in penetration, wit, taste, and fancy: such a being does this scion of the Bourbons stand out to us on the kaleidoscope canvass of the Siècle Louis Quatorze. Unlike his father, he possessed considerable ability for everything *except* for war. If he had a speciality in his talent, it was for organizing and adorning the outward shows of life. Chantilly was the romance of his soul. What Versailles was to Louis XIV., that Chantilly was to the Condés,—and more, for they had something of the poetry of genius in their composition, which the King had not. Day by day Henri-Jules might be seen walking through the grounds, followed by a troop of secretaries,

whom he dictated the scenic transformations which commended themselves to his mental vision. In his last moments, when all Christian men desired that his soul should be occupied with more solemn thoughts, Chantilly— "ses délices," as S. Simon emphatically terms it—was still the topic of his failing speech, and he exhorted his son concerning the fulfilment of his schemes for the embellishment of this paradise of earth, while the baffled priest stood silent at his couch. His behests were accomplished, not by his son, however, who died only a year after him, but by his grandson, that Duc de Bourbon who was Prime Minister of France under Louis XV., and who, not less fierce and dissolute than his predecessors, lavished more show and wealth on Chantilly than even his predecessors had done.

The eccentricities of Henri-Jules during the latter part of his life amounted to derangement. It was whispered that a horrible lycanthropic mania had got possession of him, and the remoter apartments of Chantilly would echo with sounds like those of wild animals. Then he fancied himself dead; and his physician, Finot, in order to prevent him from actually killing himself by starvation, had to invent tales of dead men who, in their exanimate condition, could still perform the function of mastication. But this worst phase of the petty despot's existence did not set in till after La Bruyère's death. While the philosopher continued an inmate of his household, he displayed, along with his imperious and unhappy temper, some qualities calculated to recommend his society to a man of genius. And he had a familiar friend in La Rochefoucauld.

Of the Duc de Bourbon, La Bruyère's pupil, the [illegible] to whom he addresses his profound religious

meditations in the concluding chapter of *Les Caractères*, we have descriptions from S. Simon and from Madame de Caylus. "He was considerably smaller than the smallest men," says S. Simon, had a big head, a countenance "qui faisoit peur," a yellow complexion, and impetuous manners. Though furious and dissipated, he seems to have possessed practical ability, and some justice and generosity of soul; and S. Simon testifies to his displaying the results of "an excellent education." He was married when a mere lad to Mdlle. de Nantes, a mere child, one of the King's daughters by Madame de Montespan. Clever, witty, and spiteful when she grew up, this princess queened it at Chantilly and at St. Maur, fancifully called "Mauritanie," her husband's château, where he loved to exercise the landscape-gardening passion of his family, as well as the taste for literary discussion which he shared in common with his wife.

Such were the successive chiefs of the great House to which La Bruyère's days were given: "les Altesses à qui je suis," to use his own expression. To form an idea of what were the ordinary conditions of retainer-ship in such a service, it may not be amiss to glance at the pathetic description of one who knew them well, the Marquis de Lassay:

"To speak always to your princely masters as to sick people, telling them only such things as are pleasant for them to hear, never to be off your guard, but to be always complaisant and respectful, whatever the state of your own humour or health may be: to bear with the insolence and get involved in the petty intrigues of their valets; never to expect from the great themselves any kindness or favour.

one happens to be actively useful to them; and all this as life wears on, and *liberty and easy-chairs become necessary to one's* happiness; such conditions," says this veteran expert, "does life wear to the hangers-on of a petty court." And he adds, impressively, "Il y a trop d'inégalité dans un tel commerce pour qu'il soit aimable."

Ste. Beuve has remarked that La Bruyère must have derived invaluable profit, as an observer, from being closely connected with this family of brilliant gifts and strong peculiarities. He himself calls Chantilly "l'écueil des mauvais ouvrages," and he may occasionally have been saved, by the keen criticism of his masters, from solecisms in matter or style. But the suggestion of M. Fourrier that the young Duchesse de Bourbon had a direct share in the merits of his work is in the highest degree improbable; for it must be remembered that, at the time the first edition was put forth, this lively lady was but fourteen years old; and, however witty and satirical nature may have made her, it must have been a very precocious damsel indeed who, at such an age, could mould the expressions of a clever writer. It was possible, no doubt, that she might have exercised some influence over the later recasts of his work; but even when the last appeared she was barely twenty.

That the personal qualities of the Condé princes should find their record in the pages of so sharp-sighted a domestic moralist, was, of course, to be expected; although that they should be so frequently and freely brought forward, argues either an odd blindness of perception on their part, or, what is more likely, a *dar[illegible] and* whimsical contempt of the ordinary regard

to human approbation. May it not have been this last quality which, in spite of other drawbacks, attached La Bruyère to their service, and made him feel more at ease and lord of his own utterances with them than he could have been if bound, with the courtiers of a more exalted sphere, to the most undeviating flattery of the ruling presence? Still it required tact and a certain science of sarcasm to prevent his thrusts from striking too home. Thus his strokes of satire are often dispersed and mingled among other irrelevant traits, and often disguised in strangely involved ambiguities; and the student of the *Caractères* has his discernment smartly tasked when hunting up a bit of the Great Condé here, and of Henri-Jules there, and of the younger princes and duchesses in various hints more or less distinctly traceable. The character of *Emile,* in the chapter headed "Du Mérite Personnel," is, no doubt, intended for the Great Condé, partly by way of direct description, and partly of subtle contrast. Scipio Æmilianus was the parrallel suggested, as having, like the victor of Rocroy, united the love of letters in retirement to his military prowess. But in making his *Emile* a perfect hero in all respects, La Bruyère did not intend barefaced flattery of his very imperfect model; he merely insinuated, alongside of the traits which properly belonged to it, certain others taken from the character of Marshal Turenne, who, "sincère pour Dieu et pour les hommes," was, in many points, the very opposite of Condé, and whose mérits, thus brought in, as it were, to cover Condé's known defects, gave rather an ironical than a laudatory turn to the sketch.

Prince Henri-Jules is alluded to in many detached hints of character. We see him in *Télémon,* the

the dangerous and unapproachable, in the category of the "hommes nés inaccessibles," whose position in the world, nevertheless, makes them peculiarly necessary to others; who, mobile as quicksilver, shriek, gesticulate, and throw about fire and flame, and are manageable only when exhausted and useless. The Prince's absent fits come in for their share of description, along with those of the notorious Duc de Brancas, in the elaborate portrait of *Ménalque*; and again, when speaking of the great in rank, "ask of them neither reflection, nor reward," says the satirist; "great men pride themselves on opening an alley in a forest, on enclosing their estates by a long wall, in raising ten inches of water, in filling an orangery; but to render a heart contented, to fill a soul with joy, to ward off or to remedy heavy calamities—to this their curious industry extends not."

In his strictures on "Woman," La Bruyère, it is thought, glances at the Duchesse de Bourbon's love of play and of wine; in the chapter on "Society" to the clamorous literary arguments which were carried on in the "Mauritanian" circle; and in the opinions ascribed to *Lucile,* in the chapter on the *"Esprits Forts,"* we see how theoretic materialism had laid hold of the clever but perverted mind of the young Duke her husband. These are but a portion of the allusions, proved or conjectured, to the Condés and their concerns.

La Bruyère's work had been the slow growth of years. Many of his observations refer to experiences gained before his connection with the house of Condé. His studious attic, the Paris theatre of his youth, the loungers in the Tuileries gardens, furnished material for his early essays in moral anatomy. Why, it has been asked, did he wait to publish this work till the

year after the death of the great Condé? Because he was afraid of Condé's criticism? But the Prince must have known its nature and its contents well, and they were such as, in the main, at all events, to satisfy him. Another reason is imaginable from the juxtaposition of these two facts: that, in the beginning of the year 1687, he resigned his office of Treasurer, and that his book, which appeared only a few months subsequently, contains severe strictures on the venality of Government financiers. He would not publish strictures on a class of which he was himself at the time a member. Only when his office and pay were renounced, did he feel free to speak his mind, enlarged by actual experience. *Why* he resigned his office just then is another question, to which we have no answer; but, guess for guess, may not Condé, perchance, have bequeathed to him some legacy by which his circumstances were improved?

Let us now turn to one or two of the more general topics of La Bruyère's satire, in order to point out how they acquire new significance viewed in the light of the biographical relations which have lately been brought into notice.

Scattered among his pages we perceive various indications of a sturdy sympathy with the poor of the land—the working-classes, as we are accustomed to call them. This was a sympathy notoriously deficient in the writers and statesmen of his time. In La Bruyère it assumes a new interest, when we regard it as, in some measure, a relic of the *ligueur* tradition. The revolutionists of 1588, although religious, not secular, politics formed the platform of their revolt, had anticipated those of two centuries later, in appealing to popular sympathies for their support, and had advanced

the rights of the democracy as against those of king and nobles. On the visits which we may suppose him to have paid with his Condé patrons to their prefecture of Burgundy, La Bruyère would have had opportunities of observing the appalling contrast between the selfish indulgence of the grandees among whom he habitually lived, and the misery of their dependants. Accordingly, it is with more than usual picturesqueness and energy that we find him describing the peasantry as counting for no more than "the wild animals they resembled. Black, livid, scorched by the sun, fixed to the soil they cultivate, and whose sods they turn over with invincible pertinacity . . . . retiring at night to dens, where they live on black bread, roots, and water; they spare other men the trouble of sowing, labouring, and reaping. Surely they deserve not to perish for lack of the bread they have themselves been the instruments of producing." A coincidence has been discovered which heightens the significance of this passage. The year after the great Condé's death, Prince Henri-Jules, his successor, assembled the States of Burgundy at Dijon: it was in the spring of 1688. A few weeks later took place at Chantilly the grand display of the *Fête Dauphine*, given in honour of a week's visit from Monseigneur the heir-apparent of France, in which magnificence ran riot in the effort to outshine the splendours of Versailles. The fourth edition of La Bruyère's work, which was issued in 1689, appeared enriched by his remarks both on the fête (in the chapter "*Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit*"), and by those on the wretchedness of the peasantry above cited (in the chapter "*De l'Homme*"). Is it far-fetched to conclude that he had been an eye-*witness* of both phases of life, and moralized, in his

tacit way, on the self-suggesting contrast they afforded when consigned to his pages?

Another subject, upon which La Bruyère has launched the bolts of his moral satire with yet more direct vigour and frequency, is that of the fashionable religionism of his day. Here his posture may be elucidated not only by his sound good sense and right feeling, but also by his connection with the opposition court of the Condés, and by his antagonism, as a disciple of the Oratorians, to the social policy of the Jesuits. For the art, or whim, or science, of "devotion,"—a term applied to the phenomena of religious sentimentalism as apart from active principle,—had, in like manner with that of casuistry, been long systematized by the teachers of the school of Loyola. How much it had gained acceptance in society, even while Louis XIV.'s reign was young and worldly, may be seen in many memoirs of the period. Mdlle. de Montpensier, for instance, with her satiric pen, introduces us to some delicious specimens of the genus "dévote." She tells of Mdlle. de Saujon, "Elle roule fort les yeux dans la tête, et regarde toujours en haut. . . . Elle laisse à entendre que c'est parceque son esprit s'applique peu à ce qui regarde le monde." Of Madame de Thiange, "Elle nous dit des merveilles sur la dévotion: elle en eut un accès admirable. J'appelle ce bon mouvement ainsi, parcequ'il ne dura pas davantage." And of herself she does not hesitate to record how, while endeavouring to acquire the accomplishment of "devotion", in order to suit herself to her prospective husband, the German Emperor, she became so bitten with the fancy that for eight days she thought of really turning Carmelite nun, and giving up Empire and all.

The topic was one freely handled, not only by La Bruyère, but by the two other social satirists of Louis' reign, Molière and Boileau. The Jesuits, who guided the movement, had not always possessed the vantage ground of royal favour to make satire a dangerous game; and though they did succeed for a time in preventing the representation of Molière's *Tartuffe*, yet when that famous character came on the boards at last, it was highly relished by King and courtiers. But about the midway of his reign Louis submitted to the influences of "devotion" himself; at first holding it in solution with his favourite mundane vices, but as his Jesuit confessor and Madame de Maintenon riveted their power over him, seeking very systematically to secure his "salut," whether by increased strictness of religious and moral observances, or by enhanced cruelty in the persecution of heretics. To pay court to the King, people now found that the best way was to turn devout; and lords and ladies of the *haut ton* went to mass with infinite assiduity, and as they must needs keep up a fashionable rivalry about something, boasted against each other respecting the charms and merits of their various "directors."

It may easily be imagined that to the clever cynical Condés, with the *frondeur* tone which always prevailed more or less in their circle, this court religionism was fruitful matter for contempt and irony. If not "devout," and indeed very far from moral themselves, they were at least not dissemblers. Possibly, had they lived three-quarters of a century later, they would have found themselves in full sympathy with the opinions promulgated by the philosophic school of the Encyclopædists. But La Bruyère was no scoffer. He carried on his

warfare, not from the barren plain of free-thinking indifferentism, but from the fortress of religious consistency. He, too, saw through all this hypocrisy to its backbone. "Un dévot," he said, "est celui qui sous un Roi athée seroit athée." The symptoms of the transformation, indeed, were not far to seek even while the Grand Monarque's reign still dragged on; and eventually the Regency and Louis XV. afforded full confirmation of the dictum. To this we shall presently have to recur.

La Bruyère's celebrated character of *Onuphre*, the pretended "dévot," first appeared in the edition of the *Caractères* published in 1691. It has often been compared with that of Molière's *Tartuffe*. Tartuffe was in some respects a less perilous venture, inasmuch as though he encountered the anger of the Jesuits and their partisans, the King and Court were, at the time of his appearance, inclined to laugh with the author. *Onuphre* satirised habits now cherished in the highest places. But, on the other hand, it should perhaps be taken into account that the applause bestowed on *Tartuffe* when the public representation of the character was at last sanctioned, had ratified the claim of the religious impostor to be treated as a conventional subject of satire. It would seem that nothing in the whole apparatus of the falsetto religion now in vogue so much stirred La Bruyère's indignation as the pretensions of the directors of conscience, the superstitious frivolities of their slaves, and the depreciation of the real duties of life which was the consequence of their system. Hear his complaint of the "inexhaustible pepper-box of directors," whom fashion had set in motion: "*in whom*," he says, "I seem to behold

everything diametrically opposed to enlightened intellect, good sense, experience of the world's affairs, knowledge of mankind, and the science of morals and religion." It is inconceivable to him, he adds, how such persons "can presume that God should renew in our days the marvel of the Apostolate, and perform a miracle in their persons by rendering them, ignorant and narrow-minded as they are, capable of the ministry of souls,—the ministry, of all others, the most delicate and sublime; still more inconceivable should they imagine that they do indeed possess the gifts for such an office, and are fulfilling their natural vocation when exercising it."

Turn again to his companion-picture, the subject on whom these quack physicians of souls were especially wont to exercise their skill, the "femme qu'on dirige." "Qu'est ce qu'une femme qu'on dirige?" asks the censor; (a woman that is, who confides the management of her conscience to a spiritual director). "Is she a woman more complaisant to her husband, more gentle to her servants, more attentive to her family and her affairs, more ardent and sincere towards her friends? a woman who is less the slave of her caprices than others, less guided by self-interest, less solicitous for the comforts of life? . . . . No, you say, she is none of these things. I persist, and ask again, qu'est ce qu'une femme qu'on dirige? I hear you; it is a woman who has a director." This description, by the way, it is worth remarking, was evidently copied by Boileau, in his tenth satire, published in 1693. The passage is as follows:—

Sur cent pieux devoirs aux Saints elle est égale.
Elle lit Rodriguez, fait l'Oraison mentale,

Va pour les malheureux quêter dans les maisons,
Hante les Hôpitaux, visite les prisons,
Tous les jours à l'Eglise entend jusqu'à six messes;
Mais de combattre en elle, et dompter ses faiblesses,
Sur le fard, sur le jeu vaincre sa passion,
Mettre un frein à son luxe, à son ambition,
Et soumettre l'orgueil de son esprit rebelle,
C'est ce qu'en vain le ciel voudroit exiger d'elle.
Et peut-il, dira-t-elle, en effet l'exiger?
Elle a son Directeur, c'est à lui d'en juger.

La Bruyère was a many-sided man: Louis the XIV.'s was a many-sided reign: and circumstances arose, which, notwithstanding other points of difference, brought our moralist towards the close of his life into certain sympathetic relations with the court and its adherents. It should be remembered that, although in virtue of his connection with the Condés he belonged to a social centre which was in some sort a rival centre to that of Versailles, yet at no time did this emulation extend to a complete separation of persons and interests. The Condés claimed their own distinguished place of honour, when the Sovereign's relatives assembled round him in the purple chambers of royalty, and many of their satellites were satellites of Louis likewise. If this was the case during the great Condé's lifetime, still more was it so after his grandson's marriage with the King's daughter had drawn the family ties closer. But the special circumstances referred to arose in this wise. It came to pass that as "young France" began to tire of the grooves in which custom's wheels had for some time been running, a new style of opposition spirit gathered head at Paris, a spirit which assumed the garb of free-thinking libertinism in religion, and of depreciation of the genius and example of the ancient classics in lite-

rature. The capital, slighted by the King and true to its inherited *frondeur* impulses, was the natural stronghold of the audacious wits who thus held up to derision *l'antiquaille, i. e.* the whole bundle of old-fashioned prejudices by which the world of yesterday, as they considered it, was governed. The literary Coryphæus of the go-ahead party was Fontenelle; their organ in the appeal to public opinion was the *Mercure Galant;* and Pierre Corneille, whose brother edited that journal, was the poetical star, whose merits they especially cried up, as against the favourite court dramatist, Racine. In the later portion of Louis's reign, the opposition between Paris and Versailles became more and more decided. Courtiers who went to lodge in the capital were considered as committing themselves both to contempt of the old King, and also to the free-thinking fashion which was to be the badge of the expected new reign, and which became the more pronounced, the more devotion grew into favour at court. Sometimes, indeed, a clever aspirant would contrive to keep an interest in both shops; playing the atheist among the lively wits of the capital, and the devotee among the sombre zealots of Versailles. The tone which characterized this modern opposition was totally opposed to the convictions of La Bruyère, who now found himself on the Conservative side, as it were, and sympathizing, to a certain extent, with the creeds and fashions patronized at court. The "quarrel of the ancients and moderns," a famous controversy of the day, rather literary than religious, afforded the most notable occasion of *rapprochement*.

And here the shadow of a great name connects itself again with La Bruyère's personality. Not one of his friendships seems to have been more lasting

and sincere than that which subsisted between him and Bossuet; and this in spite of some marked differences of opinion and original training. Bossuet hated the old Leaguers, was no friend to the Oratory, and thoroughly distrusted mental progress. But he honoured in La Bruyère a spirit of independence which was allied with staunch religious orthodoxy, and for this was content to pardon him his love of intellectual research, his passionate admiration of the heathen classics, his uncompromising defence of the theatre, and his partiality for the writings of the sceptical Montaigne. What La Bruyère felt for the Bishop of Meaux may be best understood from the lofty allusion to *Trophime* (afterwards altered to *Bénigne*) in the *Caractères*, and from the eulogium introduced in his *Discours de Réception*, the last sentence of which—"Nommez, Messieurs, une vertue qui ne soit pas la sienne!"—may, perhaps, have suggested to Pope the line on *his* beloved prelate,—

To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven!

It was through his intercourse with Bossuet and with that prelate's theological coterie, familiarly called "Le Petit Concile," that La Bruyère became a member of an affiliated literary society which survived the Petit Concile itself, and was known as that of "Les Pères Laïques." Racine and Boileau belonged to this society also, and the study of the ancient writers of Greece and Rome was affixed as their special enthusiasm. Though Bossuet, a theologian in grain, had no sympathy with this direction of their literary taste, it was natural that their original connection with his Petit Concile should bring them within the influences of the world of Versailles, in which the great prelate shone

a star of the first magnitude. Moreover, between La Bruyère and Fontenelle a very pronunced spirit of personal antagonism soon set in. The details need not now be recapitulated, but its effect was detrimental to the author of the *Caractères,* in his efforts to get himself elected a member of the Académie Française; and when, after his fruitless competitions, he at last succeeded, the so-called "Norman" clique *) were loud in their satire. Their irritation was presently increased by the somewhat proud and independent tone in which the new Academician pitched his *Discours de Réception,* and by his preference therein given to the poetry of Racine over that of Corneille. For a moment, indeed, the Academy itself demanded that the passage containing the offensive sentiment should be suppressed, but Bossuet made it known that, in that case, Racine would never appear at the Academy again. Party-spirit waxed so strong on the occasion that the King's curiosity was aroused, and he desired to have the now famous *Discours* read aloud to him at one of his Marly dinners. He applauded it highly; and its author did not fail to add the royal approbation to the topics of self-defence introduced with satirical force into the preface which accompanied his Discourse when printed. In the eigth edition of the *Caractères,* the last published in his lifetime, La Bruyère dealt his final stroke against Fontenelle, by inserting the charater of *Cydias,* the professional *bel esprit,* the master-manufacturer of general literature, working with his journeymen under him, and turning off to order elegies, letters, "prose,

*) Normandy was the native province of Fontenelle and the Corneilles.

vers, que voulez-vous? . . . a compound of the pedant and the *précieux,* made to be admired by the bourgeoisie and the provinces, in whom, nevertheless, one can discern nothing lofty save the opinion which he has of himself." The mortification occasioned him by this satire Fontenelle is said never to have got over. As he lived for upwards of sixty years afterwards, it may be doubted whether so long a literary grudge was ever felt before or since.

He who shot the dart which rankled so effectually did not long survive its emission.

It was on the 8th of May, 1696, two days after a lively supper at Paris, where he had been reading some passages from his own *Dialogues sur le Quiétisme,* a work of his latter days, written in unison with the opinions of Bossuet on that controverted subject, that he was seized with an apoplectic stroke—after supper again—in the apartments of the Prince de Condé at Versailles. The court doctors came in hot haste. Every approved remedy was tried, in vain. His enemies of the *Mercure Galant* insinuated that he had eaten to excess; but his death was so sudden and unexpected that the more dramatic solution of poison was whispered, and even printed. His work had provoked resentment in many breasts; and the revenge was not thought improbable.

A few weeks only before La Bruyère's death, the funeral-bell had tolled for the Marquise de Sévigné, as close an observer as himself of the personages and events of the time, and one who, more than any other female writer, merited the eulogiums he bestows on the epistolary accomplishments of the fair sex. Yet it is not apparent, but, on the whole, improbable, that

La Bruyère ever knew her or her letters. Not once throughout her lively correspondence does the Marquise allude to the *Caractères* or their author, living, though she did, in the same capital with him, knowing many of the same people, keeping on terms of pretty frequent intercourse with the Condés themselves, being nearly related, moreover, to Bussy Rabutin, who was his friend and admirer. This is certainly a curious circumstance. One would have supposed that to such a lover of gossip the successive editions of the *Caractères* would afford a fruitful theme of discussion in her letters to her daughter. But, on the whole, Madame de Sévigné and La Bruyère belonged to different sections of society. The lady was completely of the Versailles set; her acquaintance was mainly among the courtiers and the *haute noblesse*. The satirist, from his early associations, as well as from the general character of the Condé *entourage*, was thrown among professionals and officials, and those rather of an Opposition clique. Madame de Sévigné frequented the fashionable society of the Marais; La Bruyère the society of the Faubourg St. Honoré, where lawyers and bourgeoisie abounded. So it was that they dwelt apart, and described different sides of that brilliant busy world of theirs. It has been remarked that even in the famous portrait of *Ménalque*, the absent man, intended in its principal features for the Duc de Brancas, so often mentioned by Madame de Sévigné, the incidents of his abstraction specified by La Bruyère are never the same as those which she recounts.

The world must have been duller, we fancy, when these two animated onlookers were withdrawn from its haunts. But—it is our philosopher who asks the

question—"who is there, endowed, though he may be, with the rarest talents and the most transcendent merit, who must not be convinced of his own uselessness when he reflects that in dying he quits a world which has no consciousness of his loss, and where so many are at hand immediately to replace him?"

The literary planet of the next century had already peeped above the horizon. Voltaire was a child of two years old when the grave closed over the Marquise de Sévigné and La Bruyère.

NAPOLEON I.*)

[*Quarterly Review, April, 1870.*]

LANFREY'S 'History of Napoleon' is a book which, even in its unfinished state, cannot fail to inspire the highest respect for the anthor and the deepest interest in the trains of reflection which it suggests. Independently of its merits as a succinct, original, lucid and severely accurate summary of events, it vividly reproduces and helps to solve problems of incalculable importance to society. Is greatness hopelessly incompatible with goodness? Must the brightest of mankind be invariably the meanest? 'The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.' Is the plumage of soaring ambition made up of deceit, dissimulation, vain glory, and false pretences? Should we fix it to the earth by stripping off its feathers, or by weighting it with honour, probity, and truth? Fielding leaves it to be inferred, if he does not actually maintain, that the only essential difference between Jonathan Wild and the conquerors who are popularly

* *Histoire de Napoléon Ier.* Par P. LANFREY. Tome Premier et Tome Deuxième. Paris, 1867. Tome Troisième, 1868. Tome Quatrième. 1870.

called 'the great,' lay in the scale of their respective exploits, in the narrowness or boundlessness of the field on which the common faculty for mischief and lust of rapine was displayed. Nor, if Jonathan had not committed the mistake of getting hanged, it is by any means clear to our minds that he would have failed to command a considerable amount of admiration from the modern school of hero-worshippers, whose sole criterion of merit is success. With them, the means or instruments are little or nothing; the results everything. In their eyes, it is comparatively immaterial whether the coveted celebrity, elevation, or aggrandisement is attained by appealing to the noblest or the basest feelings, by the unbought suffrages of the wise and good or by flattering and corrupting the foolish and the bad—

'Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.'

Let the aspirant only climb or creep to the highest pinnacle, let him become the enslaver of his country or one of the arbiters of the world's destiny, and he receives full absolution for the past. He has done no wrong; he can do none. Let him, on the other hand, be checked, like Washington, by patriotism or public virtue, and he is relegated at once to the second or third rank of greatness; if, indeed, he is admitted to be in any sense great. Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon are the three self-raised men, the three architects of their own fortunes, who have filled the largest space in history. None of these was ever troubled by a scruple when a decisive step was to be taken or his personal position was at stake; and it is a remarkable fact that the one amongst them whose rise and career

are the most wonderful, was the freeest from any sort of moral restraint whatever.

Some thirty years since a prize was offered at an Italian university for the best essay on the thesis: 'What man since the creation of the world has acquired the most extended celebrity?' The pre-eminence was awarded to Napoleon, and a similar pre-eminence would be awarded to him if the question had been, 'What man since the creation of the world has combined so much that is mean, petty, wicked, and reprehensible, with such lofty ambition, such comprehensiveness of view, such grasp of mind, such superhuman energy, such versatility of genius and capacity?'

It may fairly be assumed that M. Lanfrey had this or some such question in his mind when he planned his history, for its clear scope and tendency throughout are to disabuse the public mind of a cherished error and at least compel a discriminating judgment from posterity. He is the most useful and enlightened of iconoclasts. Improving on Oxenstierna, he says in effect: 'Go and see with how little principle the world is governed; by what paltry arts it may be deluded and enslaved: how power, rank, titles, honours, may be won and kept by talents and qualities combined with knavery and effrontery, which would have been missed or forfeited by the same talents and qualities combined with a sense of honour and self-respect: how often men are exalted by their worst qualities and depressed by their best!' For it is not simply the central figure, with its colossal proportions, that is made to point the moral. The attendant groups are graphically sketched as illustrations of the epoch, and,

as was to be anticipated, the circling satellites reflect the spots without the splendour of their sun.

The discriminating estimate of Napoleon's character and conduct which now bids fair to become the recognised one, was formed and expressed half a century ago by English writers and statesmen, whose earnest warnings and high-toned protests were attributed to national antipathy and prejudice.* How little progress had been made till recently in dissipating the delusive halo that enveloped his name, is shown by the influence of M. Thiers' 'History,' which made that name again a spell to conjure with, a thing of life and motion, which wafted back in triumph the cherished freight of bones (not ashes) from St. Helena [?], blew the slumbering embers of Imperialism into a flame, and led by an obvious train of causes to the restoration of the dynasty. Factitious effects are never lasting. A rude shock was given to the military infallibility of the idol by Colonel Charras, when he ruthlessly exposed the blunders of the campaign of 1815, with the falsification of facts, dates and documents subsequently perpetrated to cover them. Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian, the authors of 'Le Conscrit de 1813' and 'Waterloo', did good service by showing the cost of glory in national suffering and privation, and the terrible retribution that may be exacted when the parts of vanquished and victor, invaded and invader, are reversed. But it was reserved for M. Lanfrey to complete the disenchantment, to cast down the brazen image, and compel even worshippers to acknowledge that their adoration has been often miserably misplaced.

* We may refer our readers to some of the earlier numbers of the 'Quarterly Review' in which the real character of Napoleon was exposed.

The contrasted characters of the two writers, approaching their subject from diametrically opposite directions, rendered inevitable the startling discrepancy between M. Thiers and M. Lanfrey. The brilliant historian of the Consulate and Empire started with a determination to award the entire credit of success to Napoleon when he succeeded, and to throw the entire blame on his subordinates when he failed; to praise everything that could be praised with a semblance of reason or plausibility, and to excuse or palliate everything that by no possibility of construction could be made to bear praise. He rarely, if ever, thinks of submitting any Napoleonic scheme or exploit to the ordeal of principle, until it has been condemned by what he calls '*la justice des temps*,' *i. e.* by the event; when he blames it (as Fouché blamed the execution of the Duc d'Enghien) more as a blunder than a crime. Now, it is the intensity of the moral sense, the love of right, the hatred of injustice, the scorn of falsehood, that constitute the strength of M. Lanfrey, and have enabled him to move among the accumulated mass of trustworthy and apocryphal materials at his disposal, armed, as it were, with the Ithuriel spear of truth. Incomparably the most important of these, constituting, indeed, the groundwork and main dependence of his work, is the 'Correspondence of Napoleon,' of which the 28th volume, bringing it down to July, 1815, has recently appeared.* But a startling amount of new

* 'Correspondance de Napoléon Ier., publiée par Ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III.' The first sixteen volumes, ending August, 1807, were published without alteration or reserve, and it is these which have been principally laid under requisition by M. Lanfrey, whose fourth volume

material for Napoleonic history has been brought to light within a few years in the shape of Memoirs, Letters, and Despatches, and the whole of these have been subjected to the minutest investigation by M. Lanfrey, who has thereby been enabled to light up his narrative with numerous traits and touches that give it an air of novelty, even when the scene is crowded with familiar faces and the main action is well known. In his pages the boyhood and early youth of Napoleon arrest attention, although one would have thought that there was nothing new to be said or suggested till we come to the period when the germs of ambition began to stir in him and the distinctive features of his character were fixed.

'I was born,' to use his own words, 'when my country was perishing; the cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, the tears of despair, surrounded my cradle from my birth.' So ingrained were these Corsican influences, that he narrowly missed becoming a patriot on a small scale, the vindicator of the oppressed of his native contry, instead of the oppressor of half the countries of the globe. To re-enact the part of Paoli and restore the independence of Corsica, was more than the dream of his boyhood. It was his highest ambition for five years after he received his first commission; and for the realization of this project

closes with the battle of Essling (May, 1809). The effect of this unreserved publication on the great man's memory having disappointed expectation, a fresh Commission was issued in 1864, with instructions to be more cautious. The last twelve volumes, therefore, are by no means so compromising or so valuable. A capital selection has appeared under the title of 'Napoléon Ier Peint par Lui-même. P... M. Raudot, Ancien Représentant de l'Yonne.' Paris, 18...

he ran risks which place his earnestness beyond dispute. In his seventeenth year (1786), on leaving Brienne, he joined the regiment de la Fère, then in garrison at Valence, with the rank of second lieutenant. He here received that essential part of masculine education which Prince Pückler-Muskau calls the education of the drawing-room, and which Lord Chesterfield recommends so strongly and so repeatedly in the famous Letters. He formed a close friendship with a young married woman, attractive and distinguished, who undertook his introduction to society. Not even at this susceptible age, however, does it appear that female influence sank deep. In a 'Dialogue sur l'Amour,' written at Valence, he gravely and seriously lays down, that 'Love does more harm than good, and it would be the good deed of a protecting divinity to rid us of it.' He began a history of Corsica at Valence, and in 1791 he published his 'Lettre à Matteo Buttafuoco,' the principal instrument of Choiseul in the annexation of Corsica to France, who is overwhelmed with invective and contumely, whilst Paoli is exalted to the skies. Buttafuoco sat as deputy of the Corsican nobility in the Assemblée Nationale, and a passage in the letter alluding to this circumstance is a curiosity, as regards both sentiment and style:—

'O Lameth! O Robespierre! O Pétion! O Volney! O Mirabeau! O Barnave! O Bailly! O Lafayette! Behold the man who dares to seat himself by your side all dripping with the blood of his brothers, sullied by crimes of every kind. . . . As if he were the choice of the people! They have done to his effigy what they would have been glad to do to his person.'

It was in Corsica that the embryo great man first *tried his* hand at a *coup d'état*, and it was there, again,

that recovering as by a strong effort from his fever of public virtue, he definitively laid aside the loyalty and disinterestedness of his youth. Each of these episodes is illustrative; each of them casts its shadow before.

'The bargain (says M. Lanfrey) is struck. At the moment when history is about to take possession of Bonaparte, calculation and ambition have already got the better of all other motives. Behold him disengaged from every scruple of opinion, steeled against every political predilection, on the best terms with the conquerors without being irreconcilable with the conquered, disembarrassed of all the generous illusions of the past, and measuring in his mind's eye the unlimited field opening before him. This predestined champion of glory has already no counsellor but his insatiable genius, no rule but a certain ideal of greatness, and what he himself calls circumstances, that is, accomplished facts, success, fortune. Let the opportunity arise, he will not let it escape. It did not delay presenting itself with an *éclat* beyond his hopes.'

The siege of Toulon was the commencement of his military reputation, which rose with unprecedented rapidity during the Italian campaign of 1794. This he really directed whilst acting as General of Artillery under Dumerbion, an old and worn-out officer, who commanded in chief. Compromised by his connexion with the Robespierres, he was recalled: his fortunes once more hung wavering in the balance, and absolute destitution stared him in the face. In the summer or early autumn of 1795, during the financial crisis brought on by the over-issue of assignats, he was so pressed for money as to be obliged to share the slender resources of Junot and Bourrienne, and even to sell his books. His state of mind under these trials is described as fluctuating between ardent hope, high imaginings, and blank despondency. There were mo-

ments when he dreamed of nothing more than a comfortable retreat in the country, with the calm of domestic life; and it will be remembered that the Duke of Wellington, when a subaltern, exhibited a parallel blindness to what providence had in store for him, by applying to a Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Camden) for a Commissionership of Customs.

The extraordinary restlessness and versatility of the nascent hero of twenty-six, combined with his love of excitement, led him to make a passing study of Parisian society, which was just emerging after a long eclipse and making up for lost time by free indulgence in luxury, dissipation and intrigue. His impressions are given in a letter to his brother Joseph, July 12, 1795:—

'The carriages, the fine world, reappear, or rather they remember, only as they would remember a long dream, that they have ever ceased to shine. . . . Everything is brought together to distract and make life pleasant. We are torn from our reflexions; and be low-spirited, if you can, in this activity of mind and this unceasing whirl. The women are every where—at the theatres, on the public walks, in the libraries. In the cabinet of the *savant* you see very pretty persons. Here alone, of all places of the earth, they deserve to hold the rudder: the men consequently run mad about them, think only of them, live only by and for them. A woman requires six months to learn what is due to her and what her empire is.'

Yet this empire of woman, which was her due, was rudely, contemptuously, cruelly set aside the moment its mildest, most appropriate influence was exerted within his own.

His value was too well known to admit of prolonged neglect or forgetfulness. On the arrival of bad news from the army of Italy, Pontecoulant, the war-*minister*, sent for Bonaparte to attach him to the

Committee by which plans of operations for the various armies were prepared. He drew up for Kellermann, the commander-in-chief of that army, and a little later for his successor, Scherer, a series of instructions comprising all the principal combinations which he afterwards carried out in the first and most brilliant of his Italian campaigns. Their reception is the best evidence of his superiority. Kellermann replied that 'their author was only fit for a lunatic asylum,' and Scherer that 'it was for him who had conceived to realise them,' a sarcasm which turned out a sound and just appreciation of their merit. Bonaparte was far from mortified at their rejection. He was at no time anxious for others to acquire glory at his expense, and it was as a man of action, not a man of ideas, that he felt predestined to shine. On the 12th August he wrote to Joseph:—'I am constantly in the state of mind in which one is at the eve of a battle, convinced by sentiment that when death is there in the midst to end all, to be anxious is folly. All leads me to brave chance and destiny, and if that lasts, my friend, I shall end by not turning aside to avoid a carriage.' As if to complete the contrast, on the 25th September, 1795, ten days before the affair of the Sections, his name was struck out of the list of Generals in active service to gratify some grudge of the war-minister.

The scene of action was the hall of the section Le Pelletier, which had taken the lead in opposition to the Convention. Their troops were commanded by Menou, who hesitated at the critical moment, and began to treat instead of calling on the sectionaries to lay down their arms and disperse. The result was a truce by which the troops were to retire and the in-

surgents were to evacuate the hall. The troops retired, the insurgents remained, and hastened to proclaim what all Paris accepted as their victory. The tumult was at its height between eight and nine in the evening. Bonaparte was at the theatre Feydeau. On hearing what was going on, he repaired to the hall, witnessed the conclusion of the scene, and then hastened to the Assembly. They had just decreed the arrest of Menou, and were discussing the different Generals to whom it would be best to intrust the command. Bonaparte, unseen amongst the audience, heard his own name proposed, and hesitated 'during nearly half an hour' on the part he should have to take. This rests solely on his own authority in his Memoirs. What is more trustworthy, remarks M. Lanfrey, is that the name which united most suffrages was that of Barras, then in some sort the arbiter of the situation, thanks to the recollection of his energetic conduct on the 9th Thermidor. Barras caused Bonaparte to be nominated along with him; a circumstance which has been suppressed in each of the three versions which Bonaparte has left of this most important episode of his life. The sole command practically devolved on him. The army of the Convention did not exceed eight thousand men; that of the Sections fell little short of forty thousand; but the advantage of discipline was on his side: he had, moreover, forty pieces of artillery, which his adversaries, not yet acquainted with their man, did not expect to be used against them. He posted his troops in the Louvre and the Tuileries, converting them into a kind of entrenched camp, and guarding all the approaches with cannon. The sectionaries were commanded by General Danican, an officer of small

capacity, and by a returned emigrant, Lafond, a young man of the most brilliant courage. On finding the preparations made for their reception, they halted and remained inactive during the greater part of the day (13th Vendémiaire). At about half-past four Danican gave the signal and Bonaparte mounted his horse. The battle was soon over. The heads of the attacking columns were mowed down by grape-shot in whatever direction they advanced; and after being three times rallied by Lafond, the boldest gave way and the victory of the Convention was complete. Such amongst them as really desired order or regular government had small ground for self-congratulation, for this fatal day was the triumph of the soldier over the citizen: it taught power to rely upon the army, and the army to dispose of power. It prepared the way for a military dictatorship, and its first fruits were reaped by the self-same man who was to profit by it most largely in the end.

Barras having resigned in his favour, Bonaparte was declared General of the Interior; and the manner in which he used his opportunities shows both his own grasping character and the absence of legal checks on the cupidity or ambition of any one who contrived to work himself into a position of influence or command. Besides assuming the entire control of the regular troops, the national guard and the military arrangements of the capital, he claimed a voice in most civil affairs, protected emigrants, recalled dismissed officers, distributed commissions amongst his creatures, gave away places to his friends and relations, whom he sent for expressly, and transmitted large sums of money to his family. The Directory, which had only

just been established by his instrumentality, regarded his proceedings with distrust; and fear or jealousy had probably quite as much to do with his nomination to the command of the army of Italy as admiration or gratitude.

There was also another motive which actuated their leading spirit, Barras, whose share in promoting Bonaparte's private and public interests at this conjuncture he and his partisans have been anxious to shade over or suppress. A touching incident had just brought him acquainted with Joséphine, Madame de Beauharnais, whose relations with Barras were of the most intimate and confidential kind, although we are quite ready to believe that the popular reflections on her reputation were unjust. M. Thiers speaks of Bonaparte as having felt for her 'only a *goût* that time had dissipated, an esteem that many instances of lightness had diminished.' According to M. Laufrey, 'he had conceived an ardent and exalted passion for her, fanned by the knowledge that this marriage would at the same time give him the part (*rôle*) he most longed for, and open to him the ranks of a society which had hitherto answered his advances by excessive distrust. He threw into this affection—the only one, it is said, which ever made his heart beat—all the eagerness and fire of his impetuous nature. As to Madame de Beauharnais, she felt in his presence more trouble and astonishment than love.' She herself has related how her consent was mainly brought about by the offer of Barras to make her a wedding present of the command of the army of Italy. 'Barras,' she wrote shortly before the marriage, 'assures me that, *if I* marry the general, he will procure this command

or him. Yesterday Bonaparte was speaking to me of his favour, which is already causing murmurs amongst is professional brethren, although not yet granted. 'Do they believe that I need protection to rise? They vill all be too happy one of these days if I deign to rant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with t I shall go far (*j'irai loin*)."

He spoke with the proud consciousness of genius, nd he had done enough to justify it; but she did not ove him enough to catch confidence from his inspiraion, and it was with a marked presentiment of self-acrifice that she gave her hand. He was named Geeral-in-Chief of the army of Italy on the 23rd of Feruary, 1796, and the marriage was celebrated on the th of March, the bridegroom adding a year and a alf to his real age, and the bride deducting four years rom hers, in the register. He was in his twenty-eventh year and she thirty-two.

Former historians have emulously, and with good eason, expatiated on the originality and brilliancy of he ensuing campaign, with its results. It was reserved or M. Lanfrey to fix attention on the avowed object or which hostilities were undertaken, and the fresh et of motives by which the French soldier was urged n. The republican armies had hitherto fought, or retended to fight, for liberty. They were now about o fight professedly for conquest and plunder. Bonaparte's instructions, which he interpreted in the widest nd worst sense, were to excite rebellion, to acquire tated territories by force or fraud, to annex or barter hem, and to make the war pay its own expenses whether it was carried on in a friendly or an enemy's country. He first proclamation to the army ran thus:—

'Soldiers, you are badly fed and almost naked. The government owes you much: it can do nothing for you. Your patience, your courage, do you honour, but procure you neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile country of the world. You will find large cities and rich provinces. You will find honour, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, shall you want courage?'

'It was not in a day,' remarks M. Lanfrey, 'that the soldiers of the republic became the soldiers of the empire, but the commencement of the metamorphosis dates from this proclamation, in which Italy was shown to them not as a nation to liberate, but as a prey to seize.'

An unbroken and rapid series of victories soon placed nearly the whole of Italy at the mercy of the invaders, and an organised system of plunder began. Overstepping his powers without ceremony when it suited him, acting throughout like a sovereign prince at the head of a conquering army, he replied to all remonstrances from his employers, the Directory, by announcing fresh triumphs and pouring millions upon millions into their exhausted treasury. After the conclusion of an armistice, which he was expressly forbidden to conclude, he writes:—

'If, however, you do not accept the peace with the King of Sardinia, if your project is to dethrone him, you must amuse him for some weeks, and let me know at once. I will take possession of Piacenza and march on Turin. ... I will impose some millions on the Duke of Parma; he will make proposals for peace: be in no hurry to close with him, so that I may have time to make him pay the expense of the campaign.'

Genoa had been required to pay three millions by way of indemnity for a pretended wrong. The French *Minister* there was now directed by Bonaparte to exact

fifteen. In a second proclamation he reminds his army that 'the ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin were still trodden under foot by the assassins of Bassonville,'* and, after promising the 'conquest' of Italy as the recompense of renewed exertions, he concludes with this astounding apostrophe:—'People of Italy, the army of Italy comes to break your chains; the French nation is the friend of every people: meet her half-way with confidence.' The declared mission of the French nation was to deliver the Milanese, and the Milanese is thus commended by the Directors to the particular attention of the General:—

'Above all, you must not spare the Milanese; levy contributions in cash directly, and during the first terror inspired by the approach of our troops, let a strict eye be kept to the application of the proceeds.'

The next paragraph is unique in its way:—

'If Rome makes advances, the first thing to exact is that the Pope shall immediately order public prayers for the prosperity of the French arms. Some of her fine monuments, her statues, her medals, her libraries, her silver Madonnas, and even her church bells, will indemnify us for the expense that your visit will cost us.'

This kind of plunder is one that is never forgotten or forgiven by the sufferers. It is a national insult as well as a national loss. It was the outrage most keenly resented when the hour of retribution came and indignant Europe rose against the French. Whether Bonaparte or the Directory instituted it, is left in doubt; but he did not wait for their instructions to extend it beyond the limits indicated by them. By the suspension of arms with the Duke of Parma he

* The French ambassador assassinated at Rome.

had stipulated for a sum of two millions, twelve hundred horses with their harness, twenty pictures, including the St. Jerome which the Duke vainly endeavoured to ransom by another million, and supplies of every sort for the army. By another suspension of arms, imposed on the Duke of Modena, he exacted ten millions, with twenty pictures to be chosen by commissaries. By a decree published the day after his entry into Milan, he levied on Lombardy (which he came to liberate) a contribution of twenty millions in money, besides a million in pictures and objects of art. All this was in addition to private plunder and exaction, which had been carried to so frightful an excess as (to use his own expression) 'makes one blush for mankind.' At the same time he wrote to the Directory, 'These poor fellows are excusable. After languishing three years on the summit of the Alps, they reach the promised land; they wish to enjoy it.'

The promised land! Who taught them to regard Italy in that light? What wonder if they claimed the literal fulfilment of the promise, and gave unchecked indulgence to cupidity and lust? With his tacit connivance, the generals and other leading functionaries made large fortunes—at least such of them as he desired to attach to his own; for his knowledge of their proceedings, by placing them in his power, became the best guarantee for their fidelity. At the same time he remained, personally, incorruptible. He was playing for too high a stake to care about pecuniary gains. He was already looking forward to the time when he should be able to dispose of national or imperial revenues at his pleasure. An instance of this *calculated* disinterestedness as regards money is related

on his authority by Las Cases. During the negotiations with the Duke of Modena, Salicetti came to him in his cabinet, to say that the Commandeur d'Este, brother of the Duke, was waiting without with four millions of gold in four chests. 'He comes in his brother's name, to interest you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. I am from your country; I know your family affairs; the Directory and the Corps Législatif will not recompense your services. This is yours: accept it without scruple and without publicity.' 'I thank you,' was the cold reply; 'I am not going to place myself at the disposition of the Duke of Modena for such a sum'—nor (he might have added) at the disposition of Salicetti either.

A regular agent had been nominated by decree to attend upon the army and collect objects of art and science to be transported to Paris, with full authority to demand horses and carriages for their conveyance from the cities robbed of them. Objects of art and science were interpreted to mean all objects of luxury, horses amongst the rest. Bonaparte selected a hundred of the finest in Lombardy as a present to the Directors, 'to replace,' he said, 'the ordinary horses which draw your carriages.' At the suggestion of Turguet, the Minister of Marine, the General's attention was directed to the naval stores, timber, hemp, sailcloth, &c., to be found in any of the Italian states, Roman, Neapolitan, or Tuscan:—

'Is it not fitting, he wrote, that each of these States shall provide and transport to Toulon the quantities they can produce or have already in their magazines? *Let us make Italy proud of having contributed to the éclat of our marine.* This, it seems to me, is seconding the views of the numerous patriots of these countries who enjoy the

noble pride of having co-operated in the equipment and the success of the armies of the republic.'

Strange epoch, when such is the confusion of ideas, that rapacity spoke the language of patriotism, and patriotism that of rapacity, mixing them up so completely that it was difficult to say which of the two sentiments was uppermost. There was another language in which Bonaparte was proficient, another mode of reconciling the victims to their fate. He came, forsooth, in the name of the heroes of classical antiquity to liberate their descendants. Thus in the proclamation to his soldiers, heralding an advance on Rome:—

'Let the people be without alarm. We are the friends of every people, and more particularly of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men whom we have taken for models. To restore the Capitol, honourably instal in it the statues of the heroes who made themselves famous, revive the Romans benumbed by ages of slavery, such will be the fruit of our victories. They will form an epoch for posterity, you will have the undying glory of changing the face of the finest part of Europe.'

The glory they certainly had in more senses than one. Their track was marked by devastation; and such alterations of government as they effected were for the worse. Again, in his instructions to the officer whom he soon after dispatched to Corfu:—'If the inhabitants of the country are inclined to independence, flatter their taste, and do not fail, in your proclamations, to speak to them of Greece, Athens, and Rome.'

Neither classical associations, nor dreams of liberty, nor the noble pride of glutting French rapacity, long sufficed to blind the Lombards to the real character of the invasion. The peasantry rose and were ruthlessly shot down or sabred. All the priests and nobles

in the rebel communes were ordered to be arrested and carried as hostages to France; all the villages where the tocsin should be sounded to be burnt to the ground. An attempt, which deceived no one, was made to represent this rising as a conspiracy set on foot by the monks and encouraged by the nobility. It was the convulsive throe of the industrious, hard-working part of the population, driven to desperation by the most profligate system of exaction that ever was conceived or carried out in a civilised community. Precisely when these atrocities were at their height, when the army of Italy was burning, plundering, and murdering wholesale in a country with which they affected to fraternise, the Directors were celebrating a fête to Victory in honour of their exploits, and, as if to make the mockery complete, Carnot, the austere republican, was chosen to pronounce a discourse, in which the honour due to valour was blended with the praise of filial love, of paternal love, of sensibility, and (above all) of humanity. 'O! humanity,' was his apostrophe, 'how delicious are thy practices, and how much to be pitied is the greedy soul (*âme avide*) that knows thee not!'

It was difficult to apply the fraternising principle to Venice, from which no popular call had come for the liberators, which had cautiously avoided giving the semblance of offence by observing an unarmed neutrality. But the fate reserved for the mistress of the Adriatic was the hardest and least merited of all. She was to be robbed of her independence, degraded, impoverished, and reduced to the condition of a subject province, for no imaginable reason than that it suited the French Republic and their general so to

deal with her. It was the ever-recurring story of the wolf and the lamb. Venice was charged with being the ally of Austria, on the ground that the Austrians had been permitted to occupy Peschiera, of which they had taken military occupation by surprise. Turning a deaf ear to the proffered explanation Bonaparte garrisoned Peschiera which the Austrians had abandoned at his approach, and frightened the Venetian plenipotentiaries into a convention, by which French troops were to be admitted into Verona, and the French army to be supplied with provisions and munitions of war on credit, i. e., without paying for them. He then wrote to the Directors:—

'If your project is to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have purposely contrived this sort of rupture. If you have more decided intentions, I believe it will be necessary to continue this subject of quarrel; let me know what you wish done, and wait for a favourable moment, which I will seize according to circumstances, for it will not do to have all the world on our hands at once. . . . *The truth of the affair of Peschiera is that Beaulieu (the Austrian commander) put a disgraceful trick upon them. He demanded a passage for fifty men, and so got possession of the town.*'

The shamelessness of the pretext is complacently communicated to his government, in the confident expectation, justified by the result, that it would conciliate their favour instead of provoking a reproof; and it was on the strength of a quarrel, got up in this fashion, that Venice was soon afterwards reduced to the condition of a plundered and oppressed dependency. The turn of the Pope came next, and there was no need of inventing pretexts against his Holiness, who had waged a kind of religious war against the Republic,

as the arch enemy of the Faith, and left the assassination of its ambassador, Bassonville, unavenged. Such was the popular detestation of sacerdotal rule, that, on the first appearance of the French in the Legations, they were received as liberators, and Bonaparte, who aimed only at exaction for the present, took advantage of the alarm into which the Papal Government was thrown to dictate his terms. The price of a suspension of arms was settled at twenty-one millions, fifteen in money, and the rest in supplies, a hundred pictures, five hundred manuscripts, the provisionary occupation of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara, and (to crown all with a bit of telling republicanism) the busts of Lucius and Marcus Brutus.

This suspension was only a short respite for his Holiness. A fresh succession of victories, Arcola, Rivoli, Tolentino, completed the discomfiture of one Austrian army after another, and Bonaparte was soon at leisure to revert to the Papal Government, which was driven to desperation. 'We will turn the Romagna into a Vendée,' exclaimed Cardinal Busca, and bands of peasants were seen led by monks, crucifix in hand. But the electric spark was wanting: the first Papal army, which the French encountered at Castel-Bologna, was easily routed and took to flight: the second, at Ancona, surrendered at discretion without firing a shot. The Pope was at the mercy of the conqueror, whose policy was not to break with his Holiness outright, much less to deprive him entirely of his temporalities. Bonaparte had written not long before to Clarke, the Minister of War, that France was becoming Roman Catholic again, and that they might stand in need of the co-operation of the Pope in an easily conceivable

contingency. There were other pressing reasons for not pushing matters to extremity, and, prudently refraining from entering Rome in person, he signed a treaty, by which he stipulated for the abandonment of the Legations, the Romagna and Ancona to the French, and the payment of an additional sum of fifteen millions. He then sent an autograph letter to notify this treaty to the Pope, who was assured that the French Republic would henceforth be one of the best friends of Rome, and that nothing could exceed the esteem and veneration entertained for his sacred person by their general. At the same time he wrote to the Directory:—

'My opinion is that Rome, once deprived of Bologna, Ferrara, the Romagna, and the thirty millions we take from her, can exist no longer; this old machine will fall to pieces of itself.'

In another letter of the same date he adds:—

'The commission of *savants* has reaped a good harvest at Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Ancona, Loretto, and Perugia: all will be sent to Paris without delay. Adding it to what will be sent from Rome, we shall have everything fine (*tout ce qu'il y a de beau*) in Italy, except a small number of objects which are at Turin and Naples.'

The churches in the ceded provinces were robbed of all articles of value which had been accumulated by the piety or superstition of ages. Our Lady of Loretto was stripped of ornaments in gold, silver, and jewels to the value of above a million and the wooden image of the Virgin was transported to Paris, where it remained till the Concordat. The wonder is that the Casa Santa—the Holy House—was not carried off in pieces and set up in the Place des Victoires, where its appearance might have been announced as a repetition of the miracle, or it would have cost only an

Ossianic figure to declare that the eagle of victory had brought it, as the Brobdingnag eagle carried Gulliver's wooden residence, in its beak.

Bonaparte had no sooner settled with Rome than he turned his exclusive attention to the Austrian army, commanded by the Archduke Charles, whom he pursued across the Alps without waiting for the co-operation of the army of the Rhine, till he found himself dangerously distant from his base of operations. The situation was so critical, that he at once adopted the expedient of addressing to the Archduke a letter in which he invited him to merit the title of benefactor of humanity, declaring for himself that, if the overture that he had the honour to make could save the life of a single man, he should be prouder of the civic crown that he should have merited thereby than of the melancholy glory which can result from military successes! The puzzle is why he should be constantly going out of his way to use language which could deceive no one—which was notoriously at variance with his actions, his feelings, and his thoughts. It was impossible for a commander to be more indifferent to human life or more prodigal of blood; and in answer to the excuse that he was so only by calculation and when a given object was to be obtained, M. Lanfrey recalls the curious fact of his ordering a skirmish for the amusement of his mistress. His own words to Las Cases were:—

'Riding with her one day in the middle of our positions in the environs of the hill of Tenda, whilst reconnoitring as commandant of the artillery, the notion suddenly occurred to me of treating her to the spectacle of a little war, and I ordered an attack of advanced posts. We were *the conquerors*, it is true, but there could evidently

be no result. The attack was a pure fancy, and yet some men fell in it. Later (*plus tard*) I have bitterly reproached myself with this affair whenever it has recurred to me.'

'Later' means when, on the rock of St. Helena, he was no longer able to sacrifice hetacombs of human beings to his ambition or his caprice—when it had become a passion to compose an attractive character for posterity. His classical reminiscences must have been at fault, or he would have reflected that Flamininus was expelled the Senate by Cato for killing a noble Gaul to amuse a favourite.

The overture to the Archduke led to the preliminaries of Leoben, in which the main point to be settled was what portions of territory Austria and France should respectively retain, it being clearly understood between them that the rights of independent and neutral states were not to stand in the way of any arrangement that might suit both parties. At first the proposal went no farther than to offer Austria an indemnity out of the dependencies of Venice; but the notion of dealing with the unhappy republic as a subject of barter was speedily matured into a transaction which has no parallel in history, except the partition of Poland; and even the partition of Poland was not marked by the wanton expenditure of so much false profession or by such cynical contempt for truth. Nothing can be clearer than that Bonaparte's mind was made up on this subject before the popular commotions, excited by French treatment, gave him a pretext for an open declaration of hostilities. His language to the trembling Deputies of the Senate, who offered *carte blanche* in the way of satisfaction, *ran* thus:—

'I have eighty thousand men, I have gunboats, I will have no more inquisition, no more senate, I will be an Attila to Venice. . . . I want no more alliances with you, I will have none of your projects, I will give you the firm land. . . . There is no good in deceiving me to gain time.'

In their report to the Senate the Deputies are obliged to own that the detail of the treaty are unknown to them—that the secret of the conditions is impenetrable: 'God grant that this mystery does not conceal the partition of the Republic.' The very worst of their fears fell short of the reality. The civilised world had yet to learn the full scope of Madame Roland's dying apostrophe to Liberty, and grey-headed Italian diplomatists, familiar with Macchiavelli, stood aghast, when it broke upon them, at the profound corruption of the French General of twenty-eight. After concluding a treaty which, hard as were the terms, left the Republic the semblance of independence, he wrote to the Directors that his sole object in concluding it was to enter the city without difficulty and get possession of the arsenal. He then despatched an emissary to take possession of Corfu and all the Venetian establishments in the Levant, and the same day wrote to the municipality of Venice to invite their confidence, ending:—

'In all circumstances I will do all in my power to give you proofs of my desire to consolidate your liberty, and to see unhappy Italy finally take her place with glory, free and independent of strangers, on the stage of the world, and resume amongst great nations the rank to which she is called by nature, her position, and her destiny.'

The day after (May 27th) he transmitted the heads of the proposed treaty with Austria, including this: '*Pour*

l'Italie: 1° *Venise à l'Empereur.*' As this went beyond his instructions, he proceeds to justify it:—

'Venice, which has been declining since the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the rise of Trieste and Ancona, can hardly survive the shock we have given her. With a population inapt, cowardly, in no wise made for liberty, without land, without waters, it seems natural that she should be left to those to whom we give the firm land. We shall take all the vessels, we shall strip the arsenal, we shall carry off all the cannon; we shall destroy the forts; we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves.'

The pretext under which this wholesale robbery was carried on adds, if possible, to the infamy of the proceeding. He directs two of his generals to accompany the French Minister to the Provisional Government of Venice, and state that the conformity of principles now existing between the French Republic and the Republic of Venice requires that she shall promptly put her marine on a respectable footing to co-operate in protecting their commerce: 'You will take possession of all under this pretext, having constantly in your mouths the unity of the two Republics, and always making use of the name of the Venetian Marine.'

During the negotiations for peace, Bonaparte had taken up his residence at Montebello, a magnificent château near Milan, where he lived in quasi-regal state, dining in public, giving audience to ministers and deputations, disposing of provinces, and mapping out republics. Joséphine had joined him and was holding drawing-rooms like a queen. A report having reached Paris that he meant to make himself king of Italy, Madame de Staël mentioned it to Augereau, who replied, '*Non assurément, c'est un jeune homme trop bien élevé pour cela.*' He meant to make himself in

France what he had already made himself in Italy. 'Do you suppose,' he remarked to Prince Pignatelli, 'that I am gaining triumphs to make the fortunes of the advocates of the Directory, the Carnots and Barras?' But seeing (to use his own phrase) that the pear was not yet ripe, he procrastinated his appearance on the scene, and when the Directory, in anticipation of a *coup d'état*, were looking about for a general, he sent them Augereau, who did the military work required for bringing about the change of government which goes by the name of the 18th Fructidor. The new Directory, in which Carnot was replaced by a nonentity, were obliged to let Bonaparte have his way in everything, and had no alternative but to confirm the treaty concluded by him at Campo Formio (17th October, 1797), although contrary to their instructions and their real wishes. On the 19th September he wrote to them:—

'I must know if your intention is to accept these propositions or not. If your ultimatum should be not to comprise the city of Venice in the Emperor's part, I doubt whether the peace will be made (*Venice, however, is the city of all Italy most worthy of liberty*), and hostilities will recommence in the course of October.'

The reply of the Directory dwelt upon the imprudence of giving the Emperor Italy to the Adige and the shame of abandoning Venice. But on the 10th October Bonaparte signified his intention to adhere to his own project of peace. He had already replied to Talleyrand who advocated the views of the Directory, that he (Talleyrand) knew nothing of this 'effeminate, superstitious, pantaloon, and cowardly people.' The Italian nation was enervated, without

courage; it had no more taste for liberty than for a military organisation strong enough to compel respect. 'As to what was good to put into proclamations and printed discourses, all this was but a romance.' He had the superb audacity to write (October 10) to the Directors that he had thought only of the country and the Government:—

'It only remains for me to return into the crowd, to resume the ploughshare of Cincinnatus, to give the example of respect for the magistracy, and of aversion from the military regime, which has destroyed so many republics and ruined so many States.'

All who shared his confidence and intimacy at the time,—Lavalette, Marmont, Biot, Bourrienne,—attest that he made the peace to have the exclusive credit of making it, and to avoid sharing the possible glories of the next campaign with the army of the Rhine. Farther delay might have brought him into difficulties with the Directors; so at the next interview with the Austrian Plenipotentiary, the Count de Cobenzl, who was procrastinating, he rose suddenly in the midst of the Conference, took from a stand a porcelain tray, the gift of the Empress Catherine to the Count, and dashed it to pieces on the floor, exclaiming, 'It is thus that in less than a month I shall have shattered your monarchy.' He declared the truce at an end, and with a bow to the negotiators left the room.

In the course of the next day (October 17, 1797) the Articles were drawn up and signed; by ten o'clock in the evening all the signatures were affixed; and at midnight Monge and Berthier started to carry the Treaty to the Directors. During the whole day Bonaparte was in one of his happiest moods. A part of

the evening is said to have been passed by him in imagining humourous scenes and telling ghost stories. Twelve hours afterwards a courier arrived from the Directory peremptorily prohibiting the main article—the cession of Italy (including Venice) to the Adige—and intimating an intention to name negotiators to 'relieve him of political duties and leave him wholly to his military dispositions.' The peace was hailed by an explosion of joy in Paris, and the Directors, far from venturing to repudiate or reprove, were compelled to ratify and congratulate.

Bonaparte arrived in Paris on the 5th December at his small hôtel in the Rue de la Chantereine, which on this occasion was rebaptised Rue de la Victoire by the municipality. His manners and movements were adroitly regulated so as to stimulate the universal curiosity and interest he inspired. He was rarely seen in public and never otherwise than reserved and self-possessed. The time was not arrived when he could afford to throw off the mask and indulge his natural humour:—

> 'For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
> By arts that veil, and oft preserve, the proud;
> His was the lofty port, the distant mien
> That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen.'

The Directory had no alternative but to give him a magnificent reception. An altar *de la Patrie* was erected in the court of the Luxembourg, loaded with trophies, surmounted with allegorical statues, the walls draped with banners, and a vast amphitheatre constructed all around. Here the Directors, the officials, and the diplomatic corps in full dress, received the guest. An immense crowd filled the court and the neighbouring

streets, and his appearance was the signal for deafening and frequently renewed acclamations. Talleyrand spoke first, and speedily transgressed the line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. After exalting the military exploits and capacity of the young hero to the skies, the orator painted the victor of Lodi and Arcola as a stoic detached from all worldly grandeur, having no taste except for simplicity, obscurity, the abstract sciences, and 'that sublime Ossian which seemed to detach him from the earth.' Not only was there no reason to dread his ambition, but 'there might come a day perhaps when it would be necessary to tear him from the leisure of his studious retreat.' The reply was more in Cromwell's manner than in that which subsequently became habitual to Bonaparte. It was studiously obscure and confined to generalities, one of which, however, was eminently suggestive: 'When the happiness of the French people shall be based upon better organic laws, all Europe will become free.' Barras, who followed, compared him to Socrates, Cæsar, and Pompey in succession,—lavished the basest adulation on the framer of the peace which he (Barras) had privately denounced as infamous, and then, pointing to England as the next country to be conquered and liberated like Venice, exclaimed:—

'Go, go and enchain this gigantic pirate which weighs upon the seas, go and punish in London outrages too long unpunished. Numerous adorers of liberty await you there: you are the liberator to whom humanity by her plaintive cries appeals.'

Thereupon the orator administered the *accolade* or official embrace, and the artists of the Conservatoire executed a hymn composed by Chénier and Méhul.

The *fête* was even more ridiculous on the whole than that offered to the Goddess of Reason; and it is wonderful that such men could meet to interchange such puerilities without, like the Roman augurs, laughing in each other's faces.

During a brief interval the Directory and Bonaparte remained equally watchful and distrustful. It was their object to get him out of Paris, to occupy him, no matter in what quarter of the world, with dreams of conquest; and when he declined to attempt the invasion of England with the inadequate means at his disposal, they were only too happy to offer him *carte blanche* for the expedition to Egypt, an original and pet conception of his own. The idea of carrying the élite of the French army to a distant country, where its communications were almost certain to be cut off, at a moment when all Europe was hostile, if not actually in arms against France, is justly regarded by M. Lanfrey as little less wild than that of carrying the Grand Army to Moscow in 1812; and the parallel will be strengthened by an examination of the results, although the minor disaster was permitted to pass without immediate condemnation through circumstances and owing to the comparative smallness of the scale. What Bonaparte aimed at was glory of the most dazzling sort, glory by which the popular imagination could be caught. 'In this point of view' (to use his own words) 'your little Europe is but a mole-hill, and could not supply glory enough; I will go and demand it of the East, of that land of wonders which alone has seen great empires and great revolutions, and is inhabited by six hundred millions of men.' 'Nothing,' he would say to his intimates, 'is remembered in Paris:

if I remain long without doing anything I am lost. When they have seen me three times at the theatre, they will not turn to look at me again.' He also calculated on the incapacity of the generals he left behind. 'That he might become master of France, it was necessary that the Directory should meet with reverses in his absence, and that his return should bring back victory to our standards.'

The money required for the expedition was procured by the plunder of Rome and Switzerland, with whom quarrels were opportunely got up. At Berne alone, Brune, who acted under the especial direction of Bonaparte, seized more than sixteen millions in money or bullion, seven millions in arms or munitions, eighteen millions in forced supplies of provisions. When all was ready, Bonaparte hesitated, struck either by the imminent risks he was about to run or tempted to make use of his opportunities and upset the Directory at once. Suspecting something of the sort, they ordered his departure, on which he took fire and tendered his resignation. Rewbell coolly held out a pen: 'Give it us in writing, General; the Republic has still children left who will not abandon her.' He took the pen, but allowed Merlin to take it from him, and spoke no more of resigning. At Toulon he issued a proclamation to his army, reminding them of what they had done and won in Italy, and ending, 'I promise every soldier that, on his return from this expedition, he shall have at his disposal enough to buy six acres of land.' This was speaking to the point; he knew his men; he knew to what he had brought them; that the old cries of glory and liberty had lost their force.

'Antiquity (says M. Thiers) has bequeathed to the admiration of the world the passage of the Pyrenees and the Alps by Hannibal, and it is certain that they have done nothing more grand, perhaps nothing so grand. The crossing of Saint Bernard, the transport of the army of Egypt through the English fleets, the preparations for the Expedition of Boulogne, finally the passage of the Danube at Wagram, are great operations which posterity will not admire less.'

There is little to admire in the abortive preparations at Boulogne, and the transport of the army of Egypt was simply remarkable for audacity. Nelson overshot the French squadron during the night before Crete, and preceded it by a few hours at Alexandria, whence he set sail in search of it towards Syria. 'Marvellous good luck, that fortune often withholds from the best combined plans, which was then lavished with a boundless liberality, as if the better to hide the snare to which her favours were subsequently to lure.' As usual, Bonaparte tried to enlist the people on his side by promising to relieve them from their oppressors, the Mamelukes; and, to deceive them the more easily, he did not hesitate to proclaim himself and his army apostates from Christianity:—

'We, too, are true Mussulmans. Are we not the men who have destroyed the Pope, who said that it was necessary to wage war with Mussulmans? Are we not the men who have destroyed the knights of Malta, because these insensates believed that God willed them to wage war with Mussulmans? Thrice happy those who shall be with us! They will prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy those who shall be neuter: they will have time to get acquainted with us, and will end by siding with us. But woe, three times woe, to those who shall take arms for the Mamelukes and fight against us! There will be no *hope for them: they* will perish.'

This resembles De Bracy's argument in Front de Bœuf's castle, when the monk asks whether he is safe and in Christian keeping. 'Safe thou art; and, for Christianity, here is the stout Baron Reginald de Bœuf, whose utter abomination is a Jew; and the good Knight Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade is to slay Saracens. If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other that they bear about them.' These proclamations were utter failures. They were met by laughter or contempt; and Sir Sydney Smith was much more successful when he called on the Turks to trust to the word of a Christian knight rather than to that of a renegade without faith or honour.

The Mamelukes sustained a murderous defeat at the battle of the Pyramids. They lost two thousand men, of whom a large proportion were pushed into the Nile and drowned. They carried all their wealth about them, and M. Lanfrey says that there was hardly one of them on whom was found less than five or six hundred louis in gold—an obvious exaggeration, looking solely to the weight. But their spoils were rich enough to be worth securing, and the French soldiers set to work ingeniously enough to recover the drowned bodies, by bending their bayonets, tying them to a line, and so making use of them as hooks. It is stated in the Memoirs that the soldiers passed several days in fishing for Mamelukes, and that 'from that time forth they began to get reconciled to Egypt.' If we accept M. Lanfrey's valuation, any one of them who had the luck to land a Mameluke might consider the promise of six acres on his return as practically fulfilled.

The destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, *falsely and* ungenerously attributed to Brueys, whilst

exercising a marked depression on the army, was accepted by the General as a possible favour of destiny under the guise of a blow. 'If the English,' he wrote to Kleber, 'relieve this squadron by another, they will haply oblige us to do greater things than we intended.' Wild as it may be thought, his dream was to emulate or surpass Alexander the Great. Again and again in after life did he repeat that, 'if Acre had fallen, he should have changed the face of the world, he should have been Emperor of all the East'—that 'a grain of sand had upset all his projects.' But what sort of projects are those that a grain of sand can upset? When the turn of events was in his favour, he assumed all the credit of combination and contrivance. Whenever anything went wrong, it was all owing to the stupidity of others, or ill luck. Not a single obstacle to his projects, or supposed projects, in Egypt occurred from one end of the expedition to the other, that might not have been foreseen from the commencement. He had miscalculated the resources of the country, the feelings of the population, the nature of the resistance to be overcome. To talk of Acre as a grain of sand was preposterous. The siege lasted sixty days, in the course of which there were fourteen assaults, and twenty-six sorties. The French lost more than four thousand men, including several of their best officers, and other Acres were in store for them before they could approximate to the goal which a heated brain, rather than strategic genius or well-conceived policy, had marked out. This most mendacious of heroes was never more splendidly mendacious than in covering his retreat on this occasion, so far as words could cover it. In his bulletins, his letters, his formal reports, his proclama-

tions to the army, which was retracing its steps with diminished numbers and long trains of sick and wounded, he declared that he retreated from the plague, not the enemy, that he 'had razed the palace of Djezzar to the ground, ruined the fortifications, burnt the town, in which no stone on stone remained.' The advanced guard was ordered to leave Turkish standards in the villages as tokens of victory; the simultaneous orders to the rear-guard under Kleber being to burn, kill, destroy, pillage—to leave nothing behind them but a desert:—

'And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight, is murd'ring as he goes.'

The want of transport for the sick and wounded was such that he dismounted all his cavalry except the rear-guard, and set the example to his officers of giving up all his own horses. The groom who came to ask him what horse he reserved for himself, provoked a smart stroke from his riding-whip: 'Everybody on foot! Have you not heard the order?'*

On his return to Alexandria he found a Turkish army intrenched at Aboukir. This he attacked and routed, and directly afterwards received through Sir Sydney Smith an intercepted packet of newspapers addressed to him. Not a single despatch from the Directory had reached him for ten months, and only one private letter, a letter from his brother Joseph pressing his return. 'He passed the night in devouring the gazettes. He there read the sad history of our reverses—Italy lost, France threatened; but what he

* Ségur draws a striking picture of Napoleon on the *Retreat* from Russia, walking, leaning on his cane, in the *midst* of his hurried and disordered troops.

there saw, above all, was the Directory discredited and tottering, at daggers drawn with an assembly which was taking revenge for past humiliations. Since the receipt of Joseph's letter he had nourished the project of leaving Egypt: the battle of Aboukir allowed him to act upon it, for he could depart after such a success!' This explains the singular expression which had struck Murat before the battle: 'Here is about to be decided the fate of the world.' So far as the fate of the world was involved in his career, it had been decided a great many times already, and remained to be decided a great many times more—as when he again narrowly escaped the English cruisers.

He carried with him the *élite* of the surviving officers—Lannes, Murat, Berthier, Marmont, Andréossy, Duroc, Bessières, Lavalette—to say nothing of the *savants* whom he meant to turn to good account, Monge, Berthollet, Denon, &c. He left the command to Kleber, who had all along disapproved the expedition, and being in no humour to adopt the responsibility when all hope of deriving honour from it was at an end, instantly addressed a Letter to the Directory, in which its Quixotic character was thoroughly laid bare. This letter was intercepted by the English, and only reached France to be delivered to the First Consul. 'Fortune, which had transformed the accused into the judge, had thenceforth prepared their respective rewards for each of them: for one the dagger of a fanatic; for the other the first throne of the world!'

When we find that almost everything had fallen out during his absence as he had wished and anticipated, that his successor in the Italian command had shown accumulated proofs of incapacity, that the decline

of national glory had served to enhance his, that the state of parties and public opinion had ripened to the precise point indicated by him as essential to his plans—we cannot set down all to fortune, we must allow something for the instincts of coming greatness, for intuitive insight into men and events, for political as well as military *coup d'oeil*, for the faculty of reading signs in the social and moral atmosphere which was possessed in so eminent a degree by Talleyrand.

It was currently believed that the Egyptian expedition had been set on foot by the Directors, out of jealousy or fear, to get rid of Bonaparte, who consequently escaped any blame that may have been incurred by its imprudence, whilst everything dazzling about it—everything calculated to excite popular admiration—was monopolised for him by the crowd. At Fréjus, where he landed, he was received with acclamations, and on the evening which he passed at Lyons a piece, entitled 'Le Retour du Héros,' was improvised for the occasion. At Paris he had only to choose his party, or rather his instruments; and, after due deliberation, he resolved on making Siéyès (then first Director) his stepping-stone, although holding this celebrated constitution-monger in the most sovereign contempt as an idealist and a pedant. The dislike was reciprocal. It could not well fail to be so, for their aims were similar whilst their characters were diametrically opposed, and neither felt disposed to concede the first place. At a dinner where they met, Bonaparte, not having taken the slightest notice of Siéyès, and affecting to be ignorant of his presence, Siéyès angrily murmured to *a friend*: 'Do you see the behaviour of this insolent *little* fellow towards the member of an authority which

ought to have had him shot?' As M. Lanfrey observes, the difficulty was not to surmount their common repugnance, but to conciliate their ambition.

The Executive Government consisted of five Directors, Siéyès, Roger Ducos, Barras, Gohier, and De Moulins. Ducos was a creature of Siéyès, who also commanded a majority in the Conseil des Anciens. The plan was to remove the legislative bodies (the Anciens and the Cinq-Cents) to St. Cloud, where, secure from popular control, the Anciens were to issue a decree naming Bonaparte Commandant of all the military forces of Paris, including the National Guards, and supersede the Directors by a Provisional Consulate, composed of Bonaparte, Siéyès, and Ducos. Bonaparte found no difficulty in securing the adhesion of all the military men of mark, including Moreau, who preferred being a blind instrument and refused to listen to the plan, saying that he, too, was tired of the yoke of the advocates. To him was consequently assigned the most compromising part of all, the forcible occupation of the Luxembourg, *i. e.*, an act that, happen what might, could be construed into nothing less than open revolt against the Constitution. His criminal and weak connivance weighed on him during the whole remainder of his life.

For a time all went smoothly enough, but the Cinq-Cents proved unmanageable, the Anciens wavered, and the affair assumed so awkward an appearance for the First Consul in embryo, that Augereau addressed him with bitter irony, *Te voilà dans une jolie position.* He cut a bad figure before the Anciens, where, though the majority was favourable to him and bullying language miserably misplaced, he broke forth in this fashion, 'If

an orator, paid by the foreigner, were to speak of outlawing me, let him beware lest such a judgment be turned against him. If he were to speak of outlawing me, I should appeal to you, my brave companions in arms, to you, grenadiers, to you, soldiers, whose caps and bayonets I have in view. Remember that I march accompanied by the goddess of fortune and the god of war.' Nothing more to the purpose could be extracted from him, and the moral drawn by M. Lanfrey is that he had really nothing to urge in justification of the movement that would hold water. He had no public object in view; he meant to raise himself on the bayonets of his grenadiers, and he blurted out the truth.

The most trying scene was at the Cinq-Cents, which he entered with a guard. In a moment, the whole assembly were on their feet storming with indignation:

'What is the meaning of this? Sabres in this place! Armed men! The boldest of the deputies rush from their seats, they surround Bonaparte, they push him back, they load him with invectives. "Out with him." "Outlaw the dictator." "What are you doing, rash man? You are violating the sanctuary of the laws," exclaimed Bigonnet. And Destrem, walking up to him, "Is it for this that thou hast conquered?" Others seize him by the collar and shake him violently, whilst reproaching him with his treason. Having come to intimidate, the general turns pale, he falls fainting into the arms of his grenadiers, who carry him out of the hall.'

Napoleon stated that daggers had been raised against him, and a grenadier was rewarded with a diamond *ring* and a kiss by Josephine for receiving in his *sleeve* the stab intended for the heart of her lord, but

no one of the numerous eye witnesses could be found to verify the statement. *

All now depended on Lucien, the President of the Cinq-Cents, who was fortunately equal to the occasion when Napoleon was not. After a fruitless attempt to oppose a decree of outlawry against his brother, he refused to put it to the vote, and deposited upon the tribune the ensigns of his authority, during the reiterated cry of *hors la loi*, that terrible cry that struck down Robespierre. It was heard outside by the group, in which stood Bonaparte, and they turned pale. Siéyès, who alone had preserved an imperturbable sangfroid through the critical turns of this day, coolly remarked: 'Since they are putting you out of the law, it is they who are within it;' about as comforting a speech as Augereau's. Napoleon sent a party of grenadiers to bring off Lucien, and was about to clear the hall by force, when the soldiers, who had served as guard to the Assembly, hesitated, till Lucien, known to them as President, got on horseback, and made them an harangue, in which he pictured the Cinq-Cents overborne by representatives with daggers, by brigands in English pay, and only waiting to be delivered from 'this minority of assassins.' Then, taking a sword and turning it against his brother: 'As for me, I swear to pierce the heart of my own brother,

* 'Thomas Thomé, grenadier of the Corps Législatif, who had his sleeve torn in warding off the stab of a dagger aimed at Bonaparte, has dined the 20th, and breakfasted the 21st, with the General. *La Citoyenne Bonaparte a embrassé* Thomas Thomé, and placed a diamond, worth two thousand crowns, on his finger.'—('Moniteur,' 23rd Brumaire.)

if he ever infringes the liberty of Frenchmen.' This rodomontade succeeded; they raised a cry of *Vive Bonaparte*, and a party of them, led by Murat, entered the hall with drums beating, cleared it, and closed the doors. In the course of the evening, Lucien re-assembled about thirty members of the Cinq-Cents, and passed in their name the decrees required for establishing the Consulate, and giving formal effect to this *coup d'état*, which led by easy and obvious gradations to the First Empire, much as the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, led to the Second. All enterprises of this kind are essentially alike. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Bonaparte's foot was now on the first step of the range by which he was to ascend the throne. The member of the family (Lucien) who placed it there, was the one who derived least advantage from their rise; as he was also the one who persevered in maintaining a certain self-respect and independence of spirit till the last.

The founder of the dynasty has been accused of wanting personal courage, as well as presence of mind, on this day; and he undeniably shrank from clamour and violence as he would not have shrunk before a column or a battery. That he invariably displayed the very highest order of bravery in action, is beyond dispute. But what is commonly understood by personal courage depends much on habit and does not necessarily imply moral or civil courage. It may be proof against powder or steel, without being proof against a blow. That 'chastity of honour which feels a stain like a wound' is found in men who have no other quality of chivalry. Thus, it is no imputation on the proved bravery of James II. that, when rudely

pulled and pushed about by the fishermen of Sheppey, his behaviour gave signs of pusillanimity. It is no reflection on Bonaparte that, when hustled and shaken by the collar in the Cinq-Cents, his nerves proved unequal to the emergency; that he quailed more from elevated self-esteem than fear.*

In the Constitution drawn up by Siéyès, the post of Grand-Elector, intended for Bonaparte, was contemptuously suppressed and received its death-blow from a *mot*: 'How could you imagine,' said he, addressing the mortified legislator, 'that a man of some talent and a little honour would consent to play the part of a pig put up to fatten on so many millions?'

* Immediately before leaving Fontainebleau for Elba, he gave strong expression to his fear of personal violence on the way: 'Let the Bourbons have me assassinated, I forgive them; but I shall perhaps be abandoned to the outrages of this abominable population of the South. To die on the field of battle is nothing, but in the mud and by such hands!' His fears were justified by the result, for he ran great risk of being torn to pieces. Sir Neil Campbell, the English Commissioner, who accompanied him, says: 'Upon every occasion he evinced, by the finesse to which he had recourse, much anxiety to save his life whenever he considered it in danger.' After leaving Orange, 'he quitted his carriage, mounted one of the horses, and dressed in a plain great-coat, wearing too a Russian cloak and a common round hat with a white cockade, rode on in advance of the carriages, accompanied only by a courier.' During the remainder of the journey he changed caps and coats with the Commissioners, and assumed alternately the names of Colonel Campbell and Lord Burghersh.—(*Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba*, &c. By the late Major-General Sir Neil Campbell, &c., 1869.) M. Thiers says, 'that the Commissioners *obliged* him to put on a foreign uniform that he might pass for one of the officers of the retinue.'

He meant from the first to take the lion's share, and he took it. The Constitution, as remodelled under his instructions, practically concentrated the whole power, civil and military, legislative and executive, in the first Consul *i. e.* himself.

When an exile he regretted that he had not been more moderate, and M. Thiers remarks that 'restricted in the employment of his faculties, he would undoubtedly not have accomplished such great things, but neither would he have attempted such extravagant ones, and probably his sceptre and his sword would have remained to his death in his glorious hands.' The probability is that he would not have held the sceptre, and would have been materially restricted in the use of the sword. M. Thiers has elsewhere said of him:

'Always and in all things he went straight, and without turning, to the point. Was it an affair of reasoning, he found the peremptory argument on the instant; was it a battle, he hit upon the decisive manœuvre. In him, to conceive, will, execute, were a single indivisible act, of an incredible rapidity, so that between the action and the thought, there was not an instant lost for reflection or resolve. To oppose to a genius thus constituted a moderate objection, a resistance or lukewarmness, of feebleness, or of ill will, was to make him spring like the torrent which boils up and covers you with its foam, if you oppose to it an unexpected obstacle.'

How could a genius thus constituted have been subjected to constitutional restraints, without neutralising its energies? He would have resembled Gulliver tied down by a multiplicity of threads. Cramp your great man, and he ceases to be great. Break up your Hannibal, and he is no longer Hannibal. A hero can *no more* be two people, than he can be in two places

at once. Alexander, Cæsar, Peter, Frederic, Napoleon,—not one of these would have attained the same giddy height without being absolute. Napoleon could not even have undertaken the campaign of Marengo, had he abided by the principles of the new Constitution, which forbade the First Consul to command an army in the field. But no provision forbade his being present. Whilst, therefore, he in point of fact commanded the army, his Chief of the Staff, Berthier, held the title of General-in-Chief.

It so happens that all his prominent merits and defects as a commander are placed in broad relief by this campaign; which also teems with proofs that his successes and victories, in the earlier stages of his career, were quite as much owing to fortune or accident as his subsequent failures and defeats. The conception was bold, but hazardous. The notion of (what M. Thiers calls) enveloping the Austrians with an inferior force, was like that of the Irishman who, single-handed, took four prisoners by surrounding them; and it is preposterous to call the passage of the Alps a prodigy greater than that of Hannibal, whose elephants were as difficult to get over as artillery, who was operating in an unknown country, cut off from all communication with his own and with none of the appliances of modern warfare at his disposal. The little fort of Bard might have proved another grain of sand, like Acre, had it been held by another Sir Sydney Smith.

Bonaparte has been described, shortly before his departure, stretched at full length upon his maps and suddenly exclaiming to his astonished secretary, 'That poor M. de Melas will pass by Turin, will turn back

towards Alessandria . . . I shall cross the Po, I shall overtake him in the road to Piacenza, in the plains of the Scrivia, and I shall beat him there, there,' placing one of his coloured pins on San Giuliano. 'We shall presently (adds M. Thiers) appreciate how extraordinary this kind of vision of the future was.' Extraordinary, indeed, for no one decisive event came to pass as intended or designed. On the 13th June 1800, when the Austrian army under Melas (about 40,000 strong) was concentrated in Alessandria and resolved on risking a battle on the 14th, Bonaparte believed that they were on their retreat towards Genoa, and despatched Desaix to intercept them at Novi. Leaving another portion of his army at Marengo under Lannes, he was on his way to his quarters-general at Voghera, when he was stopped by the overflow of a river, and compelled to pass the night at Torre di Garofolo. But for this accidental circumstance he could not have reached the scene of action till too late. At break of day the Austrian attack began, and although the French, partially protected by a deep rivulet in their front, offered a stubborn resistance, they were falling back in confusion, when their general, 'blessing the opportune overflow of the Scrivia,' came upon the ground. It was then ten o'clock. With the Consular Guard that he brought with him, and by a series of admirable dispositions, he temporarily restored the battle; but the advantage of numbers was too much for him and defeat seemed again inevitable, when (about three in the afternoon) he was rejoined by Desaix, who, finding no traces of the Austrians towards Novi and hearing the sustained cannonade at Marengo, had hurried back on his own personal responsibility. He brought with

him 6000 fresh troops, and his first words are reported to have been, 'The battle is lost; but there is time to win another.' He fell leading the first charge, and the onward course of his division was arrested by a column of Austrian grenadiers, who were carrying all before them like the English brigade at Fontenay, when they were charged in flank by the heavy dragoons of Kellermann, broken and cut down. The credit of this charge, which decided the day, was always claimed by Kellermann as an inspiration of his own. He was wont to account by it for subsequent neglect, saying that it was too great a service to be recognised. Thiers says that the charge was ordered at the suggestion of Desaix; and, as Desaix was dead, there could be no risk in assigning to him any amount of glory not incompatible with the glory of the chief:—

'Happy inspiration of a lieutenant (exclaims M. Thiers), as intelligent as devoted! Happy fortune of youth! If, fifteen years later, the First Consul, now so well seconded by his generals, had found a Desaix on the battle-field of Waterloo, *he* would have preserved the empire and France its ruling position amongst the powers of Europe.'

Give the sentence a turn. If the First Consul had not found both a Desaix and a Kellermann on the battlefield of Marengo, he would never have founded an empire to be preserved, and France might have obtained long ago the position, for which she is still struggling, of a free as well as great nation.*

The amount of sacrifice and suffering imposed on others in order to obtain this victory is not the least

* Bonaparte did all in his power to mystify the battle of Marengo. After writing three varying and false accounts, he caused all the original documents to be destroyed.

remarkable or characteristic circumstance connected with it. When the operations commenced, Massena, with the army of Liguria (15,000 strong), was blockaded in Genoa. Though reduced to the verge of starvation, he held out in the hope of being relieved by the First Consul, and by so doing prevented the besieging force from uniting with the army of Melas. A change of plan would have enabled Bonaparte to raise the siege, 'but (says M. Thiers) it was decided that the noble and unhappy army of Liguria should pay to the end with its blood, with its sufferings, and finally by a painful surrender, the triumph of the army of reserve.'

Moreau, who commanded the army of the Rhine, had submitted his proposed plan of operations to the First Consul, whose assent was extorted by a threat of resignation. Moreau's military reputation was then hardly inferior to his own, and he did not hesitate to flatter the rival he could not yet venture to destroy. In a letter, carried by Moreau's chief of the Staff, he writes:—

'This officer will tell you that no one is more interested in your personal glory and happiness. I am now a kind of mannequin who has lost his liberty and happiness. Grandeur is a fine thing, but in memory and in imagination I envy your happiness: your are about to perform fine actions with brave men. *I would willingly exchange my Consular purple for the epaulettes of a chief of brigade under your orders.*'

At the same time he delayed the army of the Rhine by diverting the supplies required for it to the use of his own, the army of reserve; and stipulated that this army should, in a given emergency, be strengthened by a large detachment (20,000 men) of *Moreau's*. Moreau's campaign was eminently successful;

he was in a career of victory which would speedily have placed the Austrian capital, if not the Austrian monarchy, at his mercy, when the detachment was demanded. His movements were paralysed that Bonaparte might enter with full effect upon the scene, might strike the grand blow and reap the honour. 'leaving to Massena the hardly enviable merit of an honourable but unsuccessful defence, to Moreau that of an abnegation for which no one gave him credit':—

'He was about to secure the price of their long labours, and he proposed to give such an *éclat* to the final surprise that the world should see only *him* in this success prepared by *them*. Habituated to refer everything to himself, it seemed to him quite natural to sacrifice his companions in arms to his own fortune or solely to the desire of producing a greater effect on men's imaginations.'

The dazzling success of this campaign made him all-powerful. He usurped supreme authority in all things, in all branches of the administration, in all departments of the State, and within a wonderfully short space of time he had trampled upon or crushed out every form of liberty,—the liberty of the tribune, the liberty of the press, the liberty of the salon, dearer perhaps than any other liberty to the French. Intoxicated to giddiness by the height and suddenness of his elevation, he began to dream of universal empire, at least of an empire like that of ancient Rome or Charlemagne; and his unrivalled military genius, with the vast resources of a great military people at his unchecked disposal, speedily enabled him to subject the greater part of Europe to his will.

'Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois,
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière
Empreinte encore sur le bandeau des rois.'

From the admirable character of Alexander the Great drawn by Mr. Grote*, it may be collected that the dominant motive, the life-long end and aim of 'Macedonia's madman,' was the love or lust of glory, the passionate wish to be recorded in song and history as the greatest warrior and conqueror the world e'er knew. He cared little or nothing for civilization or colonization, for diffusing the arts of Greece, for Hellenizing Asia, or for leaving lasting and beneficent marks of his progress as he passed. Bonaparte's ambition was of a more material and less romantic order. What he aimed at was power, dominion, sovereignty, absolutism; to dictate to kings and communities, to annihilate national independence and self-government, to be able to imitate Rienzi when (as described by Gibbon), brandishing his sword to the three parts of the world, he thrice repeated, 'And this too is mine!' Bonaparte's peculiar fancy was not to proclaim himself the autocrat of the many realms obedient to his rule, but to be nominally the head of a federation of rulers. In one of Gilray's caricatures he was drawn as a baker drawing a fresh batch of gingerbread kings and queens out of an oven; in another, as a showman pulling the wires of the crowned figures who were dancing and attitudinising before him. Each hit told. The kings and princes of his creation were fragile as gingerbread and moveable as puppets. They would not have suited his purpose had they been otherwise. That the notion of durability never entered his thoughts, is clear from the manner in which he threw down and shifted his puppets, or made them change places, at the first varia-

* 'History of Greece,' vol. xii.

tion of policy or suggestion of caprice: as when he transferred Joseph from Naples to Spain, to be replaced in Naples by Murat; or when he erected a kingdom of Etruria, only to be suppressed; or made Louis King of Holland, as if for the fraternal gratification of dethroning him. Louis remonstrated in vain against the unwelcome dignity thrust upon him. It was (he wrote) equally disagreeable to 'this (the Dutch) free and estimable nation and himself.' Napoleon cut the matter short in a despatch to Talleyrand:—

'I have seen M. Verhuel this evening. In two words I have reduced the question to this. Holland is without an Executive and must have one. I will give her Prince Louis. Instead of the Grand Pensionary, there will be a King. . . . Before twenty days Prince Louis must make his entry into Amsterdam.'

Louis made his exit after an unsatisfactory trial, because he was too conscientious and tender-hearted for the place. He was foolish enough to suppose—M. Thiers thinks it very foolish—that kings have duties as well as rights.

Perhaps the most nefarious of all Bonaparte's schemes of personal and family aggrandisement was that by which he entrapped the Spanish Bourbons, and laid violent hands on their persons and their throne. It comprises every variety of moral turpitude—treachery, falsehood, inhumanity, injustice—and the sole attempt at palliation turns out to be an impudent forgery, deliberately concocted by the perpetrator. In Spain, he faithfully carried out each one of the maxims of kingcraft which he was fond of quoting from Corneille:—

'Le choix des actions ou mauvaises ou bonnes,
Ne fait *qu'anéantir* la force des couronnes,

Le droit des rois consiste à ne rien épargner,
La tenue d'équité détruit l'art de régner.
Quand on craint d'être injuste on a toujours à craindre.
Et qui ose tout pouvoir doit oser tout enfreindre;
Fuir, comme un déshonneur, la vertu qui le perd,
Et voler sans scrupule au crime qui le sert.'

Directly after the *guet-à-pens* of Bayonne, when the victims were safe in the toils, he wrote (May 10, 1808) to Joseph:

'It is to you I destine this crown. At Madrid, you are in France. Naples is the end of the world. I desire that immediately after the receipt of this letter, you leave the regency to whom you like, the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you start for Bayonne. . . . You will receive this letter on the 19th, you will start on the 20th, and you will be there on the 1st of June.'

Joseph very much preferred 'the end of the world;' but there was nothing for it but to obey, and he resigned himself to the painful pageant prepared for him. Within six weeks after his translation he is writing to complain that Spain has risen against him to a man. 'I have a nation of brave men, exasperated to the last point, for my enemies. My assassination is publicly spoken of.' . . . . Then, in answer to some vague assertion of Napoleon, 'No, Sire, the honest men are no more for me than the rogues. You are mistaken: your glory will crumble away in Spain.' And there it did crumble away. There it was that his troops, confronted with British troops, lost the character and consciousness of being invincible. There he first came in contact with the genuine spirit of nationality, and found in it something elastic, irrepressible, unextinguishable; something which like Milton's angels—

'Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.'

The correspondence contains letters to each of the puppet kings, ordering them not to spare their subjects: *e. g.*

'To Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia.
'Paris, 4th January, 1808.

'If you begin by throwing these expenses on your treasury, you will ruin it. What will you do when the Grand Army passes through your territories? It has been quartered a year in Bavaria: it has not cost the King a sou: the inhabitants have supported it: *it is true, they have been a little pinched,* but if the King had been obliged to pay, he would not have been able to support it a fortnight.'

The dread of being dragged in triumph, of undergoing a personal humiliation if they resisted, is said to have so paralysed the kings of the ancient world that, at the bare approach of a Roman army, they trembled and hastened to make terms. Napoleon's treatment inspired similar terrors and produced similar effects. If modern manners saved the wives and daughters of captive or conquered princes from actual outrage, the force he put upon their feelings, habits, and affections was cruel and ungenerous in the extreme. He was in all his tastes and instincts, in his inmost soul and to the very tips of his fingers, a *parvenu.* He coveted and envied birth and high connexions for their own sakes, as a *nouveau-riche* might covet and envy them; and with all his inordinate self-esteem he had not true pride enough to feel on an equality with princes unless he could be on terms of familiarity and intermarry with them. His first approaches were made to the petty princes of Germany, whose alliance could not augment his power and could only flatter a low vanity. He demanded the Princess Augusta of Bavaria, who was engaged to the eldest son of the Elector of Baden, for Eugene, and the

daughter of the Elector of Würtemberg for Jerome. His first proposals were indignantly declined. But after Austerlitz, the parts are changed: what Napoleon solicited, he now exacts. He speaks no longer as an ally, but as a master:—

'The Princess Augusta, torn from her betrothed, is married to a man who was no more consulted than herself, and who knew nothing of her but her portrait on a china cup: this betrothed himself will be forcibly united to the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais; to crown all, Jerome married at Baltimore, to a lady honourable and distinguished, though without titles of nobility, who has already born him a child, will be unmarried and remarried at a blow.'

We suspect that no disagreeable force was put upon the inclinations of Jerome, a low profligate, to whom Napoleon, whose habitual name for him was *petit polisson*, once said: 'Jerome, they say the majesty of kings is stamped on the brow; *you* may travel incognito till doomsday without being recognised.'

His own second marriage was an exaggerated mistake of the same order. It did not prevent Austria from joining the coalition. The proud House of Habsburg always writhed under it as a *mésalliance*, and spoke of him, when they dared, much as George Dandin was spoken of by the family into which he had thrust himself from the least excusable of all vanities. Bonaparte's autograph letters to sovereigns who would none of him—as to George III. and the Emperor of Austria, in 1799—was a foolish affectation of unattainable equality; for, be it remembered, these letters were not written in his representative capacity in the name of a great nation, as Cromwell would have written, but *as* brother to brother or friend to friend.

It is painful to think it or say it, but the truth, like murder, will out: Bonaparte was never, in the English sense of the word, a gentleman. He was wanting in the delicacy, generosity and refinement, in the self-control, self-respect and consideration for the feelings of others, implied in this complex and never translated—we believe untranslatable—term. He would never, like Louis Quatorze, have flung away his cane to avoid the temptation of making a dishonouring use of it. He would never, like the Emperor Nicholas at Buckingham Palace, have risen and hurried to open the door for a lady-in-waiting. What could be in more execrable taste than what we now know to have been his calculated attack on Lord Whitworth, which was pushed to such an extent of underbred violence that a shudder ran through the circle lest he should finish by a blow? 'What did you intend to do, if he had struck you?' was the question put to the English ambassador on his return. 'Draw my sword, and run him through the body,' was the reply.

Again, in the famous interview with Prince Metternich (June, 1813), a statesman who represented an emperor and had long guided the policy of an empire, he stormed and ranted and flung his hat on the ground to be picked up by the Prince (which it was not), as if he was dealing with one of his menials who was bound to tolerate any amount of bullying. No wonder that the calm, dignified bearing of the high-bred statesman put him out and added to his irritability. Amongst other coarse things, he said, 'I have three times restored the Emperor Francis his throne; I have even committed the blunder of marrying his daughter, hoping to attach him to me; but nothing has availed to bring him over

to better sentiments.' Referring to the marriage a second time, he calls it 'a very great blunder on his part;' and M. Thiers naively remarks:—

'This strange manner of treating, this contemptuous mode of mentioning a marriage for which moreover he appeared in no respect sorry as a private man, offended and irritated M. de Metternich, without much imposing on him, for a cold firmness would have impressed him more.'

The reception of the Pope in 1804, whose attendance for his coronation was rather compelled than invited, is another instance. 'I will say nothing (writes Gonsalvi) of the humiliations heaped on Pius VII. Such narratives are revolting to my memory and my pen.' The commonest forms of politeness were not observed towards this venerable ecclesiastic, the spiritual head of the Catholic world. Politeness has been defined 'the art of rendering to others what is socially their due.' Savary complacently relates how it was ingeniously contrived that the first meeting between the Pope and the Emperor should take place on the road through the forest of Fontainebleau, where, on the approach of the Papal carriage, the Emperor presented himself in hunting costume, on horseback, with a pack of dogs. The carriage stopped: the road was muddy, and the Pope shrank from placing his foot, *chaussé de soie blanche*, on the ground; *cependant, il fallut bien qu'il en vint là.*' Napoleon dismounted: they embraced, and the imperial carriage was purposely stopped a few paces in advance, with both doors open. The Emperor got in by the right door and took the place of honour, leaving the left to his guest; and this first step (adds Savary) settled the *etiquette*, without negotiation, for the entire duration

of the visit. The puerility of the proceeding is no less remarkable than the innate vulgarity which suggested it. Deference to a priest could imply no more than deference to a woman.

The scandalous indignities to which Pius VII. was exposed in 1809 have been lucidly and forcibly detailed by M. d'Haussonville. The Holy Father's palace was broken open and his person arrested at dead of night. He was compelled to take a succession of long journeys whilst suffering under a painful complaint, and at the place of detention, Savona, finally assigned to him, he was subjected to a sort of *peine forte et dure* in the hope of bringing him to terms. Denial of fire in cold weather, with scanty supplies of clean linen, were amongst the means employed by the successor of Charlemagne to subdue the successor of Leo; and, considering that the Concordat had been framed to conciliate the revived religion of the mass of the people, Bonaparte's treatment of the Pope, judged merely as a piece of statecraft, was one of the very worst blunders of his reign.

The influence of the lady who took charge of Bonaparte's social education at Valence, must have been little more than ephemeral, for his matured sentiments towards women seem utterly devoid of refinement and delicacy. No man with the slightest tincture of chivalry would have publicly applied to a woman and a Queen, the language which he applied to the Queen of Prussia in his bulletins,* and his bearing towards her when

* In the 'Bulletin to the Grand Army,' of October 27, 1806, he more than insinuates that she had intrigued with the Emperor Alexander, and acted under his influence:—'In the apartment occupied by the Queen at Potsdam was

they met at Tilsit, smacked more of the barrack or guard-room than of the Court.

On the eve of the day when he was to deliver a speech in the Tribunal, Benjamin Constant came to Madame de Staël and said, 'Your salon is filled with the society of your choice: it will be a desert to-morrow, if I speak. Think well of it.' 'Follow your conviction,' was her reply. The prediction was realised to the letter; all her invited and habitual guests stayed away, and Fouché sent for her to tell her that the First Consul suspected her of having excited Benjamin Constant, and advised her to go into the country—the conventional mode of ordering out of Paris. 'Such was the commencement of those vile persecutions against women, successively directed against Mesdames de Staël, Recamier, d'Avaux, de Chevreuse, de Balbi, de Champcenetz, de Damas, and so many other persons, distinguished by their wit, their beauty, or their virtues.' What made this sort of persecution so terrible, was the long reach and unrelenting grasp of the persecutor. 'Wherever you are,' wrote Cicero to Marcellus, 'remember that you are equally within the power of the conqueror.' Madame de Staël complained that Europe had become 'a great net which entangles you at every step.' The Duc d'Enghien was carried off from a neutral territory, and the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.) narrowly escaped the same fate. An order to Maréchal Berthier, dated Saint Cloud, 5th August, 1806, begins

found the portrait of the Emperor of Russia, which he had presented to her. . . . . How unhappy are the princes who allow women to influence political affairs. The notes, the *reports*, the State papers, were scented, and found mixed *with chiffons* and other articles of the Queen's toilette.'

thus:—'My cousin; I suppose you have arrested the booksellers of Augsburg and Nuremberg. My intention is that they be carried before a military tribunal and shot within twenty-four hours.' It was under this authority that Palm, a Bavarian subject, was shot.

Although his calculations were purely personal, and his egotism unalloyed, it is not the less true that the brave nation had identified their glory with his, were still ready to fight on rather than surrender a particle of the grandeur he had purchased at their cost. And what a cost! It was not merely a population reduced and dwarfed by conscription to an extent that has left enduring traces in the race. The French mind suffered from the forced and cramping system like the body. The springs of intellect were dammed up or poisoned. While the imperial regime lasted, French genius resembled the prisoned eagle, which will not pair or propagate. Poetry and history were made to order, and eloquence was hermetically sealed; unless, indeed, adulatory addresses and bombastic bulletins in the vilest taste can be called eloquence. Its voice was heard no more after the expulsion of Benjamin Constant, Chénier, Guinguené, &c., from the Tribunat. He then pronounced it to be *épuré*. Say *écrèmé* retorted Madame de Staël. He crushed literature at a blow:—

To the Citoyen Regnier (Grand Judge).

'July 7, 1803.

'As there appears to exist a system of corrupting opinion by the press, I think it best for the prefect of police to write a circular to all the booksellers to forbid them to offer any work for sale until seven days after remitting you a copy.'

The newspapers were only just permitted to exist on sufferance:—

'*To M. Fouché.*

'April 27, 1805.

'Put some restraint on the newspapers, make them insert good articles, give the editors of the 'Débats' and the 'Publiciste' warning, that the time is not far off when, finding them no longer useful, I shall suppress them with all the others, and keep but one. . . . *that I will never permit newspapers to say or do anything contrary to my interests*: that they may write some little articles in which they may infuse a little venom, but that some fine morning their mouths will be closed.'

It subsequently appears that the reason why they were to be allowed to infuse a little venom was, that in case foreign rulers should complain of libels, he might say they were beyond his control. Three other journals are warned that they will appear no more 'unless the proprietors provide writers and editors of morality and patriotism superior to all corruption.'

'*To M. Fouché.*

Oct. 4, 1805.

'It strikes me that the journals do not animate the public spirit enough. Our journals are read everywhere, particularly in Hungary. Make them write articles telling the Germans and Hungarians how they are the dupes of English intrigues: that the Emperor of Germany sells the blood of his subjects for gold. . . . The spirit of the journals must be directed in this sense—to attack England in her fashions, her usages, her literature, her constitution.'

In November, 1806, he writes from Berlin to order a continuation of Millot's 'Elements of French History' in a proper spirit, and directly afterwards comes a letter to Cambacérès:—

'If the army strives to do honour to the nation as much as possible, it must be owned that the men of letters do all they can to dishonour it. I read yesterday the bad verses sung at the opera. Why do you suffer them to sing *impromptus* at the opera? This is only proper at the

Vaudeville. *People complain that we have no literature: this is the fault of the Minister of the Interior.*'

This is quite in the tone of Mummius at Corinth. The fact is his head was completely turned after Austerlitz,—

'Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.'

The interviews at Tilsit show to what extent the balance of the mind had been destroyed by habitual falsehood, by the absence of any fixed standard of right and wrong, and the blind confidence engendered by success. He was throughout deceiving himself instead of Alexander, who reaped all the substantial benefits of the treaty, and gave nothing in return but promises, which were (as they were sure to be) broken or nullified by events. All was delusion, nought was truth. In this respect (as M. Lanfrey observes) he would be disadvantageously contrasted with Frederic, who, coolly analysing the motives of his own policy, attributed it to ambition, interest, and the desire of being talked about. Nor do the last days of the Exile of St. Helena, even in the luminous pages of M. Thiers, present anything equal to the 'sublime quarter of an hour' of the dying Augustus, when he smilingly asked his friends whether he had played the drama of life well. Bonaparte had utterly lost (if he ever possessed) the faculty of self-examination. Nothing, he persistently maintained, that he had ever thought or done was wrong in motive or in act. If his life was to live over again, he would live (with rare exceptions) as he had lived it. He should appear (he boasted) before his Maker without a fear. He passed

most of his time in putting the best face on the inculpated passages of his reign, in falsifying history, in draping his own figure for posterity. He was wrapt up in his fame, like the beautiful Lady Coventry in her beauty; who took to her bed when she found it going, and died with a looking-glass in her hand.

Fatuity had reached its acme when he could delude himself into the belief that the servile obedience he commanded was the willing tribute to his sagacity. The effect of this over-weening self-sufficiency, combined with his astounding energy and activity, was to allow no independent field of action or development to any high order of talent or capacity, civil or military. Zeal, readiness, bravery, with intelligence enough to obey orders, were the sole qualifications in request. He demanded unscrupulous instruments—not honest or wise advisers—and woe to the statesman who insinuated a caution, the administrator who remonstrated against an oppressive impost, the commander who revolted against cruelty, or the diplomatist who hesitated at a lie. The race of civil functionaries were stunted in their growth morally and intellectually, like the rank and file of the army physically: each department of the state was depressed to a dead level of mediocrity. The eminent jurists to whom the Completion of the Code was intrusted, would have done far better without his intervention. M. Lanfrey shows that, to give him the credit of having planned or initiated this work, is altogether a mistake; and that his administrative reforms were marked neither by originality nor stability.

Military genius was never allowed fair play at any epoch of his career. The most promising generals—

the possible competitors for fame—were treated like Massena and Moreau,—

'And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.'

Bonaparte's invariable practice was to concentrate all his best troops in the army which he commanded in person, and to send his generals on expeditions for which their resources were notoriously inadequate. If a movement or manœuvre ordered by him failed, he as invariably denied the order, or asserted that it was not executed in the proper spirit or as he intended it. Thus the disaster at Kulm was imputed to Vandamme, and the collapse at Waterloo to Ney and Grouchy. Knowing literally nothing of naval matters, foolishly imagining that the tactics for fleets and armies were the same, he compelled Villeneuve to put to sea and encounter certain destruction at Trafalgar. When the admiral—a man of proved skill and courage—pointed out the inevitable results of leaving Cadiz, his pitiless master writes, 'Villeneuve is a wretch who should be ignominiously dismissed. Without combination, without courage, without public spirit, he would sacrifice everything provided he could save his skin. Let my squadron set sail: let nothing stop it! it is my will that my squadron does not remain at Cadiz.' It left Cadiz accordingly, and within fifteen days it was no more. His first exclamation on hearing the event was: 'I cannot be everywhere!'—another astounding instance of fatuity. The entire responsibility was flung upon the unhappy admiral—who had gallantly done his duty—in terms that drove him to suicide. The morning after the receipt of a despatch from the Minister of Marine he was found lifeless, with six stabs from a

knife in the region of the heart. The fragment of a letter to his wife ends thus: 'What happiness that I have no child to receive my horrible inheritance and be loaded with the weight of my name. Ah, I was not born for such a lot. I have not sought it; I have been dragged into it in my own despite. Adieu, adieu.' * * *

Such things make the blood boil, and they abound in the annals of this crowned scoundrel (*scélérat couronné*) as M. Lanfrey, hurried away by just indignation, designates him. How many broken hearts, how many desolated homes, how many blighted careers, how many ruined reputations, have gone to make this man the world's wonder! What torrents of blood and tears have been shed to float his name on the flood-tide of immortality,—

'Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.'

But that one virtue was military genius, and because it brought military grandeur to the French, they were, and are, proud of him, nay, proud of the laurelled and gilded chains he rivetted on them, though the laurels have faded and the gilding is rubbed off.

An English traveller, stopping at a French hotel before the Revolution, came upon a Frenchman mercilessly horsewhipping his valet in the corridor, and, after rescuing the man, told him that he should take legal proceedings for the assault. He drew himself up and replied: 'I would have you know, sir, that my master is too great a man for that. He could have a *lettre-de-cachet* for the asking.' 'Confound the fellow,' exclaimed the traveller, 'he was proud of having a *master* who could treat him like a dog.' Had not the

collective nation something of the same feeling? Were they not proud of a master who could treat them like dogs, who could make them crouch at his feet when he was not hounding them on their prey? Do they not occasionally cast a longing lingering look behind at the dearly-bought grandeur that has passed away? There are signs that he who runs may read. Their recently revived call for free institutions is owing far less to the love of liberty than to the loss of military prestige. Personal government, rudely shaken by the Mexican expedition, received its death blow at Sadowa, which threw Magenta and Solferino into the shade. France is kept awake by thinking of the trophies of Prussia, and cannot rest under the thought that she is no longer indisputably the first military nation in the world. If the continent is to be again turned into one huge battle field, it will be to satisfy this fantastic point of honour. By way of striking a congenial chord, the founder of the Second Empire, whose head is never turned like his uncle's, wrote thus:—

'Palace of the Tuileries, April 12, 1869.

'MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—On the 15th of August next a hundred years will have elapsed since the Emperor Napoleon was born. During that long period many ruins have been accumulated, but the grand figure of Napoleon has remained upstanding. It is that which still guides and protects us—it is that which, out of nothing, has made me what I am.

'To celebrate the centenary date of the birth of the man who called France the great nation, because he had developed in her those manly virtues which found empires, is for me a sacred duty, in which the entire country will desire to join. * * *

'My desire is that from the 15th of August next every soldier of the Republic and of the First Empire should receive an annual pension of 250 francs. * * *

'To awaken grand historical recollections is to encourage faith in the future; and to do honour to the memory of great men is to recognize one of the most striking manifestations of the Divine will.'

To what does the grand figure point? In what sense does it guide and protect? What are the manly virtues that found empires on cannon balls and bayonets? How is it a pious duty to do honour to such manifestations of the Divine will?—

'If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

If we recognise the hand of Providence in these scourges of our race, are we also bound to praise, honour, and worship them? To do so would be to imitate the barbarians who select for their fondest adoration the fetish or idol they think most capable of working evil. This tendency of the human mind, when unaided by revelation, to form for itself malevolent and maleficent deities to be propitiated by blood and pain, has led a very eminent writer and thinker to contend that natural religion has done more harm than good, has proved less a blessing than a curse. Without going the whole way along with him in his argument, we deem it quite conclusive against that popular faith or superstition, which erects a temple to imperialism and places 'the grand figure' of Napoleon on the shrine.

THE END.

CORRECTIONS.

Page	1	instead of	*in a common*	read	*to a common.*
,,	40	,,	,, *Chip*	,,	*Chips.*
,,	100	,,	,, *repitition*	,,	*repetition.*
,,	156	,,	,, *Partiamentary*	,,	*Parliamentary.*
,,	225	,,	,, *whas*	,,	*was.*
,,	227	,,	,, *Edoard*	,,	*Edouard.*

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